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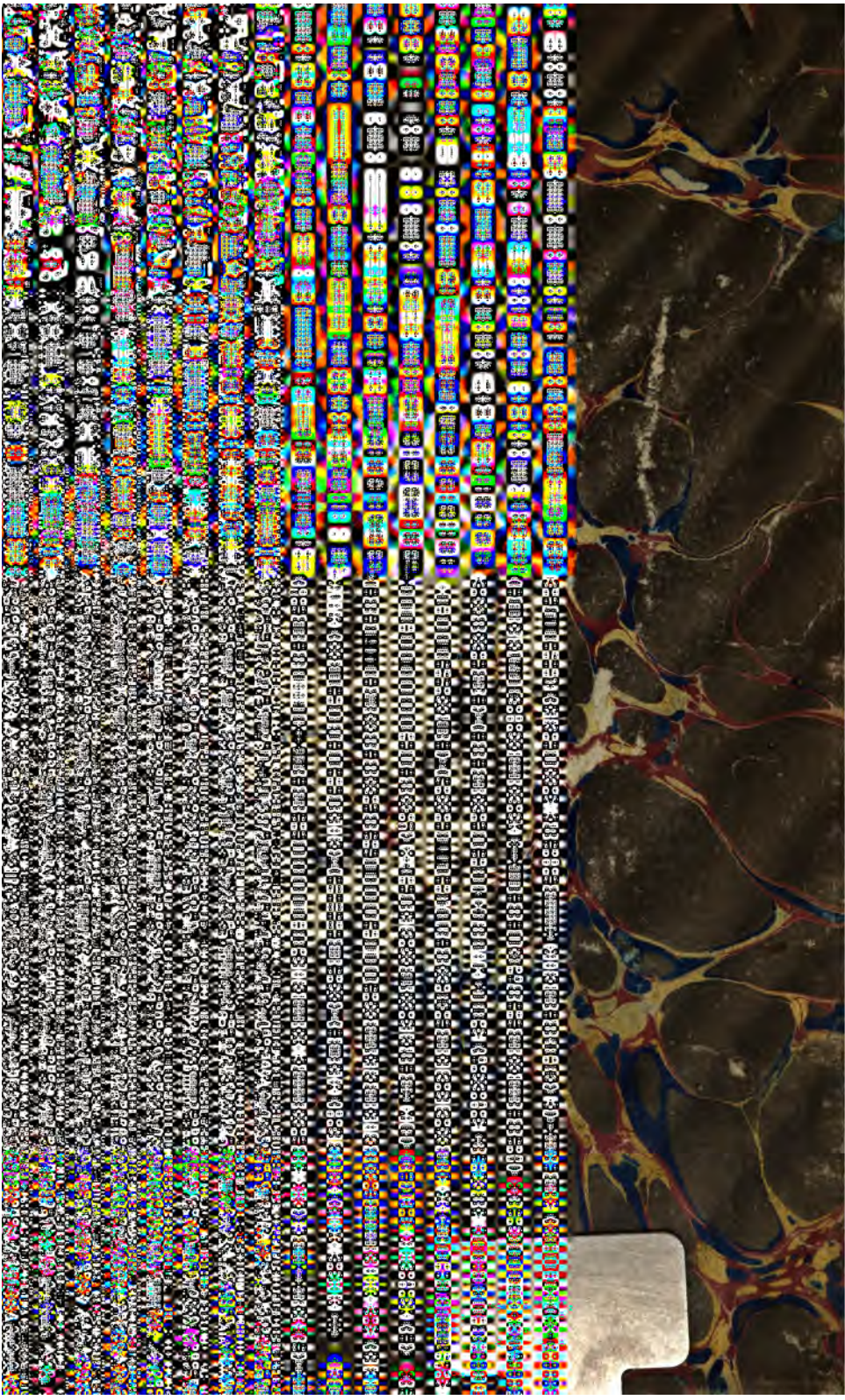
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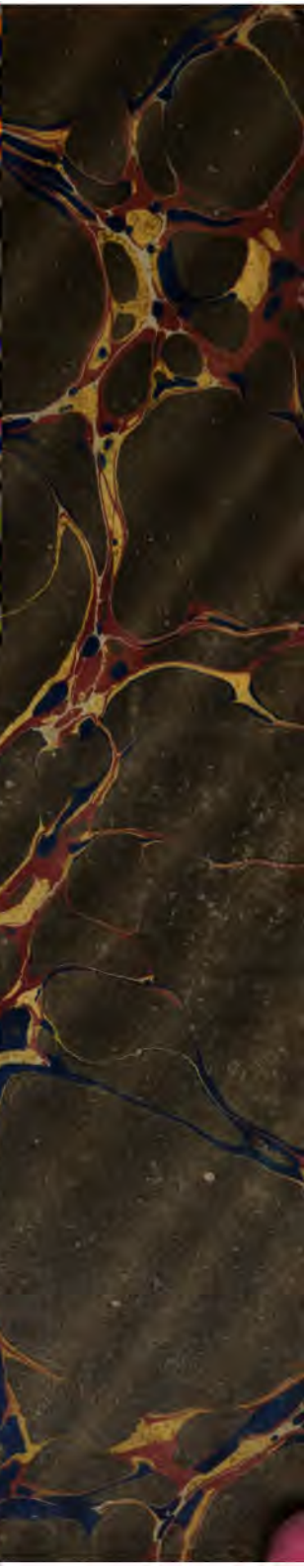
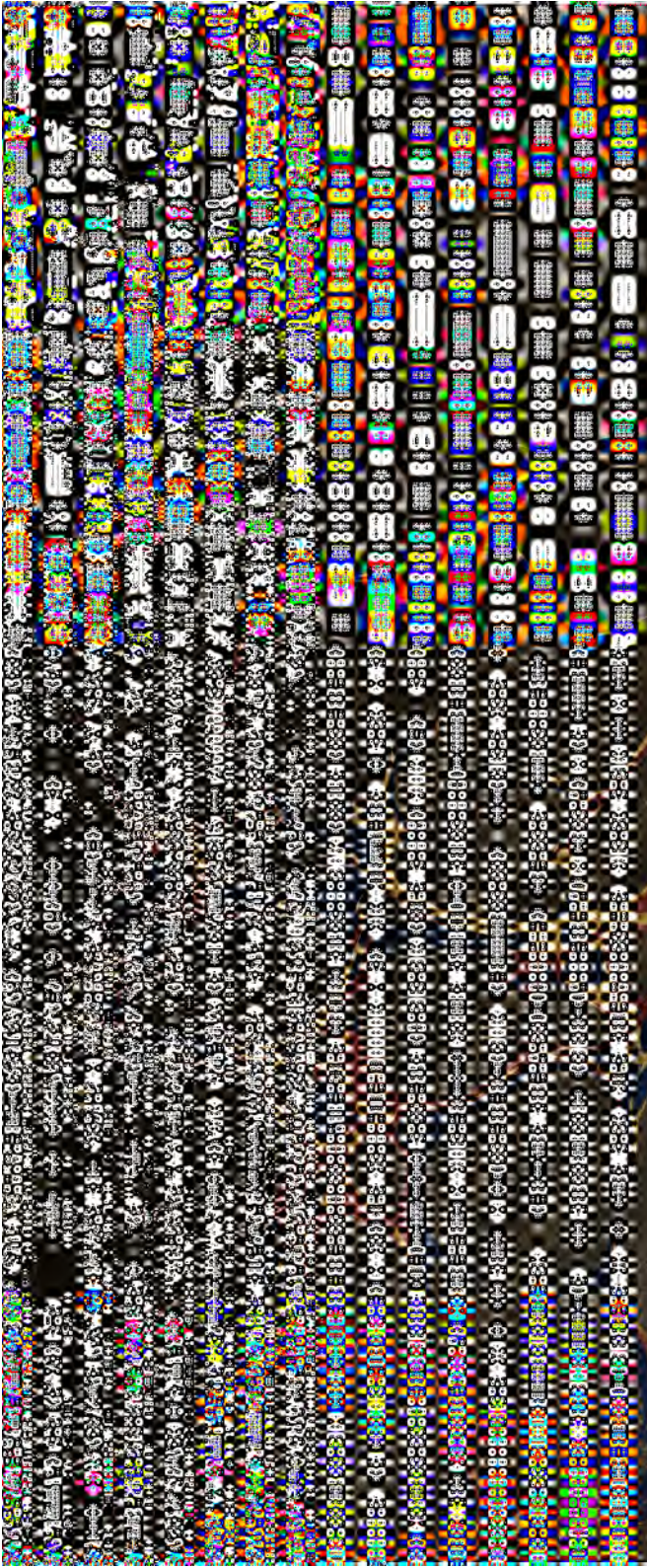
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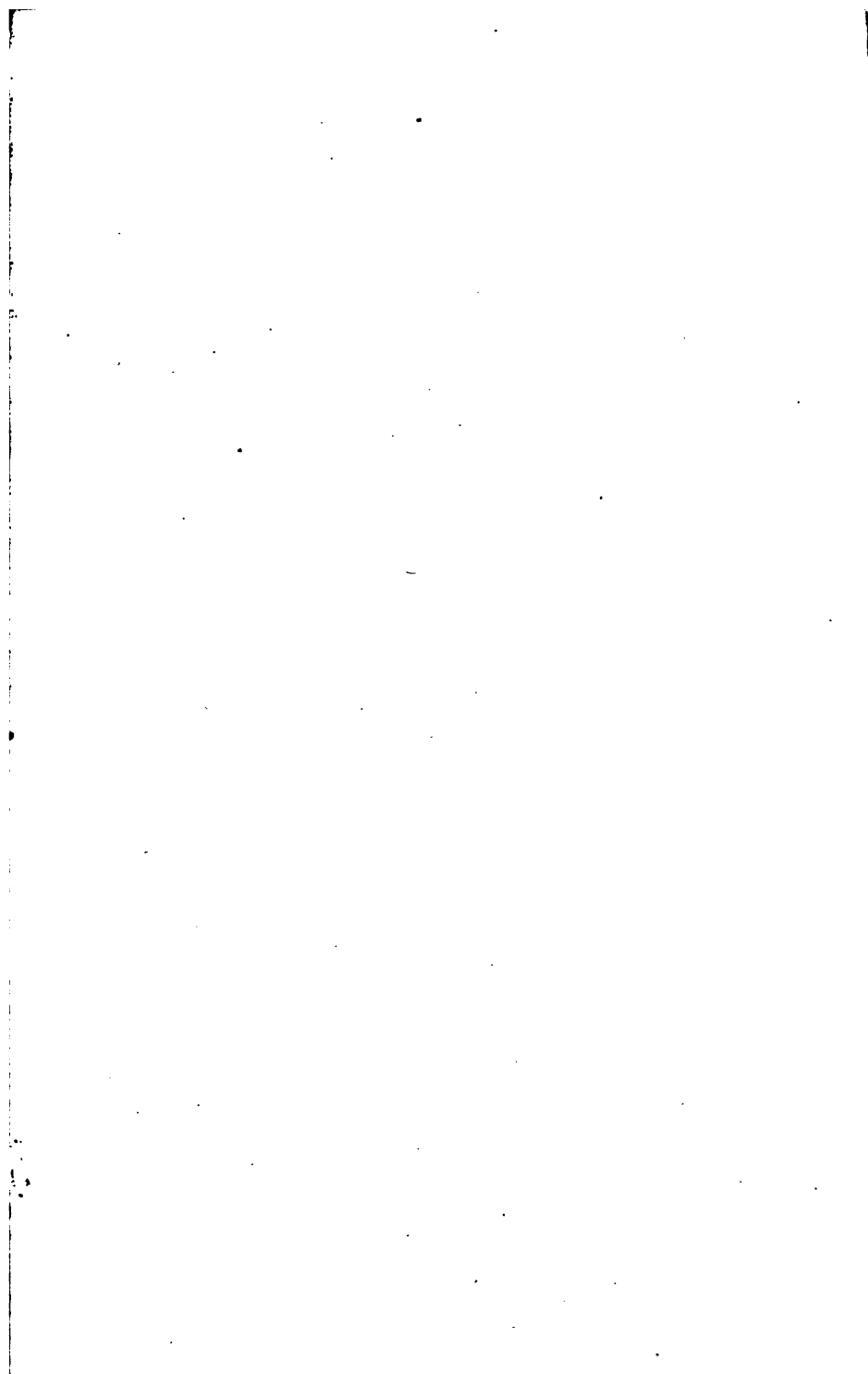
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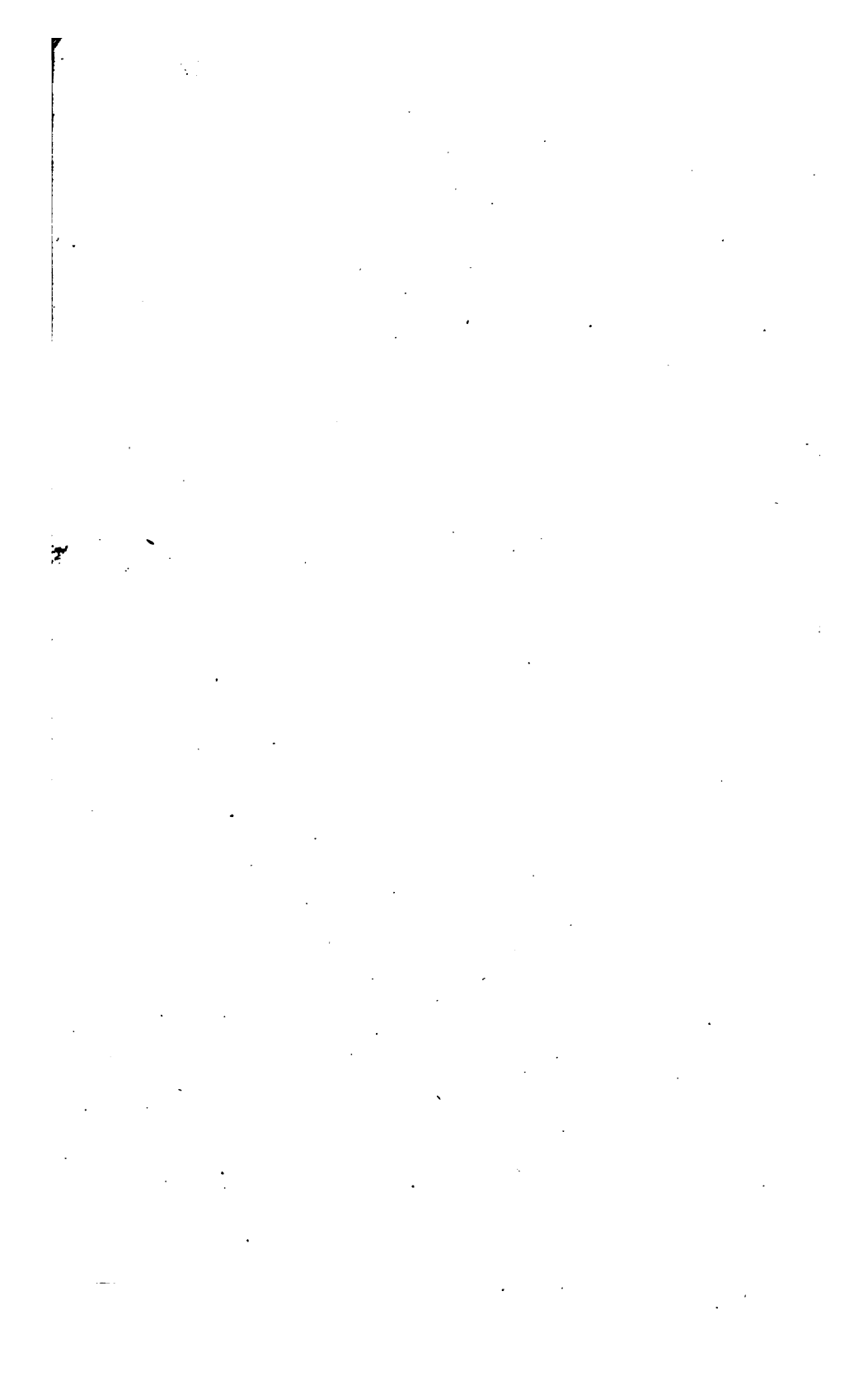
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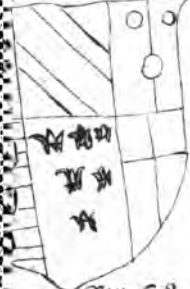


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P O E M S,

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN AT BRISTOL,

BY THOMAS ROWLEY, AND OTHERS,

IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY;

THE GREATEST PART NOW FIRST PUBLISHED FROM THE MOST

AUTHENTIC COPIES, WITH AN ENGRAVED SPECIMEN

OF ONE OF THE MSS.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A P R E F A C E,

AN INTRODUCTORY ACCOUNT OF THE
SEVERAL PIECES,

AND

A G L O S S A R Y.

L O N D O N:

Printed for T. PAYNE and SON,
at the Mews-GATE.

MDCCLXXVII.

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THE
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P R E F A C E.

THE Poems, which make the principal part of this Collection, have for some time excited much curiosity, as the supposed productions of THOMAS ROWLEY, a priest of Bristol, in the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV. They are here faithfully printed from the most authentic MSS. that could be procured; of which a particular description is given in the *Introductory account of the several pieces contained in this volume*, subjoined to this Preface. Nothing more therefore seems necessary at present, than to inform the Reader shortly of the manner in which these Poems were first brought to light, and of the authority upon which they are ascribed to the persons whose names they bear.

This cannot be done so satisfactorily as in the words of Mr. George Catcott of Bristol, to whose very laudable zeal the Publick is indebted for the most considerable part of the following collection. His account of the matter is this :

“ The first discovery of certain MSS having been
“ deposited in Redclift church, above three centuries ago, was made in the year 1768, at the
“ time of opening the new bridge at Bristol, and
“ was owing to a publication in *Farley's Weekly Journal*, 1 October 1768, containing an *Account of the ceremonies observed at the opening of the old bridge*, taken, as it was said, from a
“ very antient MS. This excited the curiosity
“ of some persons to enquire after the original.
“ The printer, Mr. Farley, could give no account of it, or of the person who brought the
“ copy ; but after much enquiry it was discovered, that the person who brought the copy
“ was a youth, between 15 and 16 years of age,
“ whose name was Thomas Chatterton, and
“ whose

P R E F A C E. vi

“ whose family had been sextons of Redclift
 “ church for near 150 years. His father, who
 “ was now dead, had also been master of the
 “ free-school in Pile-street. The young man was
 “ at first very unwilling to discover from whence
 “ he had the original ; but, after many promises
 “ made to him, he was at last prevailed on to
 “ acknowledge, that he had received this, *toget-*
 “ *her with many other MSS,* from his father,
 “ who had found them in a large chest in an
 “ upper room over the chapel on the north side
 “ of Redclift church.”

Soon after this Mr. Catcott commenced his ac-
 quaintance with young Chatterton *, and, partly
as

* The history of this youth is so intimately connected with
 that of the poems now published, that the Reader cannot be
 too early apprized of the principal circumstances of his short
 life. He was born on the 20th of November 1752, and edu-
 cated at a charity-school on St. Augustin's Back, where no-
 thing more was taught than reading, writing, and accounts.
 At the age of fourteen, he was articled clerk to an attorney,
 with whom he continued till he left Bristol in April 1770.

as presents partly as purchases, prepared from his copies of many of his MSS. in prose and verse.

Other

Though his education was thus confined, he discovered an early turn towards poetry and English antiquities, particularly heraldry. How soon he began to be an author is not known. In the *Town and Country Magazine* for March 1769, are two letters, probably, from him, as they are dated at Bristol, and subscribed with his usual signature, D. B. The first contains short extracts from two MSS., "*written three hundred years ago by one Rowley, a Monk,*" concerning dress in the age of Henry II.; the other, "*ETHELGAR, a Saxon poem,*" in homely prose. In the same Magazine for May 1769, are three communications from Bristol, with the same signature, D. B. viz. CERDICK, *translated from the Saxon* (in the same style with ETHELGAR), p. 233.—*Observations upon Saxon heraldry*, with drawings of *Saxon achievements*, &c. p. 245.—ELINOURE and JUCA, *written three hundred years ago by T. ROWLEY, a secular priest*, p. 273. This last poem is reprinted in this volume, p. 19. In the subsequent months of 1769 and 1770 there are several other pieces in the same Magazine, which are undoubtedly of his composition.

In April 1770, he left Bristol and came to London, in hopes of advancing his fortune by his talents for writing, of which, by this time, he had conceived a very high opinion. In the prosecution of this scheme, he appears to have almost entirely depended upon the patronage of a set of gentlemen, whom an eminent author long ago pointed out, as *not the worst sort of judges, or rewarders of merit*, the booksellers of this great city.

Other copies were disposed of, in the same way, to Mr. William Barfett, an eminent surgeon at Bristol,

city. At his first arrival indeed he was so unlucky as to find two of his expected Mæcenases, the one in the King's Bench, and the other in Newgate. But this little disappointment was alleviated by the encouragement which he received from other quarters; and on the 14th of May he writes to his mother, in high spirits upon the change in his situation, with the following satirastie reflection upon his former patrons at Bristol. "*As to Mr. —, Mr. —, Mr. —, &c. &c. they rate literary lumber so low, that I believe an author, in their estimation, must be poor indeed! But here matters are otherwise: Had Rowley been a Londoner instead of a Bristowyan, I could have lived by copying his works.*"

In a letter to his sister, dated 30 May, he informs her, that he is to be employed "*in writing a voluminous history of London, to appear in numbers the beginning of next winter.*" In the mean time, he had written something in praise of the Lord Mayor (Beckford), which had procured him the honour of being presented to his lordship. In the letter just mentioned he gives the following account of his reception, with some curious observations upon political writing: "*The Lord Mayor received me as politely as a citizen could. But the devil of the matter is, there is no money to be got of this side of the question.—But he is a poor author who cannot write on both sides.—Essays on the patriotic side will fetch no more than what the copy is sold for. As the patriots themselves are searching for a place, they have no gratuity to spare.—On*

P R E F A C E.

Bristol, who has long been engaged in writing the history of that city. Mr. Barrett also procured from him several fragments, some of a considerable length, written upon vellum*, which he

the other hand, unpopular essays will not even be accepted; and you must pay to have them printed: but then you seldom lose by it, as courtiers are so sensible of their deficiency in merit, that they generously reward all who know how to dawb them with the appearance of it."

Notwithstanding his employment on the History of London, he continued to write incessantly in various periodical publications. On the 11th of July he tells his sister that he had pieces last month in the *Gospel Magazine*; the *Town and Country*, viz. Maria Friendless; False Step; Hunter of Oddities; To Miss Bush, &c. *Court and City*; *London*; *Political Register*, &c. But all these exertions of his genius brought in so little profit, that he was soon reduced to real indigence; from which he was relieved by death (in what manner is not certainly known), on the 24th of August, or thereabout, when he wanted near three months to complete his eighteenth year. The floor of his chamber was covered with written papers, which he had torn into small pieces; but there was no appearance (as the Editor has been credibly informed) of any writings on parchment or vellum.

* One of these fragments, by Mr. Barrett's permission, has been copied in the manner of a *Fac simile*, by that ingenious artist Mr. Strutt, and an engraving of it is inserted at p. 288.

Two

he asserted to be part of his original MSS. In short, in the space of about eighteen months, from October 1768 to April 1770, besides the Poems now published, he produced as many compositions, in prose and verse, under the names of Rowley, Canynge, &c. as would nearly fill such another volume.

In April 1770 Chatterton went to London, and died there in the August following; so that the whole history of this very extraordinary transaction cannot now probably be known with any certainty. Whatever may have been his part in

Two other small fragments of Poetry are printed in p. 277, 8, 9. See the *Introductory Account*. The fragments in prose, which are considerably larger, Mr. Barrett intends to publish in his History of Bristol, which, the Editor has the satisfaction to inform the Publick, is very far advanced. In the same work will be inserted *A Discourse on Bristowe*, and the other historical pieces in prose, which Chatterton at different times delivered out, as copied from Rowley's MSS.; with such remarks by Mr. Barrett, as he of all men living is best qualified to make, from his accurate researches into the Antiquities of Bristol.

it; whether he was the author, or only the copier (as he constantly asserted) of all these productions; he appears to have kept the secret entirely to himself, and not to have put it in the power of any other person, to bear certain testimony either to his fraud or to his veracity.

The question therefore concerning the authenticity of these Poems must now be decided by an examination of the fragments upon vellum, which Mr. Barrett received from Chatterton as part of his original MSS., and by the internal evidence which the several pieces afford. If the Fragments shall be judged to be genuine, it will still remain to be determined, how far their genuineness should serve to authenticate the rest of the collection, of which no copies, older than those made by Chatterton, have ever been produced. On the other hand, if the writing of the Fragments shall be judged to be counterfeit and forged by Chatterton, it will not of necessity follow, that the matter of them was also forged by him,
and

P R E F A C E. xii

and still less, that all the other compositions, which he professed to have copied from antient MSS., were merely inventions of his own. In either case, the decision must finally depend upon the internal evidence.

It may be expected perhaps, that the Editor should give an opinion upon this important question ; but he rather chooses, for many reasons, to leave it to the determination of the unprejudiced and intelligent Reader. He had long been desirous that these Poems should be printed ; and therefore readily undertook the charge of superintending the edition. This he has executed in the manner, which seemed to him best suited to such a publication ; and here he means that his task should end. Whether the Poems be really antient, or modern ; the compositions of Rowley, or the forgeries of Chatterton ; they must always be considered as a most singular literary curiosity.

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INTRODUCTORY ACCOUNT
OF THE
SEVERAL PIECES
CONTAINED IN THIS VOLUME.

ECLOGUE THE FIRST.	p. 1
ECLOGUE THE SECOND.	6
ECLOGUE THE THIRD.	12

These three Eclogues are printed from a MS. furnished by Mr. Catcott, in the hand-writing of Thomas Chatterton. It is a thin copy-book in 4to. with the following title in the first page. “ *Eclogues and other Poems by Thomas Rowley, with a Glossary and Annotations by Thomas Chatterton.*”

There is only one other Poem in this book, viz. the fragment of “ *Goddwyn, a Tragedy,*” which see below, p. 173.

ELINOURE AND JUGA.	p. 19
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This Poem is reprinted from the *Town and Country Magazine* for May 1769, p. 273. It is there entitled, “ *Elinours* and

and Jaga. Written three hundred years ago by T. Rowley, secular priest." And it has the following subscription; "D. B. Bristol, May, 1769." Chatterton soon after told Mr. Catcott, that he (Chatterton) inserted it in the Magazine.

The present Editor has taken the liberty to supply [between books] the names of the speakers, at ver. 22 and 29, which had probably been omitted by some accident in the first publication; as the nature of the composition seems to require, that the dialogue should proceed by alternate stanzas.

VERSES TO LYDGATE.	P. 25
SONGE TO ÆLLA.	Ibid.
LYDGATE'S ANSWER.	26

These three small Poems are printed from a copy in Mr. Catcott's hand-writing. Since they were printed off, the Editor has had an opportunity of comparing them with a copy made by Mr. Barrett from the piece of vellum, which Chatterton formerly gave to him as the original MS. The variations of importance (exclusive of many in the spelling) are set down below*.

THE

* *Verses to Lydgate.*

In the title for *Ladgate*, r. *Lydgate*.

ver. 2. r. *Thatt I and thee.*

3. for *bee*, r. *goe*.

7. for *lygbie*, r. *whyte*.

Songe

THE TOURNAMENT.

This Poem is printed from a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.

Songe to Ella.

The title in the vellum MS. was simply "*Songe to Ella*," with a small mark of reference to a note below, containing the following words:—"*Lorde of the castelle of Brystowe your daies of yore*." It may be proper also to take notice, that the whole song was there written like prose, without any breaks, or divisions into verses.

ver. 6. for *brastyng*, r. *burstyng*.

11. for *valyante*, r. *burlic*.

23. for *dyfmall*, r. *honore*.

Lydgate's answer.

No title in the vellum MS.

ver. 3. for *varfes*, r. *pen*.

antepr. for *Landes*, r. *Sendes*.

ult. for *hyme*, r. *ihynge*.

Mr. Barrett had also a copy of these Poems by Chatterton, which differed from that, which Chatterton afterwards produced as the original, in the following particulars, among others.

In the title of the *Verses to Lydgate*.

Orig. *Lydgate*. — Chat. *Ladgate*.

ver. 3. Orig. *goe*. — Chat. *doe*.

7. Orig. *wurte*. — Chat. *fyghte*.

Songe to Ella.

ver. 5. Orig. *Dacyane*. — Chat. *Dacyo's*.

Orig. *whose lockes*. — Chat. *whose hayres*.

11. Orig. *burlic*. — Chat. *bronded*.

22. Orig. *kenst*. — Chat. *beast*.

23. Orig. *honore*. — Chat. *dyfmall*.

26. Orig. *Tprauuncyng*. — Chat. *lfrayning*.

30. Orig. *glant*. — Chat. *glare*.

Sir Simon de Bourton, the hero of this poem, is supposed to have been the first founder of a church dedicated to *our Lady*, in the place where the church of St. Mary Ratcliffe now stands. Mr. Barrett has a small leaf of vellum (given to him by Chatterton as one of Rowley's original MSS.), entitled, "*Vita de Simen de Bourton*," in which Sir Simon is said, as in the poem, to have begun his foundation in consequence of a vow made at a tournament.

THE DETHE OF SYR CHARLES BAWDIN. p. 44

This Poem is reprinted from the copy printed at London in 1772, with a few corrections from a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.

The person here celebrated, under the name of *Syr Charles Bawdin*, was probably *Sir Baldewyn Fulford*, Knt. a zealous Lancastrian, who was executed at Bristol in the latter end of 1461, the first year of Edward the Fourth. He was attainted, with many others, in the general act of Attainder, 1 Edw. IV. but he seems to have been executed under a special commission for the trial of treasons, &c. within the town of Bristol. The fragment of the old chronicle, published by Hearne at the end of *Sprotti Chronica*, p. 289. says only; "*Item the same yere (1 Edw. IV.) was taken Sir Baldewine Fulford and behedid at Bristow.*" But the matter is more fully stated in the act which passed in 7 Edw. IV. for the restitution in blood and estate of

Thomas

Thomas Fulford, Knt. eldest son of Baldewyn Fulford, late of Fulford, in the county of Devonshire, Knt. *Rot. Parl.* 8 Edw. IV. p. 1. m. 13. The preamble of this act, after stating the attainder by the act 1 Edw. IV. goes on thus: "And also the said Baldewyn, the said first yere of your noble reign, at Bristowe in the shere of Bristowe, before Henry Erie of Essex William Hastyngs of Hastyngs Knt. Richard Chock William Canyng Maire of the said towne of Bristowe and Thomas Yong, by force of your letters patentes to theym and other directe to here and determine all trefons &c. doon withyn the said towne of Bristowe before the vth day of September the first yere of your said reign, was atteynt of dyvers trefons by him doon ayenst your Highnes &c." If the commission sate soon after the vth of September, as is most probable, King Edward might very possibly be at Bristol at the time of Sir Baldewyn's execution; for, in the interval between his coronation and the parliament which met in November, he made a progress (as the Continuator of Stowe informs us, p. 416.) by the South coast into the West, and was (among other places) at Bristol. Indeed there is a circumstance which might lead us to believe, that he was actually a spectator of the execution from the minster-window, as described in the poem. In an old accompt of the Procurators of St. Ewin's church, which was then the minster, from xx March in the 1 Edward IV. to 1 April in the year next ensuing, is the following article,

c1e,

ele, according to a copy made by Mr. Catcott from the original book.

"Item for washyngs the church payven ageyns } iiij d. ob.
Kynge Edward 4th is comynge.

ÆLLA, a tragycal enterlude.

p. 65.

This Poem, with the *Epistle*, *Letter*, and *Entreductionne*, is printed from a folio MS. furnished by Mr. Catcott, in the beginning of which he has written, "Chatterton's transcript. 1769." The whole transcript is of Chatterton's hand-writing.

GODDWYN, a Tragedie.

p. 173.

This Fragment is printed from the MS. mentioned above, p. xv. in Chatterton's hand-writing.

ENGLYSH METAMORPHOSIS.

p. 196

This Poem is printed from a single sheet in Chatterton's hand-writing, communicated by Mr. Barrett, who received it from Chatterton.

BALADE OF CHARITIE.

p. 203.

This Poem is also printed from a single sheet in Chatterton's hand-writing. It was sent to the Printer of the *Town and Country Magazine*, with the following letter prefixed:

"To

A C C O U N T, &c. xvi

“ To the Printer of the Town and Country Magazine.

SIR,

If the Glossary annexed to the following piece will make the language intelligible; the Sentiment, Description, and Versification, are highly deserving the attention of the literati.

July 4, 1770.

D. B.”

BATTLE OF HASTINGS, N^o 1. p. 210

BATTLE OF HASTINGS, N^o 2. 238

In printing the first of these poems two copies have been made use of, both taken from copies of Chatterton's hand-writing, the one by Mr. Catcott, and the other by Mr. Barrett. The principal difference between them is at the end, where the latter has fourteen lines from ver. 350, which are wanting in the former. The second poem is printed from a single copy, made by Mr. Barrett from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.

It should be observed, that the Poem marked N^o 1, was given to Mr. Barrett by Chatterton with the following title; “ *Battle of Hastings, wrote by Turgot the Monk, a Saxon, in the tenth century, and translated by Thomas Rowlie, parish preeste of St. Johns in the city of Bristol, in the year 1465.—The remainder of the poem I have not been happy enough to meet with.*” Being afterwards prest by Mr. Barrett to produce any part of this poem in the original hand-writing, he at last said, that he wrote this poem himself for a friend; but that he had another, the

the copy of an original by Rowley : and being then desired to produce that other poem, he, after a considerable interval of time, brought to Mr. Barrett the poem marked N° 2, as far as ver. 530 incl. with the following title, "*Battle of Hasting: by Turgotus, translated by Roulie for W. Canynge Esq.*" The lines from ver. 531 incl. were brought some time after, in consequence of Mr. Barrett's repeated solicitations for the conclusion of the poem.

ONN OURE LADIES CHYRCHE.

p. 275

ON THE SAME.

276

The first of these Poems is printed from a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.

The other is taken from a MS. in Chatterton's hand-writing, furnished by Mr. Catcott, entitled, "*A Discourse on Brishaws, by Thomas Roulie.*" See the Preface, p. xi. n. *.

EPITAPH ON ROBERT CANYNGE.

p. 277

This is one of the fragments of vellum, given by Chatterton to Mr. Barrett, as part of his original MSS.

THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE.

p. 278

The 34 first lines of this poem are extant upon another of the vellum fragments, given by Chatterton to Mr. Barrett.

The

The remainder is printed from a copy furnished by Mr. Catcott, with some corrections from another copy, made by Mr. Barrett from one in Chatterton's hand-writing. This poem makes part of a prose-work, attributed to Rowley, giving an account of *Painters, Carvellers, Poets*, and other eminent natives of Bristol, from the earliest times to his own. The whole will be published by Mr. Barrett, with remarks, and large additions; among which we may expect a complete and authentic history of that distinguished citizen of Bristol, Mr. William Canynge. In the mean time, the Reader may see several particulars relating to him in *Cambden's Britannia*, Somerset. Col. 95.—*Rymer's Fœdera*, &c. ann. 1449 & 1450.—*Tanner's Not. Monast.* Art. BRISTOL and WESTBURY.—*Dugdale's Warwickshire*, p. 634.

It may be proper just to remark here, that Mr. Canynge's brother, mentioned in ver. 129, who was lord mayor of London in 1456, is called *Thomas* by Stowe in his *List of Mayors*, &c.

The transaction alluded to in the last Stanza is related at large in some Prose Memoirs of Rowley, of which a very incorrect copy has been printed in the *Town and Country Magazine* for November 1775. It is there said, that Mr. Canynge went into orders, to avoid a marriage, proposed by King Edward, between him and a lady of the Widdevile family. It is certain, from the Register of the Bishop of Worcester, that Mr. Canynge was ordained *Acolythe* by Bishop Carpenter on

19 September 1467, and received the higher orders of *Sub-deacon*, *Deacon*, and *Priest*, on the 12th of March, 1467, O. S. the 2d and 16th of April, 1468, respectively.

ON HAPPINESSE, by WILLIAM CANYNGE. p. 286

ONNE JOHNE A DALBENIE, by the same. Ibid.

THE GOULER'S REQUIEM, by the same. 287

THE ACCOUNT OF W. CANYNGE'S FEASTE. 288

Of these four Poems attributed to Mr. Canynge, the three first are printed from Mr. Catcott's copies. The last is taken from a fragment of vellum, which Chatterton gave to Mr. Barrett as an original. The Editor has doubts about the reading of the second word in ver. 7, but he has printed it *keene*, as he found it so in other copies. The Reader may judge for himself, by examining the *Fac simile* in the opposite page.

With respect to the three friends of Mr. Canynge mentioned in the last line, the name of *Rowley* is sufficiently known from the preceding poems. *Iscomm* appears as an actor in the tragedy of *Ælla*, p. 66. and in that of *Goddwyn*, p. 174.; and a poem, ascribed to him, entitled "*The merry Tricks of Laymington*," is inserted in the "*Discorse of Bristowe*." Sir *Theobald Gorges* was a knight of an antient family seated at *Wraxhall*, within a few miles of Bristol [See *Rot. Parl.* 3 H. VI. n. 28. *Leland's Itin.* vol. VII. p. 98.]. He has also appeared
above

above as an actor in both the tragedies, and as the author of one of the *Mynstrelles songs* in *Ælla*, p. 91. His connexion with Mr. Canynge is verified by a deed of the latter, dated 20 October, 1467, in which he gives to trustees, in part of a benefaction of £. 500 to the Church of St. Mary Redcliffe, "certain jewells of Sir Theobald Gorges Knt." which had been pawned to him for £. 160.



P O E M S, &c.

ECLOGUE THE FIRST.

WHANNE Englonde, smeethynge ¹ from her
lethal² wounde,

From her galled necke dyd twytte³ the chayne
awaie,

Kennynge her legeful sonnes falle all arounde,
(Myghtie theie fell, 'twas Honoure ledde the fraie,)

Thanne inne a dale, bie eve's dark surcote ⁴ graie, 5

Twayne lonelic shepsterres ⁵ dyd abrodden ⁶ flie,
(The roostlyng liff doth theyr whytte hartes affraie⁷,)

And wythe the owlette trembled and dyd crie;

Firste Roberte Neatherde hys fore boesom stroke,

Then fellen on the grounde and thus yspoke. 10

¹ *Smething*, smoking; in some copies *bletheynge*, but in the oral as above. ² deadly. ³ pluck or pull. ⁴ *Surcote*, a cloke, or mantel, which hid all the other dress. ⁵ shepherds. ⁶ abruptly, so Chaucer, Syke he abredde dyd attourne. ⁷ affright.

2 ECLOGUE THE FIRST.

R O B E R T E.

Ah, Raufe! gif thos the howres do comme alonge,
 Gif thos wee flie in chafe of farther woe,
 Oure fote wyll fayle, albeytte wee bee stronge,
 Ne wyll oure pace sweſte as oure danger goe.
 To oure grete wronges we have enheped ⁸ moe, 15
 The Baronnes warre! oh! woe and well-a-daie!
 I haveth lyff, bott have eſcaped foe,
 That lyff ytſel mie Senſes doe affraie.
 Oh Raufe, comme lyſte, and hear mie dernie ⁹ tale,
 Comme heare the balefull ¹⁰ dome of Robynne of the
 Dale. 20

R A U F E.

Saie to mee nete; I kenne thie woe in myne;
 O! I've a tale that Sabalus ¹¹ mote ¹² telle.
 Swote ¹³ flouretts, mantled meadows, foreſtes
 dygne ¹⁴;
 Gravots ¹⁵ far-kened ¹⁶ arounde the Errmiets ¹⁷ cell;

⁸ Added. ⁹ ſad. ¹⁰ woeful, lamentable. ¹¹ the Devil. ¹² might.
¹³ ſweet. ¹⁴ good, neat, genteel. ¹⁵ groves, ſometimes uſed for a
 coppice. ¹⁶ far-ſeen. ¹⁷ Hermit.

The

ECLOGUE THE FIRST. 3

The fwote ribible ¹⁸ dynning ¹⁹ yn the dell ; 25
 The joyous daunceynge ynn the hoastrie ²⁰ courte ;
 Eke ²¹ the highe songe and everych joie farewell,
 Farewell the verie shade of fayre dysporte ²² :
 Impestering ²³ trobble onn mie heade doe comme,
 Ne on kynde Seyncte to warde ²⁴ the aye ²⁵ encreasynge
 dome. 30

ROBERT E.

Oh ! I coulde waile mie kynge-coppe-decked mees ²⁶,
 Mie spreedynge flockes of shepe of lillie white,
 Mie tendre applynges ²⁷, and embodye ²⁸ trees,
 Mie Parker's Grange ²⁹, far spreedynge to the fyghte,
 Mie cuyen ³⁰ kyne ³¹, mie bullockes stringe ³² yn
 fyghte, 35
 Mie gorne ³³ emblaunched ³⁴ with the comfreie ³⁵
 plante,
 Mie floure ³⁶ Seyncte Marie shotteyng wythe the lyghte,
 Mie store of all the blessinges Heaven can grant.

¹⁸ violin. ¹⁹ sounding. ²⁰ inn, or public-house. ²¹ also. ²² pleasure. ²³ annoying. ²⁴ to keep off. ²⁵ ever, always. ²⁶ meadows.
²⁷ grafted trees. ²⁸ thick, stout. ²⁹ liberty of pasture given to the
 Parker. ³⁰ tender. ³¹ cows. ³² strong. ³³ garden. ³⁴ whitened.
³⁵ cumfrey, a favourite dish at that time. ³⁶ marygold.

4 E C L O G U E T H E F I R S T .

I amme dureffed ³⁷ unto sorrowes blowe,
 Ihanten'd ³⁸ to the peyne, will lette ne falte teare flowe. 40

R A U F E .

Here I wille obaie ³⁹ untill the doe 'pere,
 Here lyche a foule empyfoned leathel ⁴⁰ tree,
 Whyche sleaeth ⁴¹ everichone that commeth nere,
 Soe wille I fyxed unto thys place gre ⁴².
 I to bement ⁴³ haveth moe cause than thee; 45
 Sleene in the warre mie boolie ⁴⁴ fadre lies;
 Oh! joieous I hys mortherer would flea,
 And bie hys fyde for aie enclose myne eies.
 Calked ⁴⁵ from everych joie, heere wyll I blede;
 Fell ys the Cullys-yatte ⁴⁶ of mie hartes castile stede. 50

R O B E R T E .

Oure woes alyche, alyche our dome ⁴⁷ shal bee.
 Mie sonne, mie sonne-alleyne ⁴⁸, ystorven ⁴⁹ ys;

³⁷ hardened. ³⁸ accustomed. ³⁹ abide. This line is also wrote,
 "Here wyll I obaie untill dethe appere," but this is modernized.
⁴⁰ deadly. ⁴¹ destroyeth, killeth. ⁴² grow. ⁴³ lament. ⁴⁴ much-
 loved, beloved. ⁴⁵ cast out, ejected. ⁴⁶ alluding to the portcullis,
 which guarded the gate, on which often depended the castile. ⁴⁷ fate.
⁴⁸ my only son. ⁴⁹ dead.

Here

ECLOGUE THE FIRST. 5

Here wylle I staie, and end mie lyff with thee ;
 A lyff lyche myne a borden ys ywis.
 Now from een logges ⁵⁰ fledden is felynefs ⁵¹, 55
 Mynfterres ⁵² alleyn ⁵³ can boaste the hallie ⁵⁴ Seyncte,
 Now doeth Englonde weare a bloudie dresse
 And wyth her champyones gore her face depeyncte;
 Peace fledde, disorder sheweth her dark rode ⁵⁵,
 And thorow ayre doth flie, yn garments steyned with
 bloude, 60

⁵⁰ cottages. ⁵¹ happinefs. ⁵² monasterys. ⁵³ only. ⁵⁴ holy.
⁵⁵ complexion.

ECLOGUE THE SECOND.

SPRYTES¹ of the bleſte, the pious Nygelle fed,
 Poure owte yer pleaſaunce² onn mie fadres hedde.

Rycharde of Lyons harte to fyghte is gon,
 Uponne the brede³ ſea doe the banners gleme⁴;
 The amenuſed⁵ nationnes be aſton⁶, 5
 To ken⁷ fyke⁸ large a flete, fyke fyne, fyke breme⁹.
 The barkis heafods¹⁰ coupe¹¹ the lymed¹² ſtreame;
 Oundes¹³ ſynkeynge oundes upon the hard ake¹⁴
 rieſe;

The water ſlughornes¹⁵ wythe a ſwotye¹⁶ cleme¹⁷
 Conteke¹⁸ the dynnyng¹⁹ ayre, and reche the ſkies.¹⁰
 Sprytes of the bleſte, on gouldyn trones²⁰ aſtedde²¹,
 Poure owte yer pleaſaunce onn mie fadres hedde.

¹ Spirits, ſouls. ² pleaſure. ³ broad. ⁴ ſhine, glimmer. ⁵ di-
 miniſhed, leſſened. ⁶ aſtoniſhed, confounded. ⁷ ſee, diſcover, know.
⁸ ſuch, ſo. ⁹ ſtrong. ¹⁰ heads. ¹¹ cut. ¹² glaſſy, reflecting.
¹³ waves, billows. ¹⁴ oak. ¹⁵ a muſical inſtrument, not unlike a haut-
 boy. ¹⁶ ſweet. ¹⁷ found. ¹⁸ confuſe, contend with. ¹⁹ founding.
²⁰ thrones. ²¹ ſeated.

The

ECLOGUE THE SECOND. 7

The gule ²² depeyncted ²³ oares from the black tyde,
 Decorn ²⁴ wyth fonnes ²⁵ rare, doe themrynge ²⁶ ryse ;
 Upfwalynge ²⁷ doe heie ²⁸ shewe ynne drierie pryde, 15
 Lyche gore-red estells ²⁹ in the eve ³⁰-merk ³¹ skyes ;
 The nome-depeyncted ³² shields, the speres aryse,
 Alyche ³³ talle roshes on the water fyde ;
 Alenge ³⁴ from bark to bark the bryghte sheene ³⁵
 flyes ;
 Sweft-kerv'd ³⁶ delyghtes doe on the water glyde. 20
 Sprites of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,
 Poure owte youre pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

The Sarafen lokes owte : he doethe feere,
 That Englonde brondeous ³⁷ fonnes do cotte the waie.
 Lyke honted bockes, theye reineth ³⁸ here and there, 25
 Onknowlacheinge ³⁹ inne whatte place to obaie ⁴⁰.
 The banner glesters on the beme of daie ;
 The mittee ⁴¹ croffe Jerusolim ys seene ;

²² red. ²³ painted. ²⁴ carved. ²⁵ devices. ²⁶ glimmering.
²⁷ rising high, swelling up. ²⁸ they. ²⁹ a corruption of *espoile*, Fr. a
 star. ³⁰ evening. ³¹ dark. ³² rebus'd shields; a herald term, when
 the charge of the shield implies the name of the bearer. ³³ like.
³⁴ along. ³⁵ shine. ³⁶ short-lived. ³⁷ furious. ³⁸ runneth. ³⁹ not
 knowing. ⁴⁰ abide. ⁴¹ mighty.

8 ECLOGUE THE SECOND.

Dhercof the fyghte yer corrage doe affraie ⁴²,
 In balefull ⁴³ dole their faces be ywretne ⁴⁴. 30
 Sprytes of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,
 Poure owte your pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

The bollengers ⁴⁵ and cottes ⁴⁵, foe fwyfte yn fyghte,
 Upon the sydes of everich bark appere;
 Foorth to his offyce lepethe everych knyghte, 35
 Eftsoones ⁴⁶ hys squyer, with hys shielde and spere.
 The jynynge shielde do shemre and moke glare ⁴⁷;
 The dosheyng oare doe make gemoted ⁴⁸ dynne;
 The reynyng ⁴⁹ foemen ⁵⁰, thynckeynge gif ⁵¹ to dare,
 Boun ⁵² the merk ⁵³ swerde, theie feche to fraie ⁵⁴,
 theie blyn ⁵⁵. 40

Sprytes of the bleste, and everyche Seyncte ydedde,
 Powre oute yer pleasaunce onn mie fadres hedde.

Now comm the warrynge Sarafyns to fyghte;
 Kynge Rycharde, lyche a lyoncel ⁵⁶ of warre,

⁴² affright. ⁴³ woeful. ⁴⁴ covered. ⁴⁵ different kinds of boats.
⁴⁶ full soon, presently. ⁴⁷ glitter. ⁴⁸ united, assembled. ⁴⁹ running.
⁵⁰ foes. ⁵¹ if. ⁵² make ready. ⁵³ dark. ⁵⁴ engage. ⁵⁵ cease, stand
 still. ⁵⁶ a young lion.

ECLOGUE THE SECOND. 9

Inne sheenyng goulde, lyke feerie ⁵⁷ gronfers ⁵⁸,
 dyghte. ⁵⁹, 45
 Shaketh alofe hys honde, and seene afarre.
 Syke haveth I espyde a greter starre
 Amenge the drybblett ⁶⁰ ons to sheene fulle bryghte ;
 Syke sunnys wayne ⁶¹ wyth amayl'd beames doe barr
 The blaunchie ⁶² mone or estells ⁶³ to gev lyghte. 50
 Sprytes of the bleste, and everich Seynste ydedde,
 Poure owte your pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

Disfraughte ⁶⁵ affraie ⁶⁶, wythe lockes of blodde-red
 die,

Terroure, emburled ⁶⁷ yn the thonders rage,
 Deathe, lynked to dismaie, dothe ugsomme ⁶⁸ flie, 55
 Enchafynge ⁶⁹ echone champyonne war to wage.
 Speeres bevyll ⁷⁰ speres ; swerdes upon swerdes en-
 gage ;

Armoure on armoure dynn ⁷¹, shielde upon shielde ;

⁵⁷ flaming. ⁵⁸ a meteor, from *gron*, a fen, and *fer*, a corruption of fire ; that is, a fire exhaled from a fen. ⁵⁹ deckt. ⁶⁰ small, insignificant. ⁶¹ carr. ⁶² enameled. ⁶³ white, silver. ⁶⁴ stars. ⁶⁵ distracting. ⁶⁶ affright. ⁶⁷ armed. ⁶⁸ terribly. ⁶⁹ encouraging, heating. ⁷⁰ break, a herald term, signifying a spear broken in tilting. ⁷¹ sounds.

10 ECLOGUE THE SECOND.

Ne dethe of thofandes can the warre affuage,
 Botte falleynge numbers fable ⁷² all the feelde. 60
 Sprytes of the bleſte, and everych Seynſte ydedde,
 Poure owte youre pleaſaunce on mie fadres hedde,

The foemen fal arounde; the croſs reles ⁷³ hye;
 Steyned ynne goere, the harte of warre ys ſeen;
 Kyng Rycharde, thorough everyche trope dothe flie, ⁶³
 And beereth meynſte ⁷⁴ of Turkes onto the greene;
 Bie hymm the floure of Afies menn ys ſleene ⁷⁵;
 The waylynge ⁷⁶ mone doth fade before hys ſonne;
 Bie hym hys knyghtes bee formed to actions deene ⁷⁷,
 Doeynge ſyke marvels ⁷⁸, ſtrongers be aſton ⁷⁹. 70
 Sprytes of the bleſte, and everych Seynſte ydedde,
 Poure owte your pleaſaunce onn mie fadres hedde.

The fyghte ys wonne; Kyng Rycharde maſter is;

The Englonde bannerr kiſſeth the hie ayre;

Full of pure joie the armie is iwys ⁸⁰, 75

And everych one haveth it onne his bayre ⁸¹;

⁷² blacken. ⁷³ waves. ⁷⁴ many, great numbers. ⁷⁵ ſlain. ⁷⁶ de-
 creasing. ⁷⁷ glorious, worthy. ⁷⁸ wonders. ⁷⁹ aſtoniſhed. ⁸⁰ cer-
 tainly. ⁸¹ brow.

ECLOGUE THE SECOND. 11

Agayne to Englonde comme, and worschepped there,
 Twyghte ⁸² into lovyng armes, and feasted est ⁸³;
 In everych eyne aredyng nete of wyere ⁸⁴,
 Of all remembrance of past peyne berefte. 80
 Sprites of the bleste, and everich Seynste ydedde,
 Syke pleasures powre upon mie fadres hedde.

Syke Nigel fed, whan from the bluie sea
 The upswol ⁸⁵ sayle dyd daunce before his eyne;
 Swefte as the wishe, hee toe the beeche dyd flee, 85
 And founde his fadre steppeynge from the bryne.
 Lette thyssen menne, who haveth sprite of loove,
 Bethyncke untoe hemselfes how mote the meestyng
 proove.

⁸² plucked, pulled. ⁸³ often. ⁸⁴ grief, trouble. ⁸⁵ swollen.

THIRD.

are in her better
 is of the hynde;
 he-made arte,
 me of kynde?
 of a mynde? 5
 as it mote bee?
 the vulgar from the
 knowlache¹¹ free?
 the dysporteynge¹²
 te commende. 10
 re, peasant. ⁴ if. ⁵ a
⁷ nature. ⁸ liking.
 ou see every thing in its
 opher. ¹¹ knowledge.

M A N N E.

ECLOGUE THE THIRD. 13

M A N N E.

Botte whether, fayre mayde, do ye goe?

O where do ye bende yer waie?

I wille knowe whether you goe,

I wylle not bee affeled ¹³ naie.

W O M A N N E.

To Robyn and Nell, all downe in the delle, 15

To hele ¹⁴ hem at makeynge of haie.

M A N N E.

Syr Rogerre, the parfone, hav hyred mee there,

Comme, comme, lett us tryppe ytte awaie,

We'lle wurke ¹⁵ and we'lle synge, and wylle drenche ¹⁶
of stronge beer

As longe as the merrie fommers daie.

20

W O M A N N E.

How harde ys mie dome to wurch!

Moke is mie woe.

¹³ answered. ¹⁴ aid, or help. ¹⁵ work. ¹⁶ drink.

Dame

14 ÉCLOGUE THE THIRD.

Dame Agnes, whoe lies ynnē the Chyrche
 With birlette ¹⁷ golde;
 Wythe gelten ¹⁸ aumeres ¹⁹ strōnge ontolde; 25
 What was shēe moe than me, to be foe?

M A N N E.

I kenne Syr Roger from afar
 Tryppynge over the lea;
 Ich ask whie the loverds ²⁰ fon
 Is moe than mee. 30

S Y R R O G E R R E.

The sweltrie ²¹ sonne dothe hie apace hys wayne ²²,
 From everich beme a seme ²³ of lyfe doe falle;
 Swythyn ²⁴ scille ²⁵ oppe the haie uponne the playne;
 Methynckes the cockes begynneth to gre ²⁶ talle.
 Thys ys alyche oure doome ²⁷; the great, the smalle, ³⁵
 Moſte withe ²⁸ and bee forwyned ²⁹ by deathis darte.
 See! the ſwote ³⁰ flourette ³¹ hathe noe ſwote at alle;
 Itte wythe the ranke wede berethe evalle ³² parte.

²⁷ a hood, or covering for the back part of the head. ²⁸ guilded.
²⁹ borders of gold and silver, on which was laid thin plates of either
 metal counterchanged, not unlike the present spangled laces. ³⁰ lord.
³¹ sultry. ³² car. ²³ feed. ²⁴ quickly, presently. ²⁵ gather.
²⁶ grow. ²⁷ fate. ²⁸ a contraction of wither. ²⁹ dried. ³⁰ sweet.
³¹ tower. ³² equal.

The

ECLOGUE THE THIRD. 15

The cravent ³³, warrioure, and the wyfe be blente ³⁴,
 Alyche to drie awaie wythe those theie dyd bement ³⁵.40

M A N N E.

All-a-boon ³⁶, Syr Priest, all-a-boon;
 Bye yer preeftschype nowe saye unto mee;
 Syr Gaufryd the knyghte, who lyvethe harde bie,
 Whie shoulde hee than mee
 Bee moe greate, 45
 Inne honnoure, knyghtehood and estate?

S Y R R O G E R R E.

Attoturne ³⁷ thine eyne arounde thys haied mee,
 Tentyflie ³⁸ loke arounde the chaper ³⁹ delle ⁴⁰;
 An answer to thie barganette ⁴¹ here fee,
 Thys welked ⁴² flourette wylle a lesen telle: 50
 Arist ⁴³ it blew ⁴⁴, itte florished, and dyd welle,
 Lokeynge ascaunce ⁴⁵ upon the naighboure greene;
 Yet with the deigned ⁴⁶ greene yttes rennome ⁴⁷ felle,
 Eftsoones ⁴⁸ ytte shronke upon the daie-brente ⁴⁹ playne,

³³ coward. ³⁴ ceased, dead, no more. ³⁵ lament. ³⁶ a manner of asking a favour. ³⁷ turn. ³⁸ carefully, with circumspection. ³⁹ dry, sun-burnt. ⁴⁰ valley. ⁴¹ a song, or ballad. ⁴² withered. ⁴³ arisen, or arose. ⁴⁴ blossomed. ⁴⁵ disdainfully. ⁴⁶ disdained. ⁴⁷ glory. ⁴⁸ quickly. ⁴⁹ burnt.

16 ECLOGUE THE THIRD.

Didde not yttes loke, whilest ytte there dyd stonde, 55
To croppe ytte in the bodde move somme dred honde.

Syke ⁵⁰ ys the waie of lyffe; the loverds ⁵¹ ente ⁵²
Mooveth the robber hym therfor to flea ⁵³;
Gyf thou has ethe ⁵⁴, the shadowe of contente,
Beleive the trothe ⁵⁵, theres none moe haile ⁵⁶ yan
thee. 60

Thou wurchest ⁵⁷; welle, canne thatte a trobble bee?
Slothe moe wulde jade thee than the roughest daie.
Coudest thou the kivercled ⁵⁸ of soughlys ⁵⁹ see,
Thou wouldst estsoones ⁶⁰ see trothe ynne whatte I
saie;

Botte lette me heere thie waie of lyffe, and thetne 65
Heare thou from me the lyffes of odher menne.

M · A · N · N · E.

I ryse wythe the sonne,
Lyche hym to dryve the wayne ⁶¹,
And eere mie wurch is don
I syng a songe or twayne ⁶². 70

⁵⁰ such. ⁵¹ lord's. ⁵² a purse or bag. ⁵³ slay. ⁵⁴ ease. ⁵⁵ truth.

⁵⁶ happy. ⁵⁷ werkest. ⁵⁸ the hidden or secret part of. ⁵⁹ fous.

⁶⁰ full soon, or presently. ⁶¹ car. ⁶² two.

I followe

ECLOGUE THE THIRD. 17

I followe the plough-tayle;

Wythe a longe jubb⁶³ of ale;

Botte of the maydens, oh!

Itte lacketh notte to telle;

Syr Preeſte mote notte crie woe;

75

Culde hys bull do as welle.

I daunce the beſte heideygn⁶⁴,

And foile⁶⁵ the wyfeſt feygnes⁶⁶.

On everych Seynctes hie daie

Wythe the mynſtrelle⁶⁷ am I ſeene;

80

All a footeynge it awaie,

Wythe maydens on the greene.

But oh! I wyſhé to be moe greate;

In rennome, tenure, and eſtate.

SYR ROGERRE.

Has thou ne ſeene a tree uponne a hylle,

85

Whoſe unliſte⁶⁸ braunces⁶⁹ rechen far toe fyghte;

Whan fuiured⁷⁰ unwers⁷¹ doe the heaven fylle,

Itte ſhaketh deere⁷² yn dole⁷³ and moke affryghte.

⁶³ a bottle. ⁶⁴ a country dance, ſtill practiſed in the North:
⁶⁵ battle. ⁶⁶ a corruption of *feints*. ⁶⁷ a miniſtrel is a muſician.
⁶⁸ unbounded. ⁶⁹ branches. ⁷⁰ furious. ⁷¹ tempeſts, ſtorms. ⁷² dire:
⁷³ diſmay.

18 ECLOGUE THE THIRD.

Whyleft the congeon ⁷⁴ flowrette abeffie ⁷⁵ dyghte ⁷⁶,
 Stondethe unhurte, unquaced ⁷⁷ bie the ſtorme : 90
 Syke is a picte ⁷⁸ of lyffe : the manne of myghte
 Is tempeſt-chaſt ⁷⁹, hys woe greate as hys forme,
 Thieſelfe a flowrette of a ſmall accounte,
 Wouldſt harder felle the wynde, as hygher thee dydſte
 mounte.

⁷⁴ dwarf. ⁷⁵ humility. ⁷⁶ decked. ⁷⁷ unhurt. ⁷⁸ picture.
⁷⁹ tempeſt-beaten.

ELINOURE

ELINOURE AND JUGA.

ONNE Ruddeborne¹ bank twa pynyng May-
dens fate,

Theire teares faste dryppeyng to the waterre cleere;

Echone bementyng² for her absente mate,

Who atte Seyncte Albonns shouke the morthyng³
speare.

The nottebrowne Elinoure to Juga fayre 5

Dydde speke acroole⁴, wythe languishment of eyne,

Lyche droppes of pearlie dew, lemed⁵ the quyvryng
brine.

ELINOURE.

O gentle Juga! heare mie dernie⁶ plainte,

To fyghte for Yorke mie love ys dyghte⁷ in stele;

O maie ne fanguen steine the whyte rose peyncte, 10

Maie good Seyncte Cuthberte watche Syrre Robert⁸
wele.

Moke moe thanne deathe in phantasie I feele;

¹ Rudborne (in Saxon, red-water), a River near Saint Albans, famous for the battles there fought between the Houses of Lancaster and York. ² lamenting. ³ murdering. ⁴ faintly. ⁵ gliftened. ⁶ sad complaint. ⁷ arrayed, or cased.

20 ELINOURE AND JUGA.

See ! fee ! upon the grounde he bleedyng lies ;
 Inhild ⁸ some joice ⁹ of lyfe, or else mie deare love dies.

J U G A.

Systers in sorrowe, on thys daise-ey'd banke, 15
 Where melancholych broods, we wyll lamente ;
 Be wette wythe mornynge dewe and evene danke ;
 Lyche levynde ¹⁰ okes in eche the odher bente,
 Or lyche forlettenn ¹¹ halles of merriemente,
 Whose gastlie mitches ¹² holdethetraine of fryghte ¹³, 20
 Where lethale ¹⁴ ravens bark, and owlets wake the
 nyghte.

[E L I N O U R E.]

No moe the miskynette ¹⁵ shall wake the morne,
 The minstrelle daunce, good cheere, and morryce plaie ;
 No moe the amblynge palfrie and the horne
 Shall from the leffel ¹⁶ rouze the foxe awaie ; 25
 I'll feke the foreste aile the lyve-longe daie ;

⁸ infuse. ⁹ juice. ¹⁰ blasted. ¹¹ forsaken. ¹² ruins. ¹³ fear.
¹⁴ deadly or deathboding. ¹⁵ a small bagpipe. ¹⁶ in a confined
 fence, a bush or hedge, though sometimes used as a forest.

ELINOURE AND JUGA. 21

Alle nete amenge the gravde chyrche ¹⁷ glebe wyll
goe,
And to the passante Spryghtes lecture ¹⁸ mie tale of woe.

[J U G A.]

Whan mokie ¹⁹ cloudis do hange upon the leme
Of leden ²⁰ Moon, ynn fylver mantels dyghte; 30
The tryppeynge Faeries weve the golden dreme
Of Selynefs ²¹, whyche flyethe wythe the nyghte;
Thenne (botte the Seynctes forbydde !) gif to a
spryte
Syrr Rychardes forme ys lyped, I'll holde dysstraughte
Hys bledeynge claie-colde corse, and die eche daie ynn
thoughte. 35

ELINOURE.

Ah woe bementynge wordes; what wordes can shewe!
Thou limes ²² ryver, on thie linche ²³ maie bleede
Champyons, whose bloude wylle wythe thie waterres
flowe,

And Rudborne streeme be Rudborne streeme indeede!
Haste, gentle Juga, tryppe ytte oere the meade, 40

¹⁷ church-yard. ¹⁸ relate. ¹⁹ black. ²⁰ decreasing. ²¹ happiness.
²² glassy. ²³ bank.

22 ELINOURE AND JUGA.

To knowe, or wheder we muste waile agayne,
Or wythe oure fallen knyghtes be menged onne the
plain.

Soe sayinge, lyke twa levyn-blasted trees,
Or twayne of cloudes that holdeth stormie rayne;
Theie moved gentle oere the dewie mees²⁴, 45
To where Seyncte Albons holie shrynes remayne.
There dyd theye fynde that bothe their knyghtes were
flayne,
Disfraughte²⁵ theie wandered to swollen Rudbornes
fyde,
Yelled theyre leathalle knelle, fonke ynn the waves, and
dyde.

²⁴ meeds, ²⁵ distracted.

TO JOHNE LADGATE.

[Sent with the following *Songe to Ælla.*]

WELL thanne, goode Johne, fythe ytt must needes
be foe,

Thatt thou & I a bowtyng matche must have,
Lette ytt ne breakyng of ould friendshyppe bee,
Thys ys the onelie all-a-boone I crave.

Rememberr Stowe, the Bryghtstowe Carmalyte,
Who whanne Johne Clarkyng, one of myckle lore,
Dydd throwe hys gauntlette-penne, wyth hym to fyghte,
Hee showd finalle wytte, and showd hys weaknesse more.

Thys ys mie formance, whyche I nowe have wrytte,
The best performance of mie lyttel wytte.

SONGE TO ÆLLA, LORDE OF THE CASTEL OF
BRYSTOWE YNNE DAIES OF YORE.

ON thou, orr what remaynes of thee,
Ælla, the darlyng of futurity,
Lett thys mie songe bolde as thie courage be,
As everlastyng to posteritye.

24 S O N G E T O Æ L L A ,

Whanne Dacya's sonnes, whose hayres of bloude redde
hue

Lyche kynges-cuppes brafytng wythe the morning dew,

Arraung'd ynne dreare arraie,

Upponne the lethale daie,

Spredde farre and wyde onne Watchets shoure;

Than dyddst thou furiouse stande,

And bie thie valyante hande

Beefprengedd all the mees wythe gore,

Drawne bie thyne anlace felle,

Downe to the depthe of helle

Thousandes of Dacyanns went;

Bryftowannes, menne of myghte,

Ydar'd the bloudie fyghte,

And actedd deeds full quent,

Oh thou, whereer (thie bones att reste)

Thye Spryte to haunte delygteth beste,

Whetherr upponne the bloude-embrewedd pleyne,

Orr whare thou kennst fromm farre

The dysmall crye of warre,

Orr seeft somme mountayne made of corse of sleine;

Orr

Orr feest the hatchedd stede,
 Ypraunceyngē o'er the mede,
 And neighe to be amenged the poyntedd speeres;
 Orr ynne blacke armoure staulke arounde
 Embattel'd Brystowe, once thie grounde,
 And glowe arduous onn the Castle steeres;

Orr fierye round the mynsterr glare;
 Lette Brystowe stylle be made thiē care;
 Guarde ytt fromme foemenne & consumyngē fyre;
 Lyche Avones streame ensyrke ytte rounde,
 Ne lette a flame enharme the grounde,
 Tylle ynne one flame all the whole worlde expyre.

The underwritten Lines were composed by JOHN
LADGATE, a Priest in London, and sent to
ROWLIE, as an Answer to the preceding *Songe*
of *Ælla*.

HAVYNGE wythe mouche attentyonn redde
Whatt you dydd to mee fende,
Admyre the varfes mouche I dydd,
And thus an answerr lende.

Amongs the Greeces Homer was
A Poett mouche renownde,
Amongs the Latyns Vyrgilius
Was beste of Poets founde.

The Brytish Merlyn oftenne hanne
The gyfte of inspyration,
And Afled to the Sexonne menne
Dydd synge wythe elocation.

Ynne Norman tymes, Turgotus and
Goode Chaucer dydd excelle,
Thenn Stowe, the Bryghtstowe Carmelyte,
Dydd bare awaie the belle.

Nowe

Nowe Rowlie ynne these mokie dayes
Lendes owte hys sheenynghe lyghtes,
And Turgotus and Chaucer lyves
Ynne ev'ry lyne he wrytes.

THE

THE TOURNAMENT.

AN INTERLUDE,

ENTER AN HERAWDE.

THE Tournament begynnes ; the hammers
foude ;

The courferr lyffe ¹ about the menfuredd ² felde ;

The fhemrynge armoure throws the fheene arounde ;

Quayntyffed ³ fons ³ depictedd ⁴ onn eche fheelde.

The feerie ⁵ heaulmets, wythe the wreathes amielde ⁶,⁵

Supportes the rampynge lyoncell ⁷ orr beare,

Wythe ftraunge depyctures ⁸, Nature maie nott
yeelde,

Unfeemlie to all orderr doe appere,

Yett yatte ⁹ to menne, who thyncke and have a
fpryte ¹⁰,

Makes knowne thatt the phantasies unrighthe. 10

¹ fport, or play. ² bounded, or meafured. ³ curiously devised.
³ fancys or devices. ⁴ painted, or difplayed. ⁵ fiery. ⁶ ornamented,
enameled. ⁷ a young lion. ⁸ drawings, paintings. ⁹ that. ¹⁰ foul.

THE TOURNAMENT. 29

I, Sonne of Honnoure, spencer ¹¹ of her joies,
 Muste swythen ¹² goe to yeve ¹³ the speeres arounde,
 Wythe advantayle ¹⁴ & borne ¹⁵ I meynthe ¹⁶ emploie,
 Who withoute mee woulde fall untoe the grounde.
 Soe the tall oake the ivie twyfsteth rounde; 15
 Soe the neshe ¹⁷ flowerr grees ¹⁸ ynne the woodeland
 shade.

The worlde bie diffraunce ys ynne order founde;
 Wydhoute unlikenesse nothyng could bee made.
 As ynn the bowke ¹⁹ nete ²⁰ alleyn ²¹ cann bee donne,
 Syke ²² ynn the weal of kynde all thynges are partes of
 onne. 20

Enterr SYRR SYMONNE DE BOURTONNE.

Herawde ²³, bie heavenne these tylterrs staie too long.
 Mie phantafie ys dynging forr the fyghte.
 The mynstrelles have begonne the thyrde warr songe,
 Yett notte a speere of hemm ²⁴ hath grete mie fyghte.
 I feere there be ne manne wordhie mie myghte. 25
 I lacke a Guid ²⁵, a Wyllyamm ²⁶ to entylte.

¹¹ dispenser. ¹² quickly. ¹³ give. ¹⁴ armer. ¹⁵ burnish.
¹⁶ many. ¹⁷ young, weak, tender. ¹⁸ grows. ¹⁹ body. ²⁰ nothing.
²¹ alone. ²² so. ²³ herald. ²⁴ a contraction of *them*. ²⁵ *Guie de*
Santo Egidio, the most famous tilter of his age. ²⁶ William Rufus.

To

30 THE TOURNAMENT.

To reine ²⁷ anente ²⁸ a fele ²⁹ embodiedd knyghte,
 Ytt gettes ne rennome ³⁰ gyff hys blodde bee spyke,
 Bie heaivenne & Marie ytt ys tyme they're here ;
 I lyche nott unthylle ³¹ thus to wielde the speare. 30

HERAWDE.

Methynckes I heare yer slugghornes ³² dynn ³³ fromm
 farre.

BOURTONNE.

Ah! fwythenn ³⁴ mie shielde & tyltrynge launce bee
 bounde ³⁵.

Eftfoones ³⁶ behefte ³⁷ mie Squyerr to the warre.
 I fie before to clayme a challenge grownde.

[*Goeth oute.*]

HERAWDE.

This valourous actes woulde meinte ³⁸ of menne
 astounde ; 35

Harde bee yer shappe ³⁹ encontrynge thee ynn fyghte ;

²⁷ run. ²⁸ against. ²⁹ feeble. ³⁰ honour, glory. ³¹ useles. ³² a
 kind of claryon. ³³ found. ³⁴ quickly. ³⁵ ready. ³⁶ soon. ³⁷ com-
 mand. ³⁸ most. ³⁹ fate, or doom.

Anent

THE TOURNAMENT. 31

Anenst ⁴⁰ all menne thou bereft to the grounde,
 Lyche the hard hayle dothe the tall roshes pyghte ⁴¹.
 As whanne the mornynge sonne ydronks the dew,
 Syche dothe thie valourous actes drocke ⁴² eche
 knyghte's hue. 40

THE LYSTES. THE KYNGE. SYRR SYMONNE DE
 BOURTONNE, SYRR HUGO FERRARIS, SYRR RA-
 NULPH NEVILLE, SYRR LODOVICK DE CLYNTON,
 SYRR JOHAN DE BERGHAMME, AND ODHERR
 KNYGHTEs, HERAWDES, MYNSTRELLES, AND
 SERVYTOURS ⁴³.

K Y N G E.

The barganette ⁴³ ; yee mynstrelles tune the strynge,
 Somme actyonn dyre of auntyante kynges now synge.

M Y N S T R E L L E S.

Wylliamm, the Normannes floure botte Englonde's
 thorne,
 The manne whose myghte delievretie ⁴⁴ hadd knite ⁴⁵,

⁴⁰ against. ⁴¹ pitched, or bent down. ⁴² drink. ⁴³ servants, at-
 tendants. ⁴⁴ song, or ballad. ⁴⁵ activity. ⁴⁶

32 THE TOURNAMENT.

Snett⁴⁶ oppe hys long strunge bowe and sheelde
aborne⁴⁷, 45

Behesteynge⁴⁸ all hys hommageres⁴⁹ to fyghte.

Goe, rouze the lyonñ fromm hys hylted⁵⁰ denie,

Lett thie flocs⁵¹ drenche the blodde of anie thyng bott
menne.

Ynn the treed forreste doe the knyghtes appere;

Wylllyamm wythe myghte hys bowe enyronn'd⁵²
plies⁵³; 50

Lbude dynns⁵⁴ the arrowe ynn the wolffynn's eare;

Hee ryfeth battent⁵⁵, roares, he panctes, hee dyes.

Forflagenn att thie feete lett wolvyngs bee,

Lett thie flocs drenche theyre blodde, bott do ne bre-
drenn flea.

Throwe the merke⁵⁶ shade of twistynde trees hee
rydes; 55

The flemied⁵⁷ owlett⁵⁸ flappsherr eve-speckte⁵⁹ wynges;

The lordynge⁶⁰ toade ynn all hys passies bides;

The berten⁶¹ neders⁶² att hymm darte the stynges;

⁴⁶ bent. ⁴⁷ burnished. ⁴⁸ commanding. ⁴⁹ servants. ⁵⁰ hidden.

⁵¹ arrows. ⁵² worked with iron. ⁵³ bends. ⁵⁴ sounds. ⁵⁵ loudly.

⁵⁶ dark, or gloome. ⁵⁷ & ⁵⁸ frighted owl. ⁵⁹ marked with evening
dew. ⁶⁰ standing on their hind legs. ⁶¹ venomous. ⁶² adders.

THE TOURNAMENT. 33

Styll, styll, hee passen onn, hys stede astrodde,
Nee hedes the daungerous waie gyff leadynge untoe
bloodde. 60

The lyoncel, fromme sweltre⁶³ countries braughte,
Coucheynge binethe the sheltre of the brierr,
Att commyng dynn⁶⁴ doth rayse hymselfe dis-
traughte⁶⁵,

Hee loketh wythe an eie of flames of fyre.
Goe, flicke the lyonn to hys hyltren denne, 65
Lette thie fies⁶⁶ drenche the blood of anie thyng botte
menn.

Wythe passent⁶⁷ steppe the lyonn mov'th alonge;
Wylllyamm hys ironne-woven bowe hee bendes,
Wythe myghte alyche the roghlynge⁶⁸ thonderr
stronge;
The lyonn ynn a roare hys spryte foorthe fendes. 70
Goe, flea the lyonn ynn hys blodde-steyn'd denne,
Botte bee thie takelle⁶⁹ drie fromm blodde of odherr
menne.

Sweste fromm the thyckett starks the stagge awaie;
The couraciers⁷⁰ as sweste doe afterr fle.

⁶³ hot, fultry. ⁶⁴ sound, noise. ⁶⁵ distracted. ⁶⁶ arrows. ⁶⁷ walk-
ing leifurely. ⁶⁸ rolling. ⁶⁹ arrow. ⁷⁰ horse courser.

34 THE TOURNAMENT.

Hee lepethe hie, hee stondes, hee kepes att baie, 75
 Botte metes the arrowe, and estfoones 71 doth die.
 Forlagenn atte thie fote lette wylde beastes bee,
 Lett thie flocs drenche yer blodde, yett do ne bredrenn
 flee.

Wythe murtherr tyredd, hee fleynges hys bowe
 alyne 72.
 The stagge ys ouch'd 73 wythe crownes of lillie
 floweres. 80
 Arounde theire heaulmes theire greene verte doe en-
 twyne;
 Joying and rev'lous ynn the grene wode bowerrs.
 Forlagenn wyth thie floc lette wylde beastes bee,
 Feeft thee upponne theire fleshe, doe ne thie bredrenn
 flee.

K Y N G E.

Nowe to the Tourneie 74; who wylle fyrste
 affraie 75? 85

71 full soon. 72 across his shoulders. 73 garlands of flowers being
 put round the neck of the game, it was said to be *ouch'd*, from *ouch*, a
 chain, worn by earls round their necks. 74 Tournament. 75 fight, or
 encounter.

H E

THE TOURNAMENT. 35

HERAULDE.

Neville, a baronne, bee yatte ⁷⁶ honnoure thynne:

BOURTONNE.

I clayme the passage.

NEVYLLE.

I contake ⁷⁷ thie waie.

BOURTONNE.

Thenn there's mie gauntlette ⁷⁸ onn mie gaberdyne ⁷⁹.

HEREHAULDE.

A leegefull ⁸⁰ challengé, knyghtes & champyonns
dygne ⁸¹,

A leegefull challenge, lette the slugghorne sounde. ⁹⁰

[Syrr Symonne *and* Neville *tylts*:

Neville ys goeynge, manne and horse, toe grounde.

[Neville *falls*:

Loverdes, how doughtilie ⁸² the tylterrs joyne!

⁷⁶ that. ⁷⁷ dispute. ⁷⁸ glove. ⁷⁹ a picce of armour. ⁸⁰ lawful;
⁸¹ worthy. ⁸² furiously.

36 THE TOURNAMENT.

Yee championnes, heere Symonne de Bourtonne
fyghtes,
Onne hee hathe quacedd ⁸³, affayle ⁸⁴ hymm, yee
knyghtes.

FERRARIS.

I wylle anente⁸⁵ hymm goe; mie squierr, mie shielde; ⁹⁵
Orr onne orr odherr wyll doe myckle ⁸⁶ scethe ⁸⁷
Before I doe departe the liffedd ⁸⁸ fielde,
Miefelfe orr Bourtonne hereupponn wyll blethe ⁸⁹.
Mie shielde.

BOURTONNE.

Comme onne, & fitte thie tylte-launce ethe ⁹⁰.
Whanne Bourtonn fyghtes, hee metes a doughtie
foe. 100

[*Theie tylte. Ferraris falleth.*

Hee falleth; nowe bie heavenne thie woundes doe
smethe ⁹¹;

I feere mee, I have wroughte thee myckle woe ⁹².

⁸³ vanquished. ⁸⁴ oppose. ⁸⁵ against. ⁸⁶ much. ⁸⁷ damage, mischief. ⁸⁸ bounded. ⁸⁹ bleed. ⁹⁰ easy. ⁹¹ smoke. ⁹² hurt, or damage.

THE TOURNAMENT. 37

HERAWDE.

Bourtonne hys seconde beereth to the feelde.
Comme onn, yee knyghtes, and wynn the honnour'd
sheeld,

BERGHAMME.

I take the challenge ; squire, mie launce and fiede. 105
I, Bourtonne, take the gauntlette ; forr mee staie.
Botte, gyff thou fyghteste mee, thou shalt have mede⁹³;
Somme odherr I wylle champyonn toe affraie⁹⁴;
Perchaunce fromme hemm I maie possels the daie,
Thenn I schalle bee a foemanne forr thie spere. 110
Herehawde, toe the bankes of Knyghtys saie,
De Berghamme wayteth forr a foemann heere.

CLINTON.

Botte longe thou schalte ne tende⁹⁵ ; I doe thee fie⁹⁶.
Lyche forreying⁹⁷ levynn⁹⁸, schalle mie tylte-launce
fie.

[Berghamme & Clinton *tylte*. Clinton *falleth*.

⁹³ reward. ⁹⁴ fight or engage. ⁹⁵ attend or wait. ⁹⁶ defy.
⁹⁷ & ⁹⁸ destroying lightening.

38 THE TOURNAMENT.

B E R G H A M M E.

Nowe, nowe, Syrr Knyghte, attoure⁹⁹ thie beeveredd¹⁰⁰
eyne. 115

I have borne downe, and este¹⁰¹ doe gauntlette thee.
Swythenne¹⁰² begynne, and wrynn¹⁰³ thie shappe¹⁰⁴
orr myne;

Gyff thou dyscomfytte, ytt wylle dobblie bee.

[Bourtonne & Burghamm *tylteth*. Berghamme *falls*.

H E R A W D E.

Symonne de Bourtonne haveth borne downe three,
And bie the thyrd hathe honnoure of a fourthe. 120
Lett hymm bee sett asyde, tylle hee doth see
A tyltynge forr a knyghte of gentle wourthe.
Heere commethe straunge knyghtes; gyff corteous¹⁰⁵
heie¹⁰⁶,
Ytt welle beseies¹⁰⁷ to yeve¹⁰⁸ hemm ryghte of
fraie¹⁰⁹.

⁹⁹ turn. ¹⁰⁰ beaver'd. ¹⁰¹ again. ¹⁰² quickly. ¹⁰³ declare.
¹⁰⁴ fate. ¹⁰⁵ worthy. ¹⁰⁶ they. ¹⁰⁷ becomes. ¹⁰⁸ give. ¹⁰⁹ fyght.

THE TOURNAMENT. 39

FIRST KNYGHT.

Straungerrs wee bee, and homblie doe wee clayme¹²⁵
The rennome¹¹⁰ ynn thys Tourneie¹¹¹ forr to tylte;
Dherbie to proove fromm cravents¹¹² owre goode
name,
Bewrynnynge¹¹³ thatt wee gentile blodde have spylte.

HEREHAUDE.

Yee knyghtes of cortesie, these straungerrs, saie,
Bee you fulle wyllynge forr to yeve hemm fraie? ¹³⁰
[*Five Knyghtes tyltetb wythe the straunge Knyghte,*
and bee everichone¹¹⁴ overthrowne.

BOURTONNE.

Nowe bie Seyncte Marie, gyff onn all the fiede
Ycrafedd¹¹⁵ speres and helmetts bee besprente¹¹⁶,
Gyff everyche knyghte dydd houlde a piercedd¹¹⁷
sheeld,
Gyff all the feeke wythe champyonne blodde bee
stente¹¹⁸,

¹¹⁰ honour. ¹¹¹ Tournament. ¹¹² cowards. ¹¹³ declaring ¹¹⁴ every
one. ¹¹⁵ broken, split. ¹¹⁶ scatter'd. ¹¹⁷ broken, or pierced through
with darts. ¹¹⁸ stained.

40 THE TOURNAMENT,

Yett toe encounterr hymm I bee contente. 135

Annotherr launce, Marthalle, anotherr launce.

Albeytte hee wythe lowes ¹¹⁹ of fyre ybrente ¹²⁰,

Yett Bourtonne woulde agenste hys val ¹²¹ advance.

Fyve haveth fallenn downe anethe ¹²² hys speere,

Botte hee schalle bee the next thatt falleth heere. 140

Bie thee, Seyncte Marie, and thy Sonne I sweare,

Thatt ynn whatte place yonn doughtie knyghte shall

fall

Anethe ¹²³ the stronge push of mie straught ¹²⁴ out

speere,

There schalle aryfe a hallie ¹²⁵ chyrches walle,

The whyche, ynn honnoure, I wylle Marye calle, 145

Wythe pillars large, and spyre full hyghe and rounde.

And thys I faifullie ¹²⁶ wylle stonde to all,

Gyff yonderr straungerr falleth to the grounde.

Straungerr, bee boune ¹²⁷; I champyonn ¹²⁸ you to

warre.

Sounde, founde the slughornes, to bee hearde fromm

farre.

150

[Bourtonne & the Straungerr tylt. Straunger faileth.

¹¹⁹ flames. ¹²⁰ burnt. ¹²¹ healm. ¹²² beneath. ¹²³ against.

¹²⁴ stretched out. ¹²⁵ holy. ¹²⁶ faithfully. ¹²⁷ ready. ¹²⁸ challenge.

K Y N G E.

THE TOURNAMENT. 41

K Y N G E.

The Mornynge Tyltes now cease.

H E R A W D E.

Bourtonne ys kyng.

Dysplaie the Englyshe bannorre onn the tente;
Rounde hymm, yee mynstrelles, songs of achments ¹²⁹
fyng;

Yee Herawdes, getherr upp the speeres be-
sprente ¹³⁰;

To Kyng of Tourney-tylte bee all knees bente. 155
Dames faire and gentle, forr youre loves hee foughte;
Forr you the longe tylte-launce, the swerde hee
fhente ¹³¹;

Hee joustedd, alleine ¹³² havynge you ynn thoughte.
Comme, mynstrelles, found the ftrynge, goe onn eche
fyde,

Whylest hee untoe the Kyng ynn state doe ryde. 160

¹²⁹ atchievements, glorious actions. ¹³⁰ broken spears. ¹³¹ broke,
destroyed. ¹³² only, alone.

M Y N-

MYNSTRELLES.

Whann Battayle, smethynge ¹³³ wythe new quickenn'd
gore,

Bendynge wythe spoiles, and bloddie droppynge
hedde,

Dydd the merke ¹³⁴ woode of ethe ¹³⁵ and rest explore,
Seekeynge to lie onn Pleasures downie bedde,

Pleasure, dauncyng fromm her wode, 165

Wreathedd wythe floures of aiglintine,

Fromm hys vyfage wafhedd the bloude,

Hylte ¹³⁶ hys fwerde and gaberdyne.

Wythe fyke an eyne fhee fwotelie ¹³⁷ hymm dydd
view,

Dydd foe ycorvenn ¹³⁸ everrie shape to joie, 170

Hys spyte dydd chaunge untoe anodherr hue,

Hys armes, ne spoyles, mote anie thoughts emploie.

All delyghtfomme and contente,

Fyre enshotyng ¹³⁹ fromm hys eyne,

Ynn hys arms hee dydd herr hente ¹⁴⁰, 175

Lyche the merk ¹⁴¹ -plante doe entwyne.

¹³³ smoaking, steaming. ¹³⁴ dark, gloomy. ¹³⁵ ease. ¹³⁶ hid,
secreted. ¹³⁷ fwetely. ¹³⁸ moulded. ¹³⁹ shooting, darting. ¹⁴⁰ grasp,
hold. ¹⁴¹ night-shade.

THE TOURNAMENT. 43

Soe, gyff thou lovest Pleasure and herr trayne,
Onknowlachynge ¹⁴² ynn whatt place herr to fynde,
Thys rule yspende ¹⁴³, and ynn thie mynde retayne;
Seeke Honnoure fyrste, and Pleasaunce lies be-
hynde. 189

¹⁴² ignorant, unknowing. ¹⁴³ consider.

BRISTOWE

BRISTOWE TRAGEDIE:
OR THE DETHE OF
SYR CHARLES BAWDIN.

THE featherd songster chaunticleer
Han wounde hys bugle horne,
And tolde the earlie villager
The commynge of the morne:

Kynge EDWARDE fawe the ruddie streakes 5
Of lyghte eclypse the greie;
And herde the raven's crokyng throte
Proclayme the fated daie.

"Thou'rt ryght," quod hee, "for, by the Godde
"That fytted entron'd on hyghe! 10
"CHARLES BAWDIN, and hys fellowes twaine,
"To-daie shall surelie die."

Thenne

Thenne wythe a jugge of nappy ale
 Hys Knyghtes dydd onne hymm waite;
 " Goe tell the traytour, thatt to-daie 15
 " Hee leaves thys mortall state."

Syr CANTERLONE thenne bendedd lowe,
 Wythe harte brymm-fulle of woe;
 Hee journey'd to the castle-gate,
 And to Syr CHARLES dydd goe. 20

Butt whenne hee came, hys children twaine,
 And eke hys lovyng wyfe,
 Wythe brinie tears dydd wett the floore,
 For goode Syr CHARLESSES lyfe.

" O goode Syr CHARLES!" sayd CANTERLONE, 25
 " Badde tydyngs I doe brynge."
 " Speke boldlie, manne," sayd brave Syr CHARLES,
 " Whatte says thie traytor kynge?"

" I greeve to telle, before yonne sonne
 " Does fromme the welkinn flye, 30
 " Hee hath uponne hys honour sworne,
 " Thatt thou shalt surelie die."

" Wee

"Wee all must die," quod brave Syr CHARLES;

"Of thatte I'm not affearde;

"Whatte bootes to lyve a little space?"

35

"Thanke JESU, I'm prepar'd:

"Butt telle thye kynge, for myne hee's not;

"I'de fooner die to-dale

"Thanne lyve hys slave, as manie are;

"Tho' I shoulde lyve for ale."

40

Thenne CANTERLONE hee dydd goe out;

To telle the maior straite

To gett all thynges ynne reddynefs

For goode Syr CHARLESSES fate.

Thennè Maisterr CANYNGE saughte the kynge, 45

And felle down onne hys knee;

"I'm come," quod hee, "unto your grace

"To move your clemencye."

Thenne quod the kynge, "Youre tale speke out,

"You have been much oure friende;

50

"Whatever youre request may bee,

"Wee wylle to ytte attende."

"My

SYR CHARLES BAWDIN. 47

" My nobile leige! alle my request

" Ys for a nobile knyghte,

" Who, tho' may hap hee has donne wronge, 55

" Hee thoghte ytte styll was ryghte :

" Hee has a spouse and children twaine,

" Alle rewyn'd are for aie ;

" Yff thatt you are resolv'd to lett

" CHARLES BAWDIN die to-daie." 60

" Speke nott of such a traytour vile,"

The kynge ynne furie sayde ;

" Before the evening starre doth sheene,

" BAWDIN shall loose hys hedde :

" Justice does loudlie for hym calle, 65

" And hee shalle have hys meede :

" Speke, Maister CANYNGE ! Whatte thyng e else

" Att present doe you neede?"

" My nobile leige!" goode CANYNGE sayde,

" Leave justice to our Godde, 70

" And laye the yronne rule asyde ;

" Be thyne the olyve rodde.

" Was

" Was Godde to serche our hertes and reines,

" The best were synners grete ;

" CHRIST's vycarr only knowes ne synne,

75

" Ynne alle thys mortall state.

" Lett mercie rule thyne infante reigne,

" Twylle faste thye crowne fulle sure ;

" From race to race thy familie

" Alle sov'reigns shall endure :

80

" Butt yff wythe bloode and slaughter thou

" Beginne thy infante reigne,

" Thy crowne uponne thy childrennes brows

" Wyll never long remayne."

" CANYNGE, awaie ! thys traytour vile

85

" Has scorn'd my power and mee ;

" Howe canst thou thenne for such a manne

" Intreate my clemencye ?"

" My nobile leige ! the trulie brave

" Wyll val'rous actions prize,

90

" Respect a brave and nobile mynde,

" Altho' ynne enemies."

" CANYNGE,

SYR CHARLES BAWDIN. 49

" CANYNGE, awaie ! By Godde ynnē Heav'n

" Thatt dydd mee beinge gyve,

" I wylle nott taste a bitt of breade 95

" Whilst thys Syr CHARLES dothe lyve.

" By MARIE, and alle Seinctes ynnē Heav'n,

" Thys funne shall be hys laste."

Thenne CANYNGE dropt a brinie teare,

And from the presence paste. 100

Wyth herte brymm-fulle of gnawynge grief,

Hee to Syr CHARLES dydd goe,

And satt hymm downe uponne a stoole;

And teares beganne to flowe:

" Wee all must die," quod brave Syr CHARLES; 105

" Whatte bootes ytte howe or whenne;

" Dethe ys the sure, the certaine fate

" Of all wee mortall menne.

" Saye why, my friend, thie honest soul

" Runn's overr att thyne eye; 110

" Is ytte for my most welcome doome

" Thatt thou dost child-lyke crye?"

E

Quod

Quod godlie CANYNGE, " I doe weepe,

" Thatt thou soe soone must dye,

" And leave thy sonnes and helplefs wyfe, 115

" 'Tys thys thatt wettes myne eye."

" Thenne drie the tears thatt out thyne eye

" From godlie fountaines sprynge;

" Dethe I despise, and alle the power

" Of EDWARDE, traytor kynge. 120

" Whan through the tyrant's welcom means

" I shall resigne my lyfe,

" The Godde I serve wylle soone provyde

" For bothe mye sonnes and wyfe.

" Before I sawe the lyghtsome funne, 125

" Thys was appointed mee;

" Shall mortal manne repyne or grudge

" Whatt Godde ordeynes to bee?

" Howe oft ynne battaile have I stoode,

" Whan thousands dy'd arounde; 130

" Whan smokyng streemes of crimson bloode

" Imbrew'd the fatten'd grounde:

" Howe

SYR CHARLES BAWDIN. 51

" Howe dydd I knowe thatt ev'ry darre,
 " Thatt cutte the airie waie,
 " Myghte nott fynde passage toë my harte, 139
 " And close myne eyes for aie?

" And shall I nowe, forr feere of dethe,
 " Looke wanne and bee dysmayde?
 " Nel fromm my herte fie childyshe feere,
 " Bee alle the manne display'd. 140

" Ah, goddelyke HENRIE! Godde forefende,
 " And garde thee and thye sonne;
 " Yff 'tis hys wylle; but yff 'tis nott,
 " Why thenne hys wylle bee donne.

" My honest friende, my faulte has beene 145
 " To serve Godde and mye prynce;
 " And thatt I no tyme-server am;
 " My dethe wylle soone convynce.

" Ynne Londonne citye was I borne,
 " Of parents of grete note; 150
 " My fadre dydd a nobile armes
 " Emblazon onne hys cote;

" I make ne doubte butt hee ys gone

" Where soone I hope to goe ;

" Where wee for ever shiall bee blest,

155

" From oute the recch of woe :

" Hee taughte mee iustice and the laws

" Wyth pitie to unite ;

" And eke hee taughte mee howe to knowe

" The wronge cause fromm the ryghte : 160

" Hee taughte mee wythe a prudent hande

" To feede the hungrie poore,

" Ne lett mye sarvants dryve awaie

" The hungrie fromme my doore :

" And none can saye, butt alle mye lyfe

165

" I have hys wordyes kept ;

" And summ'd the actyonns of the daie

" Eche nyghte before I slept.

" I have a spoufe, goe aske of her,

" Yff I defyl'd her bedde?

170

" I have a kynge, and none can laie

" Blacke treason onne my hedde.

" Ynne

" Ynne Lent, and onne the holie eve,
 " Fromm fleshe I dydd refrayne;
 " Whie should I thenne appeare dismay'd 175
 " To leave thys worlde of payne?

" Ne! haples HENRIE! I rejoyce,
 " I shalle ne see thye dethe;
 " Moste willynglie ynne thye just cause
 " Doe I resign my brethe. 180

" Oh, fickle people! rewyn'd londe!
 " Thou wylt kenne peace ne moe;
 " Whye RICHARD's sonnes exalt themselves,
 " Thye brookes wythe bloude wylle flowe.

" Saie, were ye tyr'd of godlie peace, 185
 " And godlie HENRIE's reigne,
 " Thatt you dydd choppe youre easie daies
 " For those of bloude and peyne?

" Whatte tho' I onne a sledde bee drawne,
 " And mangled by a hynde, 190
 " I doe defye the traytor's pow'r,
 " Hee can ne harm my mynde;

" Whatte tho', uphoisted onne a pole,

" Mye lymbes shall rotte ynne ayre,

" And ne ryche monument of brasse 195

" CHARLES BAWDIN's name shall bear ;

" Yett ynne the holie booke above,

" Whyche tyme can't eate awaie,

" There wythe the farvants of the Lorde

" Mye name shall lyve for aie. 200

" Thenne welcome dethe ! for lyfe eterne

" I leave thys mortall lyfe :

" Farewell, yayne worlde, and alle that's deare,

" Mye sonnes and lovyng wyfe !

" Nowe dethe as welcome to mee comes, 205

" As e'er the moneth of Maie ;

" Nor woulde I even wyshe to lyve,

" Wyth my dere wyfe to staie."

Quod CANYNGE, " Tys a goodlie thyng

" To bee prepar'd to die ; 210

" And from thys world of peyne and grefe

" To Godde ynne Heav'n to fle."

And

And nowe the bell beganne to tolle,
 And claryonnes to founde ;
 Syr CHARLES hee herde the horses feete 215
 A prauuncyng onne the grounde :

And iust before the officers,
 His lovyng wyfe came ynne,
 Weepyng unfeigned teeres of woe,
 Wythe loude and dysmalle dynne. 220

" Sweet FLORENCE ! nowe I praie forbere,
 " Ynne quiet lett mee die ;
 " Praie Godde, thatt ev'ry Christian soule
 " Maye looke onne dethe as I.

" Sweet FLORENCE ! why these brinie teeres ? 225
 " Theye washe my soule awaie,
 " And almost make mee wyshe for lyfe,
 " Wyth thee, sweete dame, to staie.

" 'Tys butt a journie I shalle goe
 " Untoe the lande of blyffe ; 230
 " Nowe, as a prooffe of husbände's love,
 " Receive thys holie kyffe."

Thenne FLORENCE, fault'ring ynne her saie,

Tremblynge these wordyes spoke,

" Ah, cruēle EDWARDE! bloudie kyngē! 235

" My herte ys welle nyghe broke :

" Ah, sweete Syr CHARLES! why wylt thou goe,

" Wythoute thye lovyngē wyfe?

" The cruēlle axe thatt cuttes thye necke,

" Ytte eke shall ende myc lyfe." 240

And nowe the officers came ynne

To bryngē Syr CHARLES awaie,

Whoe turnedd toe hys lovyngē wyfe,

And thus toe her dydd saie :

" I goe to lyfe, and nott to dethe; 245

" Truste thou ynne Godde above,

" And teache thye sonnes to feare the Lorde,

" And ynne theyre hertes hym love :

" Teache them to runne the nobile race

" Thatt I theyre fader runne: 250

" FLORENCE! shou'd dethe thee take—adieu!

" Yee officers, leade onne."

Thenne

SYR CHARLES BAWDIN. 57.

Thenne FLORENCE rav'd as anie madde,

And dydd her tresses tere ;

“ Oh ! staie, mye husbande ! lorde ! and lyfe ! ”—255

Syr CHARLES thenne dropt a teare.

Tyll tyredd oute wythe ravyng loud,

Shée fellen onne the flore ;

Syr CHARLES exerted alle hys myghte,

And march'd fromm oute the dore.

269

Uponne a sledde hē mounted thenne,

Wythe lookes fulle brave and swete ;

Lookes, thatt enshone ne moe concern

Thanne anie ynne the strete.

Before hym went the cōuncil-menne,

265

Ynne scarlett robes and golde,

And tassils spanglynge ynne the sunne,

Muche glorious to beholde :

The Freers of Seincte AUGUSTYNE next

Appeared to the fyghte,

270

Alle cladd ynne homelie ruffett weedes,

Of godlie monkysh plyghte :

Ynne

Ynne diffraunt partes a godlie pfaume
 Moste sweetlie theye dydd chaunt;
 Behynde theyre backes fyx mynstrelles came, 275
 Who run'd the strunge bataunt.

Thenne fyve-and-twenty archers came;
 Echone the bowe dydd bende,
 From rescue of kyng HENRIES friends
 Syr CHARLES forr to defend. 280

Bolde as a lyon came Syr CHARLES,
 Drawne onne a clothe-layde sledde,
 Bye two blacke stedys ynne trappynge white,
 Wyth plumes uponne theyre hedde:

Behynde hym fyve-and-twenty moe 285
 Of archers stronge and floute,
 Wyth bended bowe echone ynne hande,
 Marched ynne goodlie route:

Seinte JAMESES Freers marched next,
 Echone hys parte dydd chaunt; 290
 Behynde theyre backes fyx mynstrelles came,
 Who run'd the strunge bataunt:

Thenne

SYR CHARLES BAWDIN. 59

Thenne came the maior and eldermenne,

Ynne clothe of scarlett deck't;

And theyre attendyng menne echone, 293

Lyke Easterne princes trickt :

And after them, a multitude

Of citizenns dydd thronge ;

The wyndowes were alle fulle of heddes,

As hee dydd passe alonge. 300

And whenne hee came to the hyghe croffe,

Syr CHARLES dydd turne and faie,

“ O Thou, thatt savest manne fromme synne,

“ Washe mye soule clean thys daie !”

Att the grete mynsterr wyndowe sat 305

The kynge ynne myckle state,

To see CHARLES BAWDIN goe alonge

To hys most welcom fate.

Soone as the fledde drewe nyghe enowe,

Thatt EDWARDE hee myghte heare, 310

The brave Syr CHARLES hee dydd stande uppe,

And thus hys wordes declare :

“ Thou

" Thou seeſt mee, EDWARDE ! traytour vile !

" Expos'd to infamie ;

" Butt bee aſſur'd, diſloyall manne !

313

" I'm greaterr nowe thanne thee.

" Bye foule proceedyngs, murdre, bloude,

" Thou weareſt nowe a crowne ;

" And haſt appoynted mee to dye,

" By power nott thyne owne.

320

" Thou thynkeſt I ſhall dye to-daie ;

" I have beene dede 'till nowe,

" And ſoone ſhall lyve to weare a crowne

" For ale uponne my browe :

" Whyliſt thou, perhapps, for ſom few yeares, 323

" Shalt rule thys fickle lande,

" To lett them knowe howe wyde the rule

" 'Twixt kyng and tyrant hande :

" Thye pow'r unjuſt, thou traytour ſlave !

" Shall falle onne thye owne hedde"—

330

Fromm out of hearyng of the kyng.

Departed thenne the ſledde,

Kynge

SYR CHARLES BAWDIN. 61

Kynge EDWARD's foule rush'd to hys face,

Hee turn'd hys hedde awaie,

And to hys broder GLOUCESTER

335

Hee thus dydd speke and saie :

" To hym that foe-much-dreaded dethe

" Ne ghaftlie terrors brynge,

" Beholde the manne ! hee spake the truthe,

" Hee's greater thanne a kynge !"

340

" Soe lett hym die !" Duke RICHARD sayde ;

" And maye echone oure foes

" Bende downe theyre neckes to bloudie axe,

" And feede the carryon crowes."

And nowe the horses gentlie drewe

345

Syr CHARLES uppe the hyghe hylle,

The axe dydd glysterr ynn the funne,

Hys pretious bloude to spylle.

Syrr CHARLES dydd uppe the scaffold goe,

As uppe a gilded carre

350

Of victorie, bye val'rous chiefs

Gayn'd ynn the bloudie warre :

And

And to the people hee dydd faie,

“ Beholde you see mee dye,

“ For servynge loyally mye kynge, 355

“ Mye kynge most ryghtfullie.

“ As longe as EDWARDE rules thys lande,

“ Ne quiet you wyllle knowe ;

“ Youre sonnes and husbandes shalle bee slayne,

“ And brookes wythe bloude shalle flowe. 360

“ You leave youre goodé and lawfullé kynge,

“ Whenne ynne advefitye ;

“ Lyke mee, untoe the true cause flycke,

“ And for the true cause dye.”

Thenne hee, wyth preestes, uponne hys knees, 365

A pray’r to Godde dydd make,

Beseechynge hym unto hymselfe

Hys partynge soule to take.

Thenne, kneelynge downe, hee layd hys hedde

Most seemlie onne the blocke ; 370

Whyche fromme hys bodie fayre at once

The able heddes-manne stroke :

SYR CHARLES BAWDIN. 62

And oute the bloude beganne to flowe,
And rounde the scaffolde twyne ;
And teares, enow to washe't awaie, 375
Dydd flowe fromme each mann's eyne.

The bloudie axe hys bodie fayre
Ynnto foure parties cutte ;
And ev'rye parte, and eke hys hedde,
Upponne a pole was putte. 380

One parte dydd rotte onne Kynwulph-hylle,
One onne the mynster-tower,
And one from off the castlc-gate
The crowen dydd devoure :

The other onne Seyncte Powle's goode gate, 385
A dreery spectacle ;
Hys hedde was plac'd onne the hyghe crosse,
Ynne-hyghe-streete most nobile.

Thus was the ende of BAWDIN's fate :
Godde prosper longe oure kyngc, 390
And grante hee maye, wyth BAWDIN's foule,
Ynne heav'n Godd's mercie syngc !

Æ L L A :

Æ L L A:

A

TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE,

OR

DISCOORSEYNGE TRAGEDIE,

WROTENN BIE

THOMAS ROWLEIE;

PLAIEDD BEFORE

MASTRE CANYNGE, ATTE HYS HOWSE NEMPTRE

THE RODDE LODGE;

[ALSOE BEFORE THE DUKE OF NORFOLCK, JOHAN
HOWARD.]

F

PERSONNES REPRESENTEDD.

ÆLLA, *bie Thomas Rowleie, Preeſte, the Auſthoure.*

CELMONDE, *Johan Iſcamm, Preeſte.*

HURRA, *Syrr Thybbotte Gorges, Knyghte.*

BIRTHA, *Maſtre Edwarde Canynge.*

Odherr Partes *bie Knyghtes Mynſtrelles.*

EPISTLE TO MASTRE CANYNGE ON
ÆLLA.

TYS songe bie mynstrelles, thatte yn aunteynt
tym,

Whan Reasonn hylt ¹ herselfe in cloudes of nyghte;

The preefte delyvered alle the lege ² yn rhym;

Lyche peyncted³ tylytynge speares to please the fyghte,

The whyche yn yttes felle use doe make moke ⁴
dere ⁵,

Syke dyd their auncyante lee deftie⁶ delyghte the care.

Perchaunce yn Vyrtyues gare ⁷ rhym mote bee thenne,

Butt eefte ⁸ nowe flyeth to the odher syde;

In hallie ⁹ preefte apperes the ribaudes ¹⁰ penne,

Inne lithie ¹¹ moncke apperes the barronnes pryde: 10

But rhym wythe somme, as nedere ¹² without teethe,

Make pleasaunce to the sence, botte maie do lyttel
scathe ¹³.

¹ hid, concealed. ² law. ³ painted. ⁴ much. ⁵ hurt, damage.
⁶ sweetly. ⁷ cause. ⁸ oft. ⁹ holy. ¹⁰ rake, lewd person. ¹¹ humble.
¹² adder. ¹³ hurt, damage.

EPISTLE TO MASTRE CANYNGE. 69

Sommetyme at tragedie theie laughe and synge,
At merrie yaped ²⁶ fage ²⁷ fomme hard-drayned water
brynge, 30

Yette Vevyan ys ne foole, beynde ²⁸ hys lynes.
Geofroie makes vearse, as handycraftes theyr ware ;
Wordes wythoute sence fulle groffyingelye ²⁹ he twynes,
Cotteynge hys storie off as wythe a sheere ;
Waytes monthes on nothyng, & hys storie donne, 35
Ne moe you from ytte kenn, than gyf ³⁰ you neere be-
gonne.

Enowe of odhers ; of mieselfe to write,
Requyringe whatt I doe notte nowe possels,
To you I leave the taske ; I kenne your myghte
Wyll make mie faultes, mie meynthe ³¹ of faultes, be
less. 40

ÆLLA wythe thys I sende, and hope that you
Wylle from ytte caste awaie, whatte lynes maie be un-
true,

²⁶ laughable. ²⁷ tale, jest. ²⁸ beyond. ²⁹ foolishly. ³⁰ if,
³¹ many.

70 EPISTLE TO MASTRE CANYNGE.

Playes made from hallie ³² tales I holde unmeete ;
Lette somme greate storie of a manne be songe ;
Whanne, as a manne, we Godde and Jesus treate, 45
In mie pore mynde, we doe the Godhedde wronge.
Botte lette ne wordes, whyche droorie ³³ mote ne heare,
Bee placed yn the same. Adieu untylle anere ³⁴.

THOMAS ROWLEIE.

³² holy. ³³ strange perversion of words. *Droorie* in its antient signification stood for *modesty*. ³⁴ another.

LETTER

LETTER TO THE DYGNE MASTRE CANYNGE.

STRAUNGE dome ytte ys, that, yn these daies of
oures,

Nete³⁵ butte a bare recytalle can hav place;
Nowe shapelic poesie haft losse yttes powers,
And pynant hystorie ys onlie grace;
Heie³⁶ pycke up wolsome weedes, ynstedde of flowers, 5
And famylics, ynstedde of wytte, theie trace;
Nowe poesie canne mcete wythe ne regrate³⁷,
Whylste prose, & herehaughtrie³⁸, ryse yn estate.

Lette kynges, & rulers, whan heie gayne a throne,
Shewe whatt theyre grandfieres, & great grandfieres
bore, 10

Emarschalled armes, yatte, ne before theyre owne,
Now raung'd wythe whatt yeir fadres han before;
Lette trades, & toune folck, lett fyke³⁹ thynges alone,
Ne fyghte for fable yn a fiede of aure;

³⁵ sought. ³⁶ they. ³⁷ esteem. ³⁸ heraldry. ³⁹ such.

72 LETTER TO MASTRE CANYNGE.

Seldomm, or never, are armes vyrtues mede, 15
 Shee pillynge ⁴⁰ to take myckle ⁴¹ aie dothe hede.

A man ascaunfe upponn a piece maye looke,
 And shake hys hedde to styrre hys rede ⁴² aboute;
 Quod he, gyf I askaunted oere thys booke,
 Schulde fynde thereyn that trouthe ys left wythoute; 20
 Eke, gyf ⁴³ ynto a vew percase ⁴⁴ I tooke
 The long beade-rolle of al the wrytynge route,
 Afferius, Ingolphus, Torgotte, Bedde,
 Thorow hem ⁴⁵ al nete lyche ytte I coude rede.—

Pardon, yee Graiebarbes ⁴⁶, gyff I saie, onwife 25
 Yee are, to stycke so close & bysmarelie ⁴⁷
 To hystorie; you doe ytte tooe moche pryze,
 Whyche amenused ⁴⁸ thoughtes of poesie;
 Somme drybblette ⁴⁹ share you shoulde to yatte ⁵⁰ alyse ⁵¹,
 Nott makynge everyche thyng beç hystorie; 30
 Instedde of mountynge onn a wynged horse,
 You onn a rouncey ⁵² dryve yn dolefull course.

⁴⁰ unwilling, ⁴¹ much. ⁴² wisdom, council. ⁴³ if. ⁴⁴ perchance.
⁴⁵ them. ⁴⁶ Greybeards. ⁴⁷ curiously. ⁴⁸ lessened. ⁴⁹ small ⁵⁰ that.
⁵¹ allow. ⁵² cart-horse.

LETTER TO MASTRE CANYNGE. 73

Cannyng & I from common courſe dyſſente ;
 Wee ryde the ſtede, botte yev to hym the reene ;
 Ne wylle betweene craſed molteryng bookes be pente, 35
 Botte ſoare on hyghe, & yn the ſonne-bemes ſheene ;
 And where wee kenn ſomme iſhad ⁵³ floures beſprente,
 We take ytte, & from ould rouſte doe ytte clene ;
 Wee wylle ne cheynedd to one paſture bee,
 Botte ſometymes ſoare 'bove trouthe of hyſtorie. 40

Saie, Canyng, whatt was vearſe yn daies of yore ?
 Fyne thoughtes, and couplettes fetyvelie ⁵⁴ bewryen ⁵⁵,
 Notte ſyke as doe annoie thys age ſo fore,
 A keppened poyntelle ⁵⁶ reſtyng at eche lyne.
 Vearſe maie be goode, botte poeſie wantes more, 45
 An onliſt ⁵⁷ lecturn ⁵⁸, and a ſonge adygne ⁵⁹ ;
 Accordyng to the rule I have thys wroughte,
 Gyff ytt pleaſe Canyng, I care notte a groate.

The thyng ytt moſte bee yttes owne deſenſe ;
 Som metre maie notte pleaſe a womannes ear. 50

⁵³ broken. ⁵⁴ elegantly. ⁵⁵ declared, expreſſed. ⁵⁶ a pen, uſed metaphorically, as a muſe or genius. ⁵⁷ boundleſs. ⁵⁸ ſubject. ⁵⁹ nervous, worthy of praiſe.

Canyng

74 LETTER TO MASTRE CANYNGE.

Canynge lookes notte for poesie, botte sence;
And dygne, & wordie thoughtes, ys all hys care.
Canynge, adieu! I do you greete from hence;
Full soone I hope to taste of your good cheere;
Goode Byshoppe Carpynter dyd byd mee saie,
Flee wysche you healthe & felinesse for aie.

55

T. ROWLEIE.



ENTRO.

ENTROUCTIONNE.

SOMME cherifaunci ⁶⁰ 'tys to gentle mynde,
Whan heie have chevyced ⁶¹ theyre londe from
bayne ⁶²,

Whan theie ar dedd, theie leave yer name behynde,
And theyre goode dedes doe on the earthe remayne;
Downe yn the grave wee ynhyne ⁶³ everych steine, 5
Whylest al her gentlenesse ys made to sheene,
Lyche fetyve baubels ⁶⁴ geasonne ⁶⁵ to be seene,

ÆLLA, the wardenne of thys ⁶⁶ castell ⁶⁷ stede,
Whylest Saxons dyd the Englysche sceptre swaie,
Who made whole troopes of Dacyan men to blede, 10
Then feel'd ⁶⁸ hys eyne, and feel'd hys eyne for aie,
Wee rowze hym uppe before the judgment daie,
To saie what he, as clergyond ⁶⁹, can kenne,
And howe hee sojourned in the vale of men.

⁶⁰ comfort. ⁶¹ preserved. ⁶² ruin. ⁶³ inter. ⁶⁴ jewels. ⁶⁵ rare.
⁶⁶ Bristol. ⁶⁷ castle. ⁶⁸ closed. ⁶⁹ taught.

ÆLLA.

Æ L L A.

C E L M O N D E, att B R Y S T O W E.

BEFORE yonne roddie sonne has droove hys
wayne

Throwe halfe hys joornie, dyghte yn gites¹ of goulde,
Mee, happelss mee, hee wylle a wretche behoulde,
Mieselfe, and al that's myne, bounde ynne myschaunces
chayne.

Ah ! Birtha, whie dydde Nature frame thee fayre ? 5

Whie art thou all thatt poyntelle² canne bewreene³ ?

Whie art thou nott as coarfe as odhers are ?—

Borte thenn thie foughle woulde throwe thy vyfage
sheene,

Yatt shemres onn thie comelie semlykeene⁴,

Lyche nottebrowne cloudes,* whann bie the sonne
made redde,

19

¹ robes, mantels. ² a pen. ³ exprefs. ⁴ countenance.

Orr scarlette, wythe waylde lynnen clothe ywreene⁵,
 Syke⁶ woulde thie spryte upponn thie vyfage fpreddē.
 Thys daie brave Ælla dothe thyne honde & harte
 Clayme as hys owne to be, whyche nee fromm hys moſte
 parte.

And cann I lyve to fee herr wythe anere⁷! 15
 Ytt cannotte, muſte notte, naie, ytt ſhalle not bee.
 Thys nyghte I'll putte ſtronge poyſonn ynn the beere,
 And hymm, herr, and myſelfe, attenes⁸ wyll ſlea.
 Affyſt mee, Helle! lett Devylls rounde mee tende,
 To ſlea mieſelfe, mie love, & eke mie doughtie⁹ friende. 20

Æ L L A, B I R T H A.

Æ L L A.

Notte, whanne the hallie priefte dyd make me knyghte,
 Bleffynge the weaponne, tellynge future dede,
 Howe bie mie honde the prevyd¹⁰ Dane ſhoulde blede,
 Howe I ſchulde often bee, and often wyne, ynn fyghte;

⁵ covered. ⁶ ſuch. ⁷ another. ⁸ at once. ⁹ mighty. ¹⁰ hardy,
 valourous.

Notte,

Notte, whann I fyrste behelde thie beauteous hne, 25
 Whyche strooke mie mynde, & rouzed mie fofter foule;
 Nott, whann from the barbed horfe yn fyghte dyd
 viewe

The flying Dacians oere the wyde playne roule,
 Whan all the troopes of Denmarque made grete dole,
 Dydd I fele joie wyth fyke reddoure ¹¹ as nowe, 30
 Whann hallie preest, the lechemanne of the soule,
 Dydd knytte us both ynn a caytyfnede ¹² vowe:
 Now hallie Ælla's felynesse ys grate;
 Shap ¹³ haveth nowe ymade hys woes for to emmate ¹⁴.

B I R T H A.

Mie lorde, & husbande, fyke a joie ys myne; 35
 Botte mayden modestie moste ne foe faie,
 Albeytte thou mayest rede ytt ynn myne eyne,
 Or ynn myne harte, where thou shalte be for aie;
 Inne sothe, I have botte meeded oute thie faie ¹⁵;
 For twelve tymes twelve the mone hathe bin
 yblente ¹⁶, 40

¹¹ violence. ¹² binding, enforcing. ¹³ fate. ¹⁴ lessen, decrease.
¹⁵ faith. ¹⁶ blinded.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 79

As manie tymes hathe vyed the Godde of daie,
 And on the grasse her lemes ¹⁷ of sylver sente,
 Sythe thou dydst cheefe mee for thie swote to bee,
 Enactyng ynn the fame moſte faiefullie to mee.

Ofte have I ſeene thee atte the none-daie feaſte, 45
 Whanne deysde bie thieſelfe, for wante of pheeres ¹⁸,
 Awhylſt thie merryemen dydde laughe and jeaſte,
 Onn mee thou ſemeſt all cyne, to mee all earcs.
 Thou wardeſt mee as gyff ynn hondred ſeeres,
 Aleſt a daygnous ¹⁹ looke to thee be ſente, 50
 And offrendes ²⁰ made mee, moe thann yie compheeres,
 Offe ſcarpes ²¹ of ſcarlette, & fyne paramente ²²;
 All thie yntente to pleaſe was lyſſed ²³ to mee,
 I faie ytt, I moſte ſtreve thatt you ameded bee.

Æ L L A.

Mie lyttel kyndneſſes whyche I dydd doe, 55
 Thie gentleneſs doth corven them ſoe grete,
 Lyche bawſyn ²⁴ olyphauntes ²⁵ mie gnattes doe
 ſhewe;
 Thou doeſt mie thoughtes of paying love amate ²⁶.

¹⁷ lights, rays. ¹⁸ fellows, equals. ¹⁹ diſdainful. ²⁰ preſents, offerings. ²¹ ſcarfs. ²² robes of ſcarlet. ²³ bounded. ²⁴ large. ²⁵ elephants. ²⁶ deſtroy.

Botte hann mie actyonns straughte ²⁷ the rolle of fate,
 Pyghte thee fromm Hell, or broughte Heaven down
 to thee, 60

Layde the whol worlde a falldstole atte thie feete,
 On smyle woulde be suffycyll mede for mee.

I amm Loves borro'r, & canne never paie,
 Bott be hys borrower styll, & thyne, mie swete, for aie.

B I R T H A.

Love, doe notte rate your achevmentes ⁴⁸ soe smalle; 65

As I to you, fyke love untoe mee beare;

For nothyng paste wille Birtha ever call,

Ne on a foode from Heaven thynke to cheere.

As farr as thys frayle brutylle flesch wylle spere,

Syke, & ne fardher I expecte of you; 70

Be notte toe slacke yn love, ne overdeare;

A smalle fyre, yan a loude flame, proves more true.

Æ L L A.

This gentle wordis toe thie volundē ²⁹ kenne

To bee moe clergionde thann ys ynn meyncte of
 menne.

²⁷ stretched. ⁴⁸ services. ²⁹ memory, understanding.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 81

ÆLLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE,
MYNSTRELLES.

CELMONDE.

Alle Blessynges showre on gentle Ælla's hedde! 75
Oft maie the moone, yn sylverr sheenyng lyghte,
Inne varied chaunges varied blessynges shedde,
Besprengyng far abrode mischaunces nyghte;
And thou, fayre Birtha! thou, fayre Dame, so
bryghte,
Long mayest thou wyth Ælla fynde muche peace, 80
Wythe selynesse, as wyth a roabe, be dyghte,
Wyth everych chaungyng mone new joies encrease!
I, as a token of mie love to speake,
Have brought you jubbés of ale, at nyghte youre
brayne to breake.

Æ L L A.

Whan sopperes paste we'lle drenche youre ale soe
stronge, 85
Tyde lyfe, tyde death.

G

CEL-

C E L M O N D E.

Ye Mynstrelles, chaunt your songe.

Mynstrelles Songe, bie a Manne and Womanne.

M A N N E.

Tourne thee to thie Shepsterr ³⁰ fwayne;
 Bryghte sonne has ne droncke the dewe
 From the floures of yellowe hue;
 Tourne thee, Alyce, backe agayne.

90

W O M A N N E.

No, bestoikerre ³¹, I wyll goe,
 Softlie tryppynge o'ere the mees ³²,
 Lyche the sylver-footed doe,
 Seekeynge sheltterr yn grene trees.

M A N N E.

See the mofs-growne daifey'd banke,
 Pereynge ynne the streame belowe;
 Here we'll fyttre, yn dewie danke;
 Tourne thee, Alyce, do notte goe.

95

³⁰ Shepherd. ³¹ deceiver. ³² meadows.

W O

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 83

W O M A N N E.

I've hearde erste mic grandame faie,
Yonge damoyfelles schulde ne bee, 100
Inne the swotie moonthe of Maie,
Wythe yonge menne bie the grene wode tree.

M A N N E.

Sytte thee, Alyce, fytte, and harken,
Howe the ouzle ³³ chauntes hys noate,
The chelandree ³⁴, greie morn larkie, 105
Chauntynge from theyre lyttel throate;

W O M A N N E.

I heare them from eche grene wode tree,
Chauntynge owte so blatauntlie ³⁵,
Tellynge lecturnyes ³⁶ to mee,
Myfcheefe ys whanne you are nygh. 110

³³ The black bird. ³⁴ Gold-finch. ³⁵ loudly. ³⁶ lectures.

M A N N E,

See alonge the mees so grene
 Pied daifies, kynge-coppes fwote;
 Alle wee fec, bie non bee seene,
 Nete botte shepe fettes here a fote.

W O M A N N E.

Shepster fwayne, you tare mie gratche ³⁷, 113
 Oute upoane ye! lette me goe.
 Leave mee fwythe, or I'lle alatche.
 Robyane, thys youre dame shall knowe.

M A N N E.

See! the crokyng brionic
 Rounde the popler twyfte hys spraic; 120
 Rounde the oake the greene ivie
 Florryschethe and lyveth afe.

Lette us feate us bie thys tree,
 Laughe, and synge to lovyng ayres;
 Comme, and doe notte coyen bes; 125
 Nature made all thynges bie payres.

³⁷ Apparel.

Droric

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 85

Drooried cattles wylle after kynde;
Gentle doves wylle kyfs and coe:

W O M A N N E.

Botte manne, hee moſte bee ywrynde,
Tyll fyr preeſte make on of two. 134

Tempte mee ne to the foule thyng;
I wylle no mannes lemanne be;
Tyll fyr preeſte hys ſonge doethe ſyng,
Thou ſhalt neere fynde aught of mee.

M A N N E.

Bie oure faſſe her yborne, 135
To-morrowe, ſoone as ytte ys daie,
I'lle make thee wyfe, ne bee forſworne,
So tyde me lyfe or dethe for aie.

W O M A N N E.

Whatt dothe lette, botte thatte nowe
Wee attenes³⁸, thoſ honde yn honde, 140
Unto diuinifre³⁹ goe,
And bee lyncked yn wedlocke bonde?

³⁸ At once. ³⁹ a diuine.

G 3

M A N N E.

M A N N E.

I agree, and thus I plyghte
 Honde, and harte, and all that's myne;
 Goode fyr Rogerr, do us ryghte, 145
 Make us one, at Cothbertes shryne.

B O T H E,

We wylle ynn a bordelle ⁴⁰ lyve,
 Hailie, thoughe of no estate;
 Everyche clöcke moe love shall gyve;
 Wee ynn godenesse wylle bee greate. 150

Æ L L A.

I lyche thys songe, I lyche ytt myckle well;
 And there ys monie for yer syngeynge nowe;
 Butte have you noonē thatt marriage-bleffynge telle?

C E L M O N D E.

In marriage, bleffynge are botte fewe, I trowe,

⁴⁰ A cottage.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 87

MYNSTRELLES.

Laverde⁴¹, wee have; and, gyff you please, wille
fyngē, 151

As well as owre choughe-voyses wylle permytte.

Æ L L A.

Comme then, and see you swotelie tune the stryngt,
And stret⁴², and engyne all the human wytte,
Toe please mie dame.

MYNSTRELLES.

We'lle strayne owre wytte and fyngē.

Mynstrelles Songe.

F Y R S T E M Y N S T R E L L E.

The boddynge flourettes bloshes atte the lyghte; 160
The mees be sprenged wyth the yellowe hue;
Ynn daifeyd mantels ys the mountayne dyghte;
The nesh⁴³ yonge coweslepe bendethe wyth the dewe;

⁴¹ Lord. ⁴² stretch. ⁴³ tender.

The trees enlefed, yntoe Heavenn straughte,
 Whenn gentle wyndes doe blowe, to whesflyng dynne
 ys brought. 165

The evenyng commes, and brynges the dewe alonge;
 The roddie welkynpe sheeneth to the eyne;
 Arounde the alestake Mynstrells synge the songe;
 Yonge ivie rounde the doore poste do entwyne;
 I laie mee onn the grasse; yette, to mie wylle, 170
 Albeytte alle ys fayre, there lackethe somethynge styll.

SECONDE MYNSTRELLE.

So Adam thoughtenne, whann, ynn Paradyse,
 All Heavenn and Erthe dyd homage to hys mynde;
 Ynn Womman alleyn mannes pleasaunce lyes;
 As Instrumentes of joie were made the kynde. 175
 Go, take a wyfe untoe thie armes, and see
 Wynter, and brownie hylles, wyll have a charme for thee,

THYRDE

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE.

THYRDE MYNSTRELLE.

Whanne Autumpne blake ⁴⁴ and sonne-brente doe
appere,

With hys goulde honde guylteynge the falleynge lode,

Bryngeynge oppe Wynterr to folfylle the yere, ¹⁸⁰

Beerynge uponne hys backe the riped shefe;

Whan al the hyls wythe woddie fede ys whyte;

Whanne levynne-fyres ~~and James de morn~~ from far the
fyghte;

Whann the fayre apple, rudde as even skie,

Do bende the tree unto the fructyle groundes; ¹⁸⁵

When joicie peres, and berries of blacke die,

Doe daunce yn ayre, and call the eyne arounde;

Thann, bee the even foule, or even fayre,

Meethynckes mie hartys joia ys sheynced wyth somme
care.

⁴⁴ Naked.

SECOND

S E C O N D E M Y N S T R E L L E.

Angelles bee wroghte to bee of neidher kynde; 190

Angelles alleyne frome chafe ⁴⁵ desyre bee free;

Dheere ys a somawhatte evere yn the mynde,

Yatte, wythout wommanne, cannot stylded bee;

Ne seynste yn celles, botte, havynge blodde and
tere ⁴⁶,

Do fynde the spryte to joie on syghte of womanne
fayre; 195

Wommen bee made, notte for hemselfes, botte
manne,

Bone of hys bone, and chyld of hys desire;

Fromme an ynutyle membre fyrste beganne,

Ywroghte with moche of water, lyttel fyre;

Therefore theie seke the fyre of love, to hete 200

The milkyness of kynde, and make hemselfes complete.

Albeytte, wythout wommen, menne were pheeres

To salvage kynde, and wulde botte lyve to flea,

Botte wommenne este the spryghte of peace so cheres,

Tochelod yn Angel joie heie Angeles bee; 205

⁴⁵ Hot. ⁴⁶ health.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 91

Go, take thee swythyn ⁴⁷ to thie bedde a wyfe,
Bee bante or blessed hie, yn proovynge marriage lyfe.

Anodber Mynstrelles Songe, bie Syr Thybbot Gorges.

As Elynour bie the green leffelle was fyttynge,
As from the fones hete she harried,
She sayde, as herr whytte hondes whyte hosen was
knyttynge, 210
Whatte pleasure ytt ys to be married!

Mie husbande, Lorde Thomas, a forrester boulde,
As ever clove pynne, or the baskette,
Does no cherysauncys from Elynour houlde,
I have ytte as soone as I aske ytte. 215

Whann I lyved wyth mie fadre yn merrie Clowd-dell,
Tho' twas at my liefse to mynde spynnyng,
I styлле wanted somethynge, botte whatte ne coulde telle,
Mie lorde fadres barbde haulle han ne wynnynge,

⁴⁷ Quickly.

Eche

Eche mornynge I ryse, doe I sette mie maydennes, 220
 Somme to spynn, somme to curdell, somme bleachynge,
 Gyff any new entered doe aske for mie aidens,
 Thann swythyne you fynde mee a teachynge.

Lorde Walterre, mie fadre, he loved me welle,
 And nothyng unto mee was nedeynge, 225
 Botte schulde I agen goe to merrie Cloud-dell,
 In sothen twoulde bee wythoute redeynge.

Shee sayde, and lorde Thomas came over the lea,
 As hee the fatte derkynnes was chacynge,
 Shee putte uppe her knyttyng, and to hym wente
 shee; 230
 So wee leave hem bothe kyndelic embracynge,

Æ L L A.

I lyehe eke thys; goe ynn untoe the feaste;
 Wee wylle permytte you antecedente bee;
 There swotelic synge eche carolle, and yaped ⁴ jests;
 And there ys monnie, that you merrie bee; 235

⁴Laughable.

Comme,

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 93

Comme, gentle love, wee wylle toe spouse-feaste goe,
And there ynn ale and wyne beedreynted * everych wor.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE, MESSENGERE.

MESSENGERE.

Ælla, the Danes ar thondrynge omn our coaste;
Lyche scollies of locusts, caste oppe bie the sea,
Magnus and Hurra, wythe a doughtie hoaste, 240
Are ragyng, to be quanfed * bie none botte thee;
Haste, swyfte as Levynne to these royners flee:
Thie dogges alleyn can tame thys ragyng bulle.
Haste swythyn, fore anieghe the towne theie bee,
And Wedecesternes rolle of dome bee fulle. 245
Haste, haste, O Ælla, to the byker fle,
For yn a momentes space tenne thousand menne maie die.

Æ L L A.

Beshrew thee for thie newes! I mooste be gon.
Was ever lockless dome so hard as myne!
Thos from dysportysmente to warr to rot, 250
To chaunge the selke veste for the gaberdyne!

* Drowned.

* Stilled, quenched.

BIRTHA.

Botte howe canne tynge mie rampynge fourie telle,
 Whyche ryfeth from mie love to Birtha fayre?
 Ne coulede the queede, and alle the myghte of Helle,
 Founde out impleasaunce of fyke blackea geare. 285
 Yette I wyll bee miefelfe, and rouze mie fpryte
 To afte wythe rennome, and goe meet the bloddie
 fyghte.

B I R T H A.

No, thou fchalte never leave thie Birtha's fyde;
 Ne fchall the wynde uponne us blowe alleyn;e;
 I, lyche a nedre, wyll untoe thee byde; 290
 Tyde lyfe, tyde deathe, ytte fhall behoulde us twayne.
 I have mie parte of drierie dole and peyne;
 Itte brasteth from mee atte the holtred eyne;
 Ynne tydes of teares mie fwarthynges fpryte wyll
 drayne, 295
 Gyff drerie dole ys thyne, tys twa tymes myne.
 Goe notte, O Ælla; wythe thie Birtha ftaie;
 For wyth thie femmlykeed mie fpryte wyll goe awaie.

Æ L L A :

Æ L L A.

O! tys for thee, for thee alleyne I fele;
 Yett I muste bee myselfe; with valoures gear
 I'lle dyghte mie hearte, and notte mie lymbes yn
 stele, 300
 And shake the bloddie swerde and steyned spere.

B I R T H A.

Can Ælla from hys breaste hys Birtha teare?
 Is shee so rou and ugsumme ^{ss} to hys fyghte?
 Entrykeynge wyght! ys leathall warre so deare?
 Thou prycest mee belowe the joies of fyghte. 305
 Thou scalte notte leave mee, albeytte the erthe
 Hong pendaunte bie thie swerde, and craved for thy
 morthie.

Æ L L A.

Dydest thou kenne howe mie woes, as starres
 ybrente,
 Headed bie these wordes doe onn mee falle,
 Thou woulde stryve to gyve mie harte contente, 310
 Wakyng mie slepyng mynde to honnoures calle.

^{ss} Terrible.

H

Of

A TRAGYCAL ENTÉRLUDE. 99

B I R T H A.

Rouze all thie love; . false and entrykyng wyghte!
Ne leave thie Birtha thos uponne pretence of fyghte.

Thou nedeſt notte goe, untyll thou haſte command
Under the ſygnette of oure lorde the kyng.

Æ L L A.

And wouldeſt thou make me then a recreande? 330
Hollie Seyncte Marie, keepe mee from the thyng!
Heere, Birtha, thou haſt potte a double ſtyng,
One for thie love, anodher for thie mynde.

B I R T H A.

Agylted ⁵⁶ Ælla, thie abredynge ⁵⁷ blynge ⁵⁸.
Twas love of thee thatte foule intente. ywrynde. 335
Yette heare mie ſupplycate, to mee attende,
Hear from mie groted ⁵⁹ harſe the lover and the friende.

⁵⁶ Offended. ⁵⁷ upbraiding. ⁵⁸ ceaſe. ⁵⁹ ſwollen.

Lett Celmonde yn thie armour-brace be dyghte;
 And yn thie stead unto the battlé goe;
 Thie name alleyne wylle putte the Danes to
 flyghte, 340
 The ayre thatt beares ytt woulde presse downe the foe.

Æ L L A.

Birtha, yn vayne thou wouldeste mee recreand doe;
 I moste, I wylle, fyghte for mie countries wele,
 And leave thee for ytt. Celmonde, sweftlie goe,
 Telle mie Bryftowans to dyghte yn stele; 345
 Tell hem I scorne to kenne hem from afar,
 Botte leave the vyrgyn brydall bedde for bedde of
 warre.

Æ L L A, B I R T H A.

B I R T H A.

And thou wylt goe; O mie agroted harte!

Æ L L A.

Mie countrie waites mie marche; I muste awaie;
 Albeytte I schulde goe to mete the darte 350
 Of certen Deth, yette here I woulde notte staie.

Botte

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. for

Botte thos to leaue thee, Birtha, dothe affwaie

Moe torturynge peynes yanne canne be fedde bie
tyngue,

Yette rouze thie honoure uppe, and wayte the daie,

Whan rounde aboute mee songe of warre heie
fyngue. 355

O Birtha, strev mie agreeme⁶⁰ to accaie⁶¹,

And joyous see mie armes, dyghte oute ynn warre arraie.

B I R T H A,

Difficile⁶² ys the pennaunce, yette I'lle strev

To keepe mie woe behyltren yn mie breaste.

Albeytte nete maye to mee pleasaunce yev, 360

Lyche thee, I'lle strev to sette mie mynde atte reste.

Yett oh! forgeve, yff I have thee dystreste;

Love, doughtie love, wylle beare no odher swaie.

Iuste as I was wythe Ælla to be bleste,

Shappe foullie thos hathe snatched hym awaie. 365

It was a tene too doughtie to bee borne,

Wydhoute an ounde of feares and breaste wyth fyghes
ytozne.

⁶⁰ Torture.

⁶¹ affwage,

⁶² difficult.

Æ L L A.

Thie mynde ys now thieselfe ; why wylte thou bee
 All blanche, al kyngelie, all soe wyse yn mynde,
 Alleyne to lett pore wretched Ælla see, 370
 Whatte wondrous bighes ⁶³ he nowe muste leave
 behynde?

O Birtha fayre, warde everyche commynge wynde,
 On everych wynde I wylle a token sende ;
 Onn mie longe shielde ycorne thie name thoul't fynde,
 Butte here commes Celmonde, wordhię knyghte and
 friende. 375

Æ L L A, B I R T H A, C E L M O N D E

speaking.

Thie Brystowe knyghtes for thie forth-comynge
 lynge ⁶⁴ ;
 Echone athwarte hys backe hys longe warre-shield dothe
 flynge.

Æ L L A.

Birtha, adieu ; but yette I cannotte goe.

⁶⁴ Jewels. ⁶⁵ stay.

B I R T H A.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 103

B I R T H A.

Lyfe of mie spryte, mie gentle Ælla staie. 380

Engyne mee notte wyth fyke a drierie woe.

Æ L L A.

I muſte, I wylle; tys honnoure cals awaie.

B I R T H A.

O mie agroted harte, braſte, braſte ynn twaie.

Ælla, for honnoure, flyes awaie from mee.

Æ L L A.

Birtha, adieu; I maie notte here obaie. 385

I'm flyyng from mieſelfe yn flying thee.

B I R T H A.

O Ælla, houſband, friend, and loverde, ſtaie.

He's gon, he's gone, alaſ! percaſe he's gone for aie.

H 4

C E L-

CELMONDE,

Hope, hallie suster, sweepeynge thro' the skie,
 In crowne of goulde, and robe of lillie whyte, 390
 Whyche farre abroad ynnē gentle ayre doe flie,
 Meetyngē from dystaunce the enjoyous syghte,
 Albeytte este thou takest thie hie flyghte
 Hecket ⁶⁵ ynnē a myste, and wyth thyne eyne
 yblente,
 Nowe comcest thou to mee wythe starrie lyghte; 395
 Ontoe thie veste the rodde sonne ys adente ⁶⁶;
 The Sommer tyde, the month of Maie appere,
 Depycte wythe skylledd honde upponn thie wyde
 aumere.

I from a nete of hopelen am adawed,
 Awhaped ⁶⁷ atte the fetyveness of daie; 400
 Ælla, bie nete moe thann hys myndbruche awed,
 Is gone, and I moſte followe, toe the fraie.

⁶⁵ Wrapped closely, covered.⁶⁶ fastened.⁶⁷ astonish'd.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 105

Celmonde canne ne'er from anie byker staie.

Dothe warre begynne ? there's Celmonde yn the place :

Botte whanne the warre ys donne, I'll haste awaie.

The reste from nethe tymes masque must shew yttes
face. 405

I see onnombered joies arounde mee ryse ;

Blake ⁶⁸ stondethe future doome, and joie dothe mee
alyse.

O honnoure, honnoure, whatt ys bie thee hanne ?

Hailie the robber and the bordelyer, 410

Who kens ne thee, or ys to thee bestanne,

And nothyng does thie myckle gaffnes fere.

Faygne woulde I from mie bosomme alle thee tare.

Thou there dysperpellest ⁶⁹ thie levynne-bronde ;

Whylest mie foulgh's forwyned, thou art the
gare ; 415

Sleene ys mie comforte bie thie ferie honde ;

As somme talle hylle, whann wynds doe shake the
ground,

⁶⁸ Naked.

⁶⁹ Scatterest.

Itte kerveth all abroad, bie brasseyng hyltren wounde,
 Honnoure, whatt bee ytte? tys a shadowes shade,
 A thyng of wychencref, an idle dreme; 420
 On of the fonnis whych the clerche have made
 Menne wydhouthe spytes, and wommen for to fleme;
 Knyghtes, who este kenne the loude dynne of the
 beme,
 Schulde be forgarde to fyke enfeeblinge waies,
 Make everych aste, alyche theyr foules, be breme,
 And for theyre chyvalrie alleyn have prayse.
 O thou, whatteer thie name,
 Or Zabalus or Queed,
 Comme, steel mie fable spyte,
 For fremde 70 and dolefulle dede. 430

70 Strange.

MAGNUS.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE, 109

MAGNUS, HURRA, *and* HIE PREESTE,
wyth the ARMIE, neare Watchette,

M A G N U S.

SWYTHE ⁷¹ lette the offrendes ⁷² to the Goddes
begynne,

To knowe of hem the issue of the fyghte.
Potte the blodde-steyned sword and pavyes ynne;
Spreade swythyn all arounde the hallie lyghte.

H I E P R E E S T E *syngeth.*

Yee, who hie yn mokie ayre 435
Delethe seasonnes foule or fayre,
Yee, who, whanne yee weere agguylte,
The mone yn bloddie gyttelles ⁷³ hylte,
Mooved the starres, and dyd unbynde
Everyche barriere to the wynde; 440

⁷¹ Quickly. ⁷² offerings. ⁷³ mantels.

Whanne

Whanne the oundynge waves dystresse,
 Storven to be overest,
 Sockeynge yn the spyre-gyrte towne,
 Swolteryng wole natyones downe,
 Sendynge dethe, on plagues astrodde, 445
 Moovynge lyke the erthys Godde;
 To mee send your heste dyvynce,
 Lyghte eletten ⁷⁴ all myne eyne,
 Thatt I maie now undevyse
 All the actyonnes of th'empprize. 450

[falleth downe and este rysethe.]

Thus sayethe the Goddes; goe, yffue to the playne;
 Forr there shall meynte of mytte menne bee slayne.

M A G N U S.

Whie, foe there evere was, whanne Magnus foughte.
 Este have I treynted noyance throughe the hoaste,
 Athorowe swerdes, alyche the Queed dysstraughte, 455
 Have Magnus pressynge wroghte hys foemen loaste.

⁷⁴ Enlighten.

As

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 409

As whanne a tempeste vexethe foare the coaste,
 The dyngeynge ounde the fandeie stronde doe tare,
 So dyd I inne the warre the javlynne toste,
 Full meynthe a champyones breaste received mie
 spear. 460

Mie sheelde, lyche sommere morie gronfer droke,
 Mie lethalle speere, alyche a levyn-mylyted oke.

H U R R A.

This wordes are greate, full hyghe of found, and
 eke

Lyche thonderre, to the whych dothe comme no rayne.
 Itte lacketh notte a doughtie honde to speke; 465
 The cocke faiethe drefte ⁷⁵, yett armed ys he alleyne.
 Certis thie wordes maie, thou motest have sayne
 Of mee, and meynthe of moe, who eke canne fyghte,
 Who haveth trodden downe the adventayle,
 And tore the heaulmes from heades of myckle
 myghte. 470

Sythence syke myghte ys placed yn thie honde,
 Lette blowes thie actyons speeke, and bie thie corrage
 stonde.

⁷⁵ Least.

MAGNUS.

M A G N U S.

Thou are a warrioure, Hurra, thatte I kenne,
 And myckle famed for thie handie dede.
 Thou fyghtest anente ⁷⁶ maydens and ne menne, 475
 Nor aie thou makest armed hartes to blede.
 Efte I, caparyson'd on bloddie stede,
 Havethe thee seene binethe mee ynn the fyghte,
 Wythe corfes I investynge everich mede;
 And thou aston, and wondrynge at mie myghte. 480
 Thanne wouldest thou comme yn for mie renome,
 Albeytte thou wouldst reyne awaie from bloddie dome?

H U R R A.

How! butte bee bourne mie rage. I kenne aryghte
 Bothe thee and thyne maie ne bee wordhye peene.
 Eftsoones I hope wee scalle engage yn fyghte; 485
 Thanne to the fouldyers all thou wylte be wreene.

⁷⁶ Against.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 411

I'll prove mie courage onne the burl'd greene;
Tys there alleyn I'll telle thee whatte I bee.
Gyf I weelde notte the deadlie sphere addeene,
Thanne lett mie name be fulle as lowe as thee. 490
Thys mie adented shilde, thys mie warre-speare,
Schalle telle the falleynge foe gyf Hurra's harte can
feare.

M A G N U S.

Magnus woulde speke, butte tharte hys noble spoyte
Dothe foe enrage, he knowes notte whatte to saie.
He'dde speke yn blowes, yn gottes of blodde he'd
wryte, 495
And on thie heafod peyncte hys myghte for aie.
Gyf thou anent an wolfynnes rage wouldest staie,
Tys here to meet ytt; botte gyff nott, bee goe;
Lest I in furrie shulde mie armes dysplaie,
Whyche to thie boddie wylle wurche 77 myckle
woe. 500
Oh! I bee madde, dysfraughte wyth brëndyng rage;
Ne feas of smethyng gore wylle mie chafed harte
affwage.

77 Work.

H U R R A.

H U R R A.

I kenne thee, Magnus, welle; a wyghte thou art
 That doest aslee alonge ynn doled dystresse,
 Strynge bulle yn boddie, lyoncelle yn harte, 505
 I almost wysche thie prowes were made lesse.
 Whan Ælla (name drest uppe yn ugdomnes⁷⁸
 To thee and recreandes⁷⁹) thondered on the playne,
 Howe dydste thou thorowe fyrste of fleers presse!
 Swefter thanne federed takelle dydste thou reyne. 510
 A ronnynge pryze onn seynste daie to ordayne,
 Magnus, and none botte hee, the ronnynge pryze
 wylle gayne.

M A G N U S.

Eternalle plagues devour thie baned tyngue!
 Myrriades of neders pre upponne thie spryte!
 Maieft thou fele al the peynes of age whylst
 yynge, 515
 Unmanned, uneyned, exclooded aie the lyghte,

⁷⁸ Terror. ⁷⁹ cowards.

A TRAGICAL ENTÉRLUDE. 113

Thie senses, lyche thiefselſe, enwrapped yn nyghte,

A ſcoff to foemen & to beaſtes a pheere;

Maie furched lewynne onne thie head alyghte,

Maie on thee falle the fhuyr of the unweere; 520

Fen vaipoures blaſte thie everiche manlie powere,

Maie thie bante boddie quycke the wolſome peenes
devoure.

Faygne woulde I curſe thee further, botte mie tyngue

Denies mie harte the favoure ſoe toe doe.

H U R R A.

Nowe bie the Dacyanne goddes, & Welkyns kyng, 525

Wythe fhurie, as thou dydſte begynne, perſue;

Calle on mie heade all tortures that bee rou,

Bane onne, tylle thie owne tongue thie curſes ſele.

Sende onne mie heade the blyghteynge lewynne blewe,

The thonder loude, the ſwellynge azure rele⁸⁰. 530

This wordes be hie of dynne, botte nete beſyde;

Bane on, good chieftayn, fyghte wythe wordes of myckle
pryde.

Botte doe notte waſte thie breath, leſt Ælla come.

⁸⁰ Wave.

M A G N U S.

Ælla & thee togyder synke toe helle !
 Bee youre names blasted from the rolle of dome! 535
 I feere noe Ælla, thatte thou kenneſt welle.
 Unlydgefulle traytoure, wylt thou nowe rebelle?
 'Tys knowen, thatte yie menn bee lyncked to myne,
 Bothe ſente, as troopes of wolves, to ſetre felle ;
 Botte nowe thou lackeſt hem to be all yyne. 540
 Nowe, bie the goddes yatte reule the Dacyanne ſtate,
 Speacke thou yn rage once moe, I wyll thee dyſregate.

H U R R A.

I pryze thie threattes joſte as I doe thie banes,
 The ſede of malyce and recendize al.
 Thou arte a ſteyné unto the name of Danes ; 545
 Thou alleyne to thie tyngue for prooſe canſt calle.
 Thou beeſt a worme ſo groſſile and ſo ſmal,
 I wythe thie bloude woulde ſcorne to foul mie ſworde,
 Botte wythe thie weaponnes woulde upon thee falle,
 Alyche thie owne feare, flea thee wythe a worde. 550
 I Hurra amme mieſel, & aie wylle bee,
 As greate yn valourous actes, & yn commande as thee.

M A G-

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 115

MAGNUS, HURRA, ARMYE & MESSENGER.

MESSENGER.

Blynne your contekions⁸¹, chiefs; for, as I stode
Uponne mie watche, I spiede an armie commynge,
Notte lyche ann handfull of a fremded⁸² foe, 555
Botte blacke wythe armoure, movynge ugsomlie,
Lyche a blacke fülle clonde, thatte dothe goe alonge
To droppyn hayle, & hele the thonder storme.

MAGNUS.

Ar there meynthe of them?

MESSENGER.

Thycke as the ante-flyes ynne a sommer's none, 560
Seemyng as tho' theie styng as perfante too.

HURRA.

Whatts matters thatte? lettes sette oure warr-arraie.
Goe, founde the beme, lette chamyons prepare;

⁸¹ Contentions.

⁸² frightened.

Ne dōubtrynge, we wylle styngē as faste as heie.

Whatte? doest forgard⁸¹ thie blodde? ys ytte for
feare? 565

Wouldest thou gayne the towne, & castle-stere,

And yette ne byker wythe the foldyer guarde?

Go, hyde thee ynn mie tente annethe the lere;

I of thie boddie wylle keepe watche & warde.

M A G N U S.

Oure goddes of Denmarke know mie harte ys
goode. 570

H U R R A.

For nete uppon the erthe, botte to be choughens foode.

MAGNUS, HURRA, ARMIE, SÉCONDE MESSENGERRE.

SECONDE MESSENGERRE.

As from mie towre I kende the commynge foe,

I spied the crossed shielde, & bloddie swerde,

⁸¹ Loſe.

The

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 117

The furyous Ælla's banner; wythynne kenne
The armie ys. Dyforder throughe oure hoaste 575
Is fleynge, borne onne wynges of Ælla's name;
Styr, styr, mie lordes!

M A G N U S.

What? Ælla? & soe neare?
Thenne Denmarques roiend; oh mie rysynge feare!

H U R R A.

What doeste thou mene? thys Ælla's botte a manne.
Nowe bie mie sworde, thou arte a verie berne⁸⁴. 580
Of late I dyd thie creand valoure scanne,
Whanne thou dydst boaste soe moche of aftyon derne.
Botte I toe warr mie doeyniges moste atturne,
To cheere the Sabbataneres to deere dede.

M A G N U S.

I to the knyghtes onne everyche fyde wylle burne, 585
Telleynge 'hem alle to make her foemen blede;
Sythe shame or deathe onne eidher fyde wylle bee,
Mie harte I wylle upryse, & inne the battelle slea.

⁸⁴ Child.

I 3

Æ L L A,

ÆLLA, CELMONDE, & ARMIE *near*
WATCHETTE.

Æ L L A.

NOW havynge done oure mattynes & oure vowes,
Lette us for the intended fyghte be boune, 590
And everyche champyone potte the joyous crowne
Of certane masterschyppe upon hys glestreyng browes.

As for mie harte, I owne ytt ys, as ere
Itte has beene ynne the sommer-sheene of fate,
Unknowen to the ugsomme gratche of fere; 595
Mie blodde embollen, wythe masterie elate,
Boyles ynne mie veynes, & rolles ynn rapyd state,
Impatyente forr to mete the persfante stele,
And telle the worlde, thatte Ælla dyed as greate
As anie knyghte who foughte for Englonde's weale. 600
Friends, kynne, & soldyerres, ynne blacke armore
drere,
Mie aftyons ymytate, mie presente redynge here.

There

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 119

There ys ne house, athrow thys shap-scurged⁸⁵ ille,
 Thatte has ne losse a kynne yn these fell fyghtes,
 Fatte blodde has forfeeted the longerde soyle, 605
 And townes enlowed⁸⁶ lemed⁸⁷ oppe the nyghtes.
 Iane gyte of fyre oure hallie church theie dyghtes;
 Oure sonnes lie storven⁸⁸ ynne theyre smethynge
 gore;

Oppe bie the rootes oure tree of lyfe theie pyghtes,
 Vexynge oure coaste, as byllowes doe the shore. 610
 Yee menne, gyf ye are menne, displaie yor name,
 Ybrende yer tropes, alyche the roarynge tempest flame.

Ye Chrystyans, doe as wordhie of the name;

These roynnerres of oure hallie houses flea;

Braste, lyke a cloude, from whence doth come the
 flame, 615

Lyche torrentes, gushynge downe the mountaines, bee.

And whanne alonge the grepe yer champyons flee,

Sweste as the rodde for-weltrynge⁸⁹ levyn-bronde,

Yatte hauntes the flyinge murtherer oere the lea,

Soe sie oponne these roynners of the londe. 620

⁸⁵ Fate-scurged, ⁸⁶ flamed, fired. ⁸⁷ lighted, ⁸⁸ dead.
⁸⁹ blasting.

Lette those yatts are unto yer battayles fledde,
Take slepe eterne uponne a feerie lowynge bedde.

Let cowarde Londonne see herre towne onn fyre,
And strev wythe goulde to staie the royners honde,
Ælla & Brystowe havethe thoughtes thattes
hygher, 625
Wee fyghte notte forr ourselves, botte all the londe.
As Severnes hyger lyghethe banckes of fonde,
Pressynge ytte downe binethe the reynynge streme,
Wythe dreerie dynn enfwolters⁹⁰ the hyghe stronde,
Beerynge the rockes alonge ynn fhurye breme, 630
Soe wylle wee beere the Dacyanne armie downe,
And throughe a storme of blodde wyll reache the cham-
pyon crowne.

Gyff ynn thys battelle locke ne wayte oure gare,
To Brystowe dheie wylle tourne yeyre fhuyrie dyre;
Brystowe, & alle her joies, wylle synke toe ayre, 635
Brendeynge perforce wythe unenhantende⁹¹ fyre:
Thenne lette oure safetie doublic moove oure ire,
Lyche wolfyns, rovyng for the evnyng pre,

⁹⁰ swallows, fucks in.

⁹¹ unaccustomed.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 121

See[ing] the lambe & shepsterr nere the brire,
Doth th'one forr safetie, th'one for hongre flea; 640

Thanne, whanne the ravenne crokes uponne the
playne,

Oh! lette ytte bee the knelle to myghtie Dacyanns
flayne.

Lyche a rodde gronfer, shalle mie anlace sheene,

Lyche a stryngge lyoncelle I'lle bee ynne fyghte,

Lyche fallynge leaves the Dacyannes shalle bee
fleene, 645

Lyche[a] loud dynnyngge streeme scalle be mie myghte.

Ye menne, who woulde deserve the name of knyghte,

Lette bloddie teares bie all your payes be wepte;

To commynge tymes no poyntelle shalle ywrite,

Whanne Englonde han her foemenn, Brystow
flepte. 650

Yourselfes, youre chyldren, & youre fellowes crie,

Go, fyghte ynne rennomes gare, be brave, & wyne or
die.

I faie ne moe; youre spryte the reste wylle faie;

Your spryte wylle wrynne, thatte Brystow ys yer
place;

To

To honoures houle I nede notte marcke the waie ; 655
 Inne youre owne hartes you maie the foote-pathe
 trace,

'Twexte shappe & us there ys botte lyttelle space ;
 The tyme ys nowe to proove yourselves bee menne ;
 Drawe forthe the bornyshed bylle wythe fetyve grace,
 Rouze, lyche a wolffynne rouzing from hys depne. 660
 Thus I enrone mie anlace ; go thou shethe ;
 I'lle potte ytt ne ynn place, tyll ytte ys fycke wythe
 deathe.

S O L D Y E R S,

Onn, Ælla, onn ; we longe for bloddie fraie ;
 Wee longe to here the raven synge yn vayne ;
 Onn, Ælla, onn ; we certys gayne the daie, 665
 Whanne thou doste leade us to the leathal playne,

C E L M O N D E,

This speche, O Loverde, fyrethe the whole trayne ;
 Theie pancte for war, as honted wolves for breathe ;
 Go, & fyte crowned on corfes of the flayne ;
 Go, & ywielde the masse swerde of deathe. 670

S O L-

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE, 153

SOLDYERRES.

From thee, O Ælla, alle oure courage reygnes;
Echone yn phantafie do lede the Danes ynne chaynes,

Æ L L A,

Mie countrymenne, mie friendes, your noble sprytes
Speke yn youre eyne, & doe yer mafter telle.
Sweſte as the rayne-ftorme toe the erthe alyghtes, 675
Soe wylle we fall upon theſe royners felle.

Oure mowynge ſwerdes ſhalle plunge hem downe to
helle;

Theyre throngynge corſes ſhall onlyghte the ſtarres;
The barrowes braſtyng wythe the ſleene ſchall ſwelle,
Brynnyng⁹² to commynge tymes our famous
warres; 680

Inne everie eyne I kenne the lowe of myghte,
Sheenyng abroad, alyche a hylle-fyre ynne the nyghte.

Whanne poyntelles of oure famous fyghte ſhall faie,
Echone wylle maruelle atte the dernie dede,

⁹² Declaring.

Echone

Echone wyllē wyffen hee hanne seene the daie, 685
 And bravelie holped to make the foemenn blede;
 Botte for yer holpe oure battelle wyllē notte nede;
 Oure force ys force enowe to staie theyre honde;
 Wee wyllē retourne unto thys grened mede,
 Oer corfes of the foemen of the londe. 690
 Nowe to the warre lette all the slughornes founde,
 The Dacyanne troopes appere on yinder rysynge
 grounde.

Chiefes, heade youre bandes, and leade.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 129

DANES *flyinge, neare* WATCHETTE.

F Y R S T E D A N E.

FLY, fly, ye Danes; Magnus, the chiefe, ys fleene;
The Saxonne comme wythe Ælla atte theyre
heade; 695

Lette's strev to gette awaie to yinder greene;
Fle, fle; thys ys the kyngdomme of the deadde.

S E C O N D E D A N E.

O goddes! have thoufandes bie mie anlace bledde,
And muste I nowe for safetie fle awaie?

See! farre besprenged alle oure troopes are
spreade, 700

Yette I wylle synglie dare the blöddie fraie.

Botte ne; I'lle fle, & morther yn retrete;
Deathe, blodde, & fyre, scalle⁹¹ marke the goeynge of
my feete.

⁹¹ Shall.

T H Y R D E

T H Y R D E D A N E.

Enthoghteynge fott to scape the brondeyng foë,
 As nere unto the byllowd beche I came, 705
 Farr offe I spied a fyghte of myckle woe,
 Oure spyrynge battayles wrapte yhn sayles of flame.
 The burled Dacyannes, who wete ynn the same,
 Fro fyde to fyde fledde the pursuyte of deathe;
 The swelleyng fyre yer corrage doe enflame, 710
 Theie lepe ynto the sea, & bobblyng yield yer
 breathe;
 Whylest those thatt bee uponne the bloddie playne,
 Bee deathe-doomed captyves taene, or yn the battle
 slayne.

H U R R A.

Nowe bie the goddes, Magnus, dyscourteous knyghte,
 Bie cravente⁹⁴ havyoure havethe don oure woe, 715
 Dyspendyng all the talle menne yn the fyghte,
 And placeyng valourous menne where draffs mote
 goe.

Sythence oure fourtunie havethe touned foë,
 Gader the souldyers lefte to future shappe,

⁹⁴ Coward.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 127

To somme newe place for safetie wee wylle goe, 720

Inne future daie wee wylle have better happe.

Sounde the loude flughorne for a quicke forloyne^{ss};

Lette alle the Dacyannes swythe untoe oure banner joyne.

Throw hamlettes wee wylle sprengge sadde dethe &
dole,

Bathe yn hotte gore, & wasch oureselves there-
ynne; 725

Goddes! here the Saxennes lyche a byllowe rolle.

I heere the anlacis detested dynne.

Awaie, awaie, ye Danes, to yonder penne;

Wee now wylle make forloyne yn tyme to fyghte
agenne.

^{ss} Retreat.

CELMONDE;

CELMONDE, *near* WATCHETTE.

O forr a spryte al feere! to telle the daie, 730
 The daie whyche scal aſtounde the herers rede,
 Makeynge oure foemennes envyyng hertes to blode,
 Ybereynge thro the worlde oure rennomde name for
 aie.

Bryghte ſonne han ynne hys roddie robes byn dyghte,
 From the rodde Eaſte he flytted wythe hys trayne, 735
 The howers drewe awaie the geete of nyghte,
 Her ſable tapiftrie was rente yn twayne.
 The dauncynge ſtreakes bedecked heavennes playne,
 And on the dewe dyd ſmyle wythe ſhemrynge eie,
 Lyche gottes of blodde whyche doe blacke armoure
 ſteyne, 740
 Sheenyng upon the borne ⁹⁶ whyche ſtondeth bie;
 The ſouldyers ſtoode uponne the hillis ſyde,
 Lyche yonge enlefed trees whyche yn a forreſte byde.

⁹⁶ Burniſh.

Ælla rose lych the tree besette wyth brieres ;
 Hys talle speere sheenyng as the starres at nyghte, 745
 Hys eyne ensameyng as a lowe of fyre ;
 Whanne he encheered everie manne to fyghte,
 Hys gentle wordes dyd moove eche valourous knyghte ;
 Lite moovethe hem, as honterres lyoncelle ;
 In trebled armoure ys theyre courage dyghte ; 750
 Eche warringe harte fort praye & renowne swells ;
 Lych slowle dynnyng of the croucheyng frame,
 Syche dyd the stormyng sounde of the whol armie
 seme.

Hec ledes hem onne to fyghte ; oh ! thenne to saie
 How Ælla loked, and lokyng dyd encheere, 755
 Moovyng alyche a mountayne yn affraie,
 Whanne a lowde whyrlevynde doe yttes boefomme
 tare,
 To telle howe everie loke wulde banysh the feere,
 Woulde aske an angelles poyntelle or hys tynge.
 Lych a talle rocke yatte ryfeth heaven-were, 760
 Lych a yonge wolffynne brondeous & stryng,

Soe dydde he goe, & myghtie warriours hedde;
Wythe gore-depycted wynges masterie arounde hym
fledde.

The battelle jyned; fwerdes uponne fwerdes dyd
rynge;

Ælla was chafed, as lyonnas madded bee; 765

Lyche fallynge starres; he dydde the javlynn flynge;

Hys mightie anlace mightie menne dyd flea;

Where he dydde comme, the flemed⁹⁷ foe dydde flee,

Or felle benethe hys honde, as fallynge rayne,

Wythe sythe a fhuyrie he dydde onn 'hemm dree, 770

Hylles of yer bowkes dyd ryse opponne the playne;

Ælla, thou arte—botte staie, mio tynge;—saie aee;

Howe greate I hymme maye make; styll greater hee
wylle bee.

Nor dydde hys fouldyerres see hys actes yn wayne.

Heere a stoute Dane uponne hys compheere felle; 775

Heere lorde & hyndlette sonke uponne the playne;

Heere sonne & fadre trembled ynto helle.

Chief Magnus fought hys waie, &, shame to telle!

Hee foughte hys waie for flyghte; botte Ælla's speere

⁹⁷-Frighted.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 131 :

Upone the flyyng Dacyannes schoulder felle, 780
Quyte throwe hys boddie, & hys harte ytte tare,
He groned, & sonke uponne the gorie greene,
And wythe hys corse encreased the pyles of Dacyannes
fleene.

Spente wythe the fyghte, the Danysh champanyons
stonde,
Lyche bulles, whose strengthe & wondrous myghte ys
fledde; 785
Ælla, a javelynne grypped yn eyther honde,
Flyes to the thronge, & doomes two Dacyannes
deadde.
After hys acte, the armie all yspedde;
Fromm everich on unmyssyng javlynnes flewe;
Theie straughte yer doughtie swerdes; the foemenn
bledde; 790
Fulle three of foure of myghtie Danes dheie flewe;
The Danes, wythe terroure rulyng att their head,
Threwe downe theyr bannere talle, & lyche a ravenne
fledde.

The foldyerres followed wythe a myghtie crie,
 Cryes, yatte welle myghte the stouteste hartes af-
 fraie. 795

Swefte, as yer shyppes, the vanquyshed Dacyannes
 fle;

Swefte, as the rayne uponne an Aprylle daie,
 Preffynge behynde, the Englyfche foldyerres flaie.

Botte halfe the tythes of Danyfhe menne remayne;

Ælla commaundes 'heie fhoude the flectre flaie, 800

Botte bynde 'hem pryfonners on the bloddie playne.

The fyghtynge beyng done, I came awaie,

In odher fieldes to fyghte a moe unequalle fraie.

Mie fervant fquyre!

CELMONDE, SERVITOUR.

CELMONDE.

Prepare a fcing horfe,

Whofe feete are wynges, whofe pace ys lycke the
 wynde, 805

Whoe

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 133

Whoe wylle outestreppe the morneynge lyghte yn
 course,
 Leaveynge the gytelles of the merke behynde.
 Somme hyltren matters doe mie presence fynde.
 Gyv oute to alle yatte I was fleene ynne fyghte.
 Gyff ynne thys gare thou doest mie order mynde, 810
 Whanne I returne, thou shalte be made a knyghte;
 Flie, flie, be gon; an howerre ys a daie;
 Quicke dyghte mie beste of stedes, & brynge hymm
 hære—awaie!

C E L M O N D E.

Ælla ys woundedd fore, & ynne the tounce
 Hewaytethe, tyll hys woundes bee broghte toethe. 815
 And shalle I from hys browes plocke off the croune,
 Makynge the vyctore yn hys vyctorie blethe?
 O no! fulle sooner schulde mie hartes blodde finethe,
 Fulle soonere woulde I tortured bee toe deathe;
 Botte—Birtha ys the pryze; ahe! ytte were ethe 820
 To gayne so gayne a pryze wythe losse of breathe;
 Botte thanne rennome æterne⁹⁸—ytte ys botte ayre;
 Bredde ynne the phantasie, & alleyn lyvyng there.

⁹⁸ Eternal.

Albeytte everyche thyng yn lyfe conspyre
 To telle me of the faulte I nowe schulde doe, 825
 Yette woulde I battentlie affuage mie fyre,
 And the same menes, as I scall nowe, pursue.
 The qualytyes I fro mie parentes drewe,
 Were blodde, & morthur, maſterie, and warre;
 Thie I wylle holde to now, & hede ne moe 830
 A wounde yn rennome, yanne a hoddie ſcarre.
 Nowe, Ælla, nowe Ime plantyng of a thorne,
 Bic whyche thie peace, thie love, & glorie ſhalle be
 torne.

B R Y S T O W E.

B I R T H A, E G W I N A.

B I R T H A.

GENTLE Egwina, do notte preche me joie;
 I cannotte joie ynne anie thyng botte weere⁹⁹. 835
 Oh! yatte aughte schulde oure sellynesse destroie,
 Floddyng the face wythe woe, & brynne teare!

E G W I N A.

You muste, you muste endeavour for to cheere
 Your harte unto somme cherifaunied reste,
 Your loverde from the battelle wylle appere, 840
 Ynne honnoure, & a greater love, be dreste;
 Botte I wylle call the mynstrelles roundelaie;
 Perchaunce the swotic founde maie chafe your wiere⁹⁹
 awaie.

⁹⁹ Grief.

K 4

B I R T H A,

BIRTHA, EGWINA, MYNSTRELLES.

MYNSTRELLES SONGE.

O! synge untoe mic roundelaie,

O! droppe the brynie teare wythe mee, 845

Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,

Lycke a reynynge ¹⁰⁰ ryver bee;

Mic love ys dedde,

Gon to hys death-bedde,

Al under the wyllowe tree, 850

Blacke hys cryne ¹⁰¹ as the wyntere nyghte,

Whyte hys rode ¹⁰² as the sommer snowe,

Rodde hys face as the mornynge lyghte,

Cale he lyes ynn the grave belowe;

Mic love ys dedde, 855

Gon to hys deathe-bedde,

Al under the wyllowe tree,

Swote hys tyngue as the throstles note,

Quycke ynn daunce as thoughte canne bee,

¹⁰⁰ Running.

¹⁰¹ hair,

¹⁰² complexion.

A TRAGICAL ENTERLUDE. 137

Defte hys taboure, cōdgelle fōte, 860

O! hee lyer bie the wyllowe tree;

Mie love ys dedde,

Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,

Alle underre the wyllowe tree.

Harke! the ravenne flappes hys wynges, 865

In the briered delle belowe;

Harke! the dethe-owle londe dothe synge,

To the nyghte-mares as heie goe;

Mie love ys dedde,

Gonne to hys deathe-bedde, 870

Al under the wyllowe tree.

See! the whyte moone shewes onne hie;

Whyterre ys mie true loves shroude;

Whyterre yanne the mornynge skie,

Whyterre yanne the evenynge cloude; 875

Mie love ys dedde,

Gon to hys deathe-bedde,

Al under the wyllowe tree.

Heere, uponne mie true loves grave,

Schalle the baren flours be layde, 880

Nee

Nee one hallie Seynte to fare
Al the celnefs of a mayde.

Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys death-bedde,
Alle under the wyllowe tree.

885

Wythe mie hondes I'lle dente the brieres
Rounde his hallie corfe to gre,
Ouphante fairie, lyghte youre fyres,
Heere mie boddie styllie schalle bee.

Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

890

Comme, wythe acorme-coppe & thorne,
Drayne mie hartys blodde awaie;
Lyfe & all yttes goode I scorne,
Daunce bie nete, or feaste by daie.

895

Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Waterre wytyches, crownde wythe reytes.¹⁰¹
Bere mee to yer leathalle tyde.

900

¹⁰¹ Water-flags.

I die;

A TRAGICAL ENTEBLUDE. 139

I die; I comme; mie true love waytes.

Thos the damfelle spake, and dyed.

B I R T H A.

Thys syngyng haveth whatte coulde make ytte
please;

Butte mie uncourtlie shappe benymmes mee of all
ease.

905

Æ L L A,

170 **Æ L L A, alle Watchette.**

Æ L L A, alle Watchette.

CURSE onne mie tardie woundes! brynge mee a
stede!

I wylle awaie to Birtha bie thys nyghte;

Albeytte fro mie woundes mie soul doe blede,

I wylle awaie, & die wythynne her fyghte.

Brynge mee a stede, wythe eagle-wynges for
flyghte; 910

Swefte as mie wyshe, &, as mie love ys, stronge.

The Danes have wtoughte mee myckle woe ynne
fyghte,

Inne kepeynge mee from Birtha's armes so longe.

O! whatte a dome was myne, fythe masterie

Canne yeve ne pleasaunce, nor mie londes goode leme
myne eie! 915

Yee goddes, howe ys a loverres temper formed!

Sometymes the samme thyng wylle bothe bane, &
bleffe;

On

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 111

On tyme encalede ¹⁰⁴, yanne bie the same thyng
warmd,

Estroughted foorth, and yanne ybrogten lefs.

'Tye Birta's los whyche doe ¹⁰⁵ mic thoughtes pos-
fesse; 920

I wylle, I muste awaie : whie staies mic stede?

Mie huscarles, hyther haste; prepare a dresse,

Whyche couracyers ¹⁰⁵ yn hastie journies nede.

O heavens ! I moste awaie to Byrtha eyne,

For yn her lookes I fynde mic beynghe doe entwyne, 925

¹⁰⁴ Frozen, cold.

¹⁰⁵ hors couriers, couriers.

CELMONDE, att BRYSTOWE.

THE worlde ys darke wythe nyghte; the wyndes
are styll;

Fayntelic the mone her palyde lyghte makes gleme;

The upryste ¹⁰⁶ sprytes the sylente letten ¹⁰⁷ fylle,

Wythe ouphant faeryes joynyn ynn the dreme;

The forreste sheenethe wythe the sylver leme; 930

Nowe maie mie love be fated ynn yttes treate;

Uponne the lynche of somme swefte reynynng streame,

Att the swote banquette I wylle swotelie cate.

Thys ys the howse; yee hyndes, swythyn appere.

CELMONDE, SERVYTOURE.

CELMONDE.

Go telle to Bırtha straye, a straungerr waytethe
here. 935

¹⁰⁶ Risen.

¹⁰⁷ church-yard.

A TRAGICAL ENTERLUDE. 143

CELMONDE, BIRTHA.

BIRTHA.

Celmonde! yes, feynctes! I hope thou haste goode
newes.

CELMONDE.

The hope ys losse; for heaue newes prepare.

BIRTHA.

Is Aella welle?

CELMONDE.

Hee lyves; & styll maie use

The behylte ¹⁰⁸ blessinges of a future yeare.

BIRTHA.

Whatte heaue tydyngge thenne have I to feare? 940

Of whatte mischaunce dydst thou so latelic saie?

¹⁰⁸ Promised.

CEL.

C E L M O N D E.

For heaue tydynges swythyn nowe prepare.
 Ælla fore wounded ys, yn bykerous fraie;
 In Wedecester's wallid toun he lyes.

B I R T H A.

O mie agroted breast!

C E L M O N D E.

Wythoute your syghte, he dyes. 945

B I R T H A.

Wylle Birtha's presence ethe herr Ælla's payne?
 I fle; newe wynges doe from mie schoulderrs sprynge.

C E L M O N D E.

Mie stede wydhoute wylle deftelic beere us twayne.

B I R T H A.

Oh! I wyll fle as wynde, & no waie lynge;

Sweetlie

A TRAGICAL ENTERLUDE. 145

Sweetlie caparifons for rydyng brynge; 950
 I have a mynde wynged wythe the levyn ploome.
 O Ælla, Ælla I praye thou kepe the flynge,
 The whyche doeth canker ynnie mie hartys roome,
 Thou wouldste see playne thieffes the gate to bee;
 Aryse, uponne this love, & fie to meeten mee. 955

C E L M O N D E.

The stede, on whyche I came, ys swete as ayre;
 Mie servytours doe wayte mee nere the wode;
 Swythyne wythe mee unto the place repayre;
 To Ælla I wylle gev you conducte goode.
 Youre eyne, alyche a baulme, wylle staunche hys
 bloode, 960
 Holpe oppe hys woundes, & yev hys harte alle
 cheere;
 Uponne your eyne he holdes hys lyvelyhode ¹⁰⁹;
 You doe hys spryte, & alle hys pleasaunce bere.
 Comme, lette's awaie, albeytte ytte ys moke,
 Yette love wille bee a tore to tourne to feere nyghtes
 smoke. 965

¹⁰⁹ Life.

L

BIR-

B I R T H A.

Albeytte unwears dyd the welkynn rende,
 Reyne, alyche fallynge ryvers, dyd ferse bee,
 Erthe wythe the ayre enchafed dyd contende,
 Everychone breathe of wynde wythe plagues dyd
 flee,

Yette I to Ælla's eyne eftfoones woulde flee; 970
 Albeytte hawethornes dyd mie fleshe enseme,
 Owlettes, wythe scrychyng, shakeynge everyche tree,
 And water-neders wrygglyng yn eche streame,
 Yette woulde I flie, ne under coverte staie,
 Botte seke mie Ælla owte; brave Celmonde, leade the
 waie. 975

A W O D E.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 147

A W O D E.

H U R R A, D A N E S.

H U R R A.

HEERE ynn yis forreste lette us watche for pree,
Bewreckeynge on oure foemenne oure ylle warte;
Whatteverre schalle be Englysch wee wyll fle,
Spreddyng our ugfomme rennome to asarre.
Ye Dacyanne menne, gyff Dacyanne menne yee
are, 980

Lette nete botte blodde suffycyle for yee bee;
On everich breaste yn gorie letteres scarre,
Whatt sprytes you have, & howe those sprytes maie
dree.

And gyf yee gette awaie to Denmarkes shore,
Eftefoones we will retourne, & wanquished bee ne
moere. 985

L 2

The

The battelle losse, a battelle was yndede;
 Note queedes hemselfes culde stonde so harde a fraie;
 Oure verie armoure, & oure heaulmes dyd blede,
 The Dacyannes sprytes, lyche dewe drops, fledde
 awaie.

Ytte was an Ælla dyd commaunde the daie; 990
 Ynn spyte of foemanne, I moste saie hys myghte;
 Botte wee ynn hynd-lettes blodde the losse wylle paie,
 Brynnynge, thatte we knowe howe to wynde yn
 fyghte;

Wee wylle, lyke wylfes enloosed from chaynes,
 destroie;—

Oure armoures—wynter nyghte shotte oute the daie of
 joie. 995

Whene swefte-fote tyme doe rolle the daie alonge,
 Somme hamlette scalle onto oure fhuyrie brende;
 Braftyng alyche a rocke, or mountayne stronge,
 The talle chyrche-spyre upon the grene shalle bende;
 Wee wylle the walles, & auntyante tourrettes
 rende, 1000

Pete everych tree whych goldyn fruyte doe beere,

Downe

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 149

Downe to the goddes the ownerrs dhereof sende,
Besprengynge alle abrode sadde warre & bloddie weere.

Botte fyrste to ynder oke-tree wee wylle fle;
And thence wylle yssue owte onne all yatte commeth
bie. 1005

ANODHER PARTE OF THE WOODE.

CELMONDE, BIRTHA.

BIRTHA.

Thys merkness doe affraie mie wommanns breaste.
Howe fable ys the spreddyng skie arrayde!
Hallie the bordeleire, who lyves to reste,
Ne ys att nyghtys flemynge hue dysmayde;
The starres doe scantillie ¹¹⁰ the fable brayde; 1010
Wyde ys the sylver lemes of comforte wove;
Speke, Celmonde, does ytte make thee notte afrayde?

CELMONDE.

Merker the nyghte, the fitter tyde for love.

¹¹⁰ Scarcely, sparingly.

B I R T H A.

Saieſt thou for love? ah! love is far awaie.

Faygne would I ſee once moe the roddie lemes of
daie.

1015

C E L M O N D E.

Love maie bee nie, woulde Birtha calle ytte here,

B I R T H A.

How, Celmonde, dothe thou mene?

C E L M O N D E.

Thys Celmonde menes,

No leme, no cyne, ne mortalle manne appere,

Ne lyghte, an aſte of love for to bewreene;

Nete in thys forreſte, botte thys tore ^{!!!}, dothe
ſheene,

1020

The whych, potte oute, do leave the whole yn nyghte;

See! howe the brauncynge trees doe here entwyne,

Makeynge thys bower ſo pleaſynge to the ſyghte;

^{!!!} Torch.

Thys

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 151

Thys was for love fyrste made, & heere ytt stondes,
Thatte hereynne lovers maie enlyncke yn true loves
bondes. 1025

B I R T H A.

Celmonde, speake whatte thou menest, or alse mie
thoughtes
Perchaunce maie robbe thie honestie so fayre.

C E L M O N D E.

Then here, & knowe, hereto I have you broughte,
Mie longe hydde love unto you to make clere.

B I R T H A.

Oh heaven & earthe! whatte ys ytt I doe heare? 1030
Am I betraſte ¹¹²? where ys mie Ælla, faie!

C E L M O N D E.

O! do nete nowe to Ælla fyke love bere,
Botte geven some onne Celmondes hedde.

¹¹² Betrayed.

B I R T H A.

Awaie!

I wyll be gone, & groape mie passage oute,
 Albeytte neders flynges mie legs do twyne aboute. 1035

C E L M O N D E.

Nowe bie the feynſtes I wyll notte lette thee goe,
 Ontylle thou doeſte mie brendyng love amate.
 Thoſe eyne have cauſed Celmonde myckle woe,
 Yenne lette yer ſmyle fyrſt take hymm yn regrate.
 O! didſt thou ſee mie breſtis troblous ſtate, 1040
 There love doth harrie up mie joie, and ethe!
 I wretched bee, beyonde the hele of fate,
 Gyff Birtha ſtylle wyll make mie harte-veynes blethe.
 Softe as the ſommer flowreets, Birtha, looke,
 Full ylle I canne thie frownes & harde dyspleaſaunce
 brooke. 1045

B I R T H A.

This loſe ys foule; I woulde bee deafe for aie,
 Radher thanne heere ſyche deſlaviaſie ¹¹³ fedde.

¹¹³ Letchery.

Swythynne

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 153

Swythynne fle from mee, and ne further faie ;

Radher thanne heare thie love, I woulde bee dead.

Yee feynstes ! & shal I wronge mie Ælla's bedde, 1050

And wouldest thou, Celmonde, tempte me to the
thynges ?

Lett mee be gone—alle curses onne thie hedde !

Was ytte for thys thou dydste a message brynge !

Lette mee be gone, thou manne of fable harte !

Or welkyn ¹¹⁴ & her starres wyll take a maydens
parte. 1055

C E L M O N D E.

Sythence you wylle notte lette mie fuyte avel,

Mie love wylle have yttes joie, altho wythe guylte ;

Youre lymbes shall bende, albeytte strynges as stele ;

The merkye seefonne wylle your bloshes hylte ¹¹⁵.

B I R T H A.

Holpe, holpe, yee feynstes ! oh thatte mie blodde was
spylte ! 1060

¹¹⁴ heaven.

¹¹⁵ hide.

C E L-

C E L M O N D E.

The feynðes att distaunce stonde ynn tyme of nede.
 Strev notte to'goe; thou canste notte, gyff thou wylte.
 Unto mie wysche bee kinde, & nete 'alse hede.

B I R T H A.

No, foule bestoykerre, I wylle rende the ayre,
 Tylle dethe do staie mie dynne, or somme kynde roder
 heare. 1065
 Holpe! holpe! oh godde!

CELMONDE, BIRTHA, HURRA, DANES.

H U R R A.

Ah! thatts a wommanne cries,
 I kenn hem; saie, who are you, yatte bee there?

C E L M O N D E.

Yee hyndes, awaie! orre bie thys swerde yee dies.

HURRA.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 153

H U R R A.

This wordes wyllie ne mie hartis fete affere.

B I R T H A.

Save mee, oh! fave mee from thys roynere heere! 1070

H U R R A.

Stonde thou bie mee; nowe saie thie name & londe;
Or fwythyne schall mie fwerde thie boddie tare.

C E L M O N D E.

Bothe I wyllie shewe thee bie mie brondecous¹¹⁶ honde,

H U R R A.

Befette hym rounde, yee Danes.

C E L M O N D E.

Comme onne, and fee

Gyff mie ftrynge anlace maie bewryen whatte I bee. 1075

[*Fyghe al anenste Celmonde, meynthe Danes be sleath,
and faletb to Hurra.*

¹¹⁶ Furious,

C E L M O N D E.

Oh! I forslagen ¹¹⁷ be! ye Danes, now kenne,
 I amme yatte Celmonde, seconde yn the fyghte,
 Who dydd, atte Watchette, so forlege youre menne;
 I fele myne eyne to swymme yn æterne nyghte;—
 To her be kynde. [Dieth.

H U R R A.

Thenne felle a wordhie knyghte. 1080
 Saie, who bee you?

B I R T H A.

I am greate Ælla's wyfe.

H U R R A.

Ah!

B I R T H A.

Gyff anenste hym you harboure foule despyte,
 Nowe wythe the lethal anlace take mie lyfe,

¹¹⁷ slain.

Bie

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 157

Bie thanks I ever onne you wylle bestowe,
From ewbryce ¹¹⁸ you mee pyghte, the worste of mortal
woe. 1085

H U R R A.

I wylle; ytte scalle bee foe: yee Dacyans, heere.
Thys Ælla havethe been oure foe for aie.
Thorrowe the battelle he dyd brondeous teare,
Beyng the lyfe and head of everych fraie;
From everych Dacyanne power he won the daie, 1090
Forslagen Magnus, all oure schippes ybrente;
Bie hys felle arme wee now are made to straie;
The speere of Dacya he ynne pieces shente;
Whanne hantoned barckes unto our londe dyd comme,
Ælla the gare dheie fed, & wysched hym bytter
dome. 1095

B I R T H A.

Mercie!

H U R R A.

Bee styll.

¹¹⁸ Adultery.

Botte

Botte yette he ys a formann goode and fayre,
 Whanne wee are spent, he founde the forloyn;
 The captyves chayne he toffeth ynne the agre,
 Cheered the wounded bothe wythe bredde & wyne,
 Has hee notte untoe somme of you bynn dygne? 1100
 You would have smethd onne Wedecestrian field,
 Botte hee behylte the slugorne for to cleyne,
 Throwynge onne hys wyde backe, hys wyder spred-
 dyng shielde.

Whanne you, as caytyned, yn field dyd bee,
 Hee oathed you to bee styll, & straye dydd sette you
 free. 1105

Scalle wee forlege ¹¹⁹ hys wyfe, because he's brave?
 Bicaus hee fyghteth for hys cuntryes gare?
 Wylle hee, who havith bynne yis Ælla's slave,
 Robbe hym of whatte percase he holdith deere?
 Or scalle we menne of mennys sprytes appere, 1110
 Doeynge hym favoure for hys favoure donne,
 Swefte to hys pallace thys damoifelle bere,
 Bewrynn our case, and to our waie be gonne?

¹¹⁹ Slay.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 159

The last you do approve; so lette ytte bee;
Damoyselle, comme awaie; you safe scalle bee wythe
mee. 1115

B I R T H A.

Al bleffynge maie the seynctes unto yee gyve!
Al pleasaunce maie youre longe-straughte livynges
bee!
Ælla, whanne knowynge thatte bie you I lyve,
Wylle thyncke too smalle a guyfte the londe & sea.
O Celmonde! I maie deftie rede bie thee, 1120
Whatte ilke betydethe the enfouled kynde;
Maie ne thie cross-stone ¹²⁰ of thie cryme bewree!
Maie alle menne ken thie valoure, fewe thie mynde!
Soldyer! for syke thou arte ynn noble fraie,
I wylle thie goinges'tende, & doe thou lede the waie. 1125

H U R R A.

The mornynge 'gyns alonge the Easte to sheene;
Darklinge the lyghte doe onne the waters plaie;
The feynte rodde leme flowe creepeth oere the greene,
Toe chafe the merkynefs of nyghte awaie;

¹²⁰ Monument.

Swift

Swifte flies the howers thatte wylle brynge oute the
daie;

1130

The softe dewe falleth onne the greecynge grasse;

The shepster mayden, dyghtynge her arraie,

Scante ¹²¹ sees her vyfage yn the wauie glasse;

Bie the fulle daylieghte wee scalle Ælla see,

Or Brystowes wallyd towne; damoyfelle, followe
mee.

1135

¹²¹ Scarce.



A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 161

AT BRYSTOWE.

ÆLLA AND SERVITOURES.

ÆLLA.

TYS nowe fulle morne; I thoughten, bie laste
nyghte

To have been heere; mie stede han notte mie love;

Thys ys mie pallace; lette mie hyndes alyghte,

Whylste I goe oppe, & wake mie slepeynge dove:

Stae here, mie hyndlettes; I shal goe above. 1140

Nowe, Birtha, wyll thie loke enhele mie spryte,

This smyles unto mie woundes a baulme wyll prove;

Mie ledanne boddie wyll bee sette aryghte.

Egwina, hafte, & ope the portalle doore,

Yatte I on Birtha's breste maie thynke of warre ne
more.

1145

M

ÆLLA.

Æ L L A :

Æ L L A, E G W I N A.

E G W I N A.

Oh Ælla!

Æ L L A.

Ah! that semmlykeene to mee
Specketh a legendary tale of woe.

E G W I N A.

Birtha is—

Æ L L A.

Whatt? where? how? saie, whatte of mee?

E G W I N A.

Gone—

Æ L L A.

Gone! ye goddes!

E G W I N A.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 165

EGWINA.

Alas! ytte ys toe true.

Yee feynets, hee dies awaie wythe myckle woe! 1150

Ælla! what? Ælla! oh! hee lyves agen.

ÆLLA.

Cal mee notte Ælla; I am hymme ne mbe.

Where ys shee gon awaie? ah! speake! how? when?

EGWINA.

I will.

ÆLLA.

Caparyson a score of stedes; fle, fle.

Where ys shee? swythynne speeke, or instante thou
shalte die. 1155

EGWINA.

Stylle thie loud rage, & here thou whatte I knowe.

ÆLLA.

Oh! speek.

M 2

EGWINA.

E G W I N A.

Lyche prymrose, droopynge wythe the heavie rayne,
 Laste nyghte I lefte her, droopynge wythe her wiere,
 Her love the gare, thatte gave her harte fyke peyne—

Æ L L A.

Her love! to whomme?

E G W I N A.

To thee, her spouse alleyn¹²². 1160
 As ys mie hentylle everyche morne to goe,
 I wente, and oped her chamber doore ynn twayne,
 Botte found her notte, as I was wont to doe;
 Thanne alle arounde the pallace I dyd seere¹²³,
 Botte culde (to mie hartes woe) ne fynde her anie
 wheere. 1165

Æ L L A.

Thou lyest, foul hagge! thou lyest; thou art her
 ayde
 To chere her lousste;—botte noe; ytte cannotte bee.

¹²² Only, alone.

¹²³ Search.

EGWINA.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 165

EGWINA.

Gyff trouthe appear notte inne whatte I have sayde,
Drawe forth the anlace swythyn, thanne mee flea.

ÆLLA.

Botte yette ytte muste, ytte muste bee foe; I see, 1170
Shee wythe somme loustie paramoure ys gone;
Itte moste bee foe—oh! how ytte wracketh mee!
Mie race of love, mie race of lyfe ys ronne;
Nowe rage, & brondeous storm, & tempeste comme;
Nete lyvyng upon erthe can now enswote mie
domme. 1175

ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE.

SERVYTOURE.

Loverde! I am aboute the trouthe to faie.
Laste nyghte, fulle late I dydde retourne to reste.
As to mie chamber I dydde bende mie waie,
To Birtha onne hys name & place addreste;

M 3

Downe

Downe to hym camme shee; butte thereof the
reste

1180

I ken ne matter; so, mie homage made—

Æ L L A.

O! speake ne moe; mie harte flames yn yttes heste;
I once was Ælla; nowe bee notte yttes shade.

Hanne alle the fuirie of mysfortunes wylle

Fallen onne mie benned ¹²⁴ headde I hanne been Ælla
stille.

1185

Thys alleyn was unburled ¹²⁵ of alle mie spryte;

Mie honnoure, honnoure, frownd on the dolce ¹²⁶
wynde,

Thatte steeked on ytte; nowe wyth rage Im pyghte;
A brondeous unweere ys mie engyned mynde.

Mie homneur yette somme drybblet joie maie
fynde,

1190

To the Danes woundes I wylle another yeve;

Whanne thos mie rennome ¹²⁷ & mie peace ys rynde,

Itte were a rebrandize to thyncke toe lyve;

¹²⁴ Curfed, tormented.

¹²⁵ unarmed.

¹²⁶ soft, gentle.

¹²⁷ renown.

Mie

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 167

Mie huscarles, untrøe everie asker telle,
Gyffe noblie Ælla lyved, as noblie Ælla felle. 1195
[*Stabbeth bys breste.*]

S E R V Y T O U R E.

Ælla ys fleene; the flower of Englonde's marre!

Æ L L A.

Be styll; stythe lette the chyrches rynge mie knelle,
Call hyther brave Coernyke; he, as warde
Of thys mie Brystowe castle, wyll doe welle;
[*Knelle ryngeth.*]

ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE, COERNYKE.

Æ L L A.

Thee I ordeyne the warde; so alle maie telle, 1200
I have botte lyttel tym to dragge thys lyfe;
Mie lethall tale, alyche a lethalle belle,
Dyngne yn the eares of her I wyschd mie wyfe!

M 4

Botte,

Botte, ah! ſhee maie be fayre,

E G W I N A.

Yatte ſhee moſte bee,

Æ L L A.

Ah! faie notte foe; yatte worde woulde Ælla dobbliſe
ſlee.

1205

ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE, COERNYKE,
BIRTHA, HURRA.

Æ L L A,

Ah! Birtha here!

B I R T H A.

Whatte dynne ys thys? whatte menſ ys leathalle
knelle?

Where ys mie Ælla? ſpeeke; where? howe ys hee?
Oh Ælla! art thou yanne alyve and well!

ÆLLA.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 169

Æ L L A.

I lyve yndeed; botte doe notte lyve for thee,

B I R T H A,

Whatte menes mie Ælla?

Æ L L A.

Here mie meneynge see. 1210

This foulnefs urged mie honde to gyve thys wounde,
Ytte mee unsprytes ¹²⁸,

B I R T H A.

Ytte hathe unspryed mee,

Æ L L A.

Ah heavens! mie Birtha fallethe to the grounde!
Botte yette I am a manne, and so wyll be.

¹²⁹ Un-foule.

HURRA.

H U R R A.

Ælla! I amme a Dane; botte yette a friende to
thee.

1215

Thys damoyfelle I founde wythynne a woode,
Strevynge fulle harde anenste a burlled swayne;
I sente hym myrynge ynne mie compheeres blodde,
Celmonde hys name, chief of thie warrynge trayne,
Yis damoiselle foughte to be here agayne; 1229
The whychie, abbeytte foemen, wee dydd wylle;
So here wee broughte her wythe you to remayne.

C O E R N I K E.

Yee nobyllle Danes! wythe goulde I wyll you fylle,

Æ L L A.

Birtha, mie lyfe! mie love! oh! she ys fayre.
Whatte faultes coulde Birtha have; whatte faultes could
Ælla feare?

1225

BIRTHA,

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 171

B I R T H A.

Amm I yeane thyne? I cannotte blame thie feere.
Botte doe reſte mee uponne mie Ælla's breaste;
I wyll to thee bewryen the woefulle gare.
Celmonde dyd comme to mee at tyme of reſte.
Wordeynge for mee to ſie, att your requelte, 1230
To Watchette towne, where you deceaſynge laie;
I wyth hym fledde; thro' a murke wode we preſte,
Where hee foule love unto mie eares dyd ſaie;
The Danes—

Æ L L A.

Oh! I die contente.— [dieb.]

B I R T H A.

Oh! ys mie Ælla dedde?

O! I will make hys grave mie vyrgyn ſpouſal
bedde. 1235

[Birtha ſeyneth.]

C O E R N Y K E.

Whatt? Ælla deadde! & Birtha dyyng toe!
Soe falles the fayreſt flourettes of the playne.

Who

Who canne unplyte the wurchys heaven cān doe,
Or who untweste the role of shappe yn twayne?

Ælla, thie rennome was thie onlie gayne; 1240

For yatte, thie pleasaunce, & thie joie was losfe.

Thie countrymen shall rere thee, on the playne,

A pyle of carnes, as anie grave can boaste;

Further, a just amede to thee to bee,

Inne heaven thou synge of Godde, on erthe we'lle synge
of thee. 1245

THE ENDE.

GODDWYN;

G O D D W Y N;

A T R A G E D I E.

By THOMAS ROWLEIE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

HAROLDE, the *T. Rowleie*, the Authoure.

GODDWYN, the *Johan de Iscamme*.

ELWARDE, the Syrr *Tbybbot Gorges*.

ALSTAN, the Syrr *Alan de Vere*.

KYNOE EDWARDE, the Mastre *Willyam Canynge*.

Odhers the *Knyghtes Mynnstrells*.

P R O L O G U E,

Made bie Maïstre WILLIAM CANYNGE.

WHYLOMME ¹ bie pensmenne² moke³ ungente⁴
name

Have upon Goddwyne Erle of Kente bin layde,
Dherebie benymmynge ⁵ hymme of faie⁶ and fame;
Unliart ⁷ diviniſtres ⁸ haveth ſaide,
Thatte he was knowen toe noe hallie ⁹ wurchē ¹⁰; 5
Botte thys was all hys faulte, he gyfted ne ¹¹ the churchē.

The auſthoure ¹² of the piece whiche we enacte,
Albeytte ¹³ a clergyon ¹⁴, trouthe wyll wrytte.
Inne drawynge of hys menne no wytte ys lackte;
Entyn ¹⁵ a kynge mote ¹⁶ bee full pleaſed to nyghte. 10
Attende, and marcke the partes nowe to be done;
Wee better for toe doe do champion ¹⁷ anie enne.

¹ Of old, formerly. ² writers, historians. ³ much. ⁴ inglorious.
⁵ bereaving. ⁶ faith. ⁷ unforgiving. ⁸ divines, clergymen, monks.
⁹ holy. ¹⁰ work. ¹¹ not. ¹² author. ¹³ though, notwithstanding.
¹⁴ clerk, or clergyman. ¹⁵ ensyn, even. ¹⁶ might. ¹⁷ challenge.

G O D D W Y N ;

G O D D W Y N; A T R A G E D I E.

G O D D W Y N A N D H A R O L D E.

G O D D W Y N.

H A R O L D E!

H A R O L D E.

Mie-loverde ¹⁸!

G O D D W Y N.

O! I weepe to thyncke,

What foemen ¹⁹ riseth to ifrete ²⁰ the londe.

Theie batter ²¹ onne her fleshe, her hartes bloude
dryncke,

And all ys graunted from the roial honde.

¹⁸ Lord. ¹⁹ foes, enemies. ²⁰ devour, destroy. ²¹ fatten.

H A R O L D E.

H A R O L D E.

Lette notte thie agreme ²² blyn ²³, ne aledge ²⁴ stonde; ⁵
 Bee I toe wepe, I wepe in teres of gore:
 Am I betraffed ²⁵, fyke ²⁶ shulde mie burlie ²⁷ bronde
 Depeynste ²⁸ the wronges on hym from whom I bore.

G O D D W Y N.

I ken thie spryte ²⁹ ful welle; gentle thou art,
 Stringe ³⁰, ugfomme ³¹, rou ³², as smethynge ³³ armyes
 seeme; 10
 Yett este ³⁴, I feare, thie chefes ³⁵ toe grete a parte,
 And that thie rede ³⁶ bee este borne downe bie breme ³⁷.
 What tydynges from the kynge?

H A R O L D E.

His Normans know.

I make noe compheeres of the shemrynge ³⁸ trayne.

²² Grievance; a sense of it. ²³ cease, be still. ²⁴ idly. ²⁵ deceived, imposed on. ²⁶ so. ²⁷ fury, anger, rage. ²⁸ paint, display. ²⁹ soul. ³⁰ strong. ³¹ terrible. ³² horrid, grim. ³³ smoking, bleeding. ³⁴ oft. ³⁵ heat, rashness. ³⁶ counsel, wisdom. ³⁷ strength, also strong. ³⁸ taudry, glimmering.

G O D D W Y N.

Ah Harolde! tis a fyghte of myckle woe, 15
 To kenne these Normannes everich renome gayne.
 What tydyngc wille the foulke³⁹?

H A R O L D E.

Stylle mormoryngc atte yer shap⁴⁰, stylle toe the
 kyngc
 Theie rolle theire trobbles, lyche a forgie sea.
 Hane Englonde thenne a tongue, butte notte a
 styngc? 20
 Dothe alle compleyne, yette none wylle ryghted bee?

G O D D W Y N.

Awayte the tyme, whanne Godde wylle fende us ayde.

H A R O L D E.

No, we muste streve to ayde oureselves wyth powre.
 Whan Godde wylle fende us ayde! tis fetelic⁴¹ prayde.

³⁹ People.⁴⁰ fate, destiny.⁴¹ nobly.

A T R A G E D I E. 179

Moste we those calke⁴² awaie the lyve-longe howre? 25
 Thos croche⁴³ outre armes, and ne toe lyve dareygne⁴⁴,
 Unburled⁴⁵, undelievre⁴⁶, unespryte⁴⁷?
 Far fro mie harte be fled thyk⁴⁸ thoughte of peyne,
 Ile free mie countrie, or Ile die yn fyghte.

G O D D W Y N.

Botte lette us wayte untillle somme season fyttē. 30
 Mie Kentyshmen, thie Summertons shall ryse;
 Adented⁴⁹ prowess⁵⁰ to the gite⁵¹ of witte,
 Agayne the argent⁵² horse shall daunce yn skies.
 Oh Harolde, heere forstraughteynge⁵³ wanhope⁵⁴
 lies.
 Englonde, oh Englonde, tys for thee I blethe⁵⁵. 35
 Whylste Edwarde to thie sonnes wyllē nete alyse⁵⁶,
 Shulde anie of thie sonnes fele aughte of ethe⁵⁷?
 Upponne the trone⁵⁸ I sette thee, helde thie crowne;
 Botte oh! twere hommage nowē to pyghte⁵⁹ thee downe.

⁴² Cast. ⁴³ cros, from crouche, a cros. ⁴⁴ attempt, or endeavour. ⁴⁵ unarmed. ⁴⁶ unactive. ⁴⁷ unspirited. ⁴⁸ such. ⁴⁹ fastened; annexed. ⁵⁰ might, power. ⁵¹ mantle, or robe. ⁵² white, alluding to the arms of Kent, a horse saliant, argent. ⁵³ distracting. ⁵⁴ despair. ⁵⁵ bleed. ⁵⁶ allow. ⁵⁷ ease. ⁵⁸ throne. ⁵⁹ pluck.

Thou arte all preeſte, & notheynge of the kyng. 40
 Thou arte all Norman, nothyng of mie blodde.
 Know, ytte beſeies ⁶⁰ thee notte a maſſe to ſynge ;
 Servynge thie leegefolcke ⁶¹ thou arte ſervynge Godde.

H A R O L D E.

Thenne Ille doe heaven a ſervyce. To the ſkyes
 The dailie contekes ⁶² of the londe aſcende. 45
 The wyddowe, fahdreleſſe, & bondemennes cries
 Acheke ⁶³ the mokie ⁶⁴ aire & heaven aſtende ⁶⁵.
 On us the rulers doe the folcke depende ;
 Hancelled ⁶⁶ from erthe theſe Normanne ⁶⁷ hyndes
 ſhalle bee ;
 Lyche a battently ⁶⁸ low ⁶⁹, mie ſwerde ſhalle
 brende ⁷⁰ ; 50
 Lyche fallynge ſofte rayne droppes, I wyll hem ⁷¹ flea ⁷² ;
 Wee wayte too longe ; our purpoſe wylle defaye ⁷³ ;
 Aboune ⁷⁴ the hyghe empyrize ⁷⁵, & rouze the cham-
 pyones ſtrayte.

⁶⁰ Becomes. ⁶² ſubjects. ⁶³ contentions, complaints. ⁶⁴ choke.
⁶⁵ dark, cloudy. ⁶⁶ aſtoniſh. ⁶⁷ cut off, deſtroyed. ⁶⁸ flaves.
⁶⁹ loud roaring. ⁷⁰ flame of fire. ⁷¹ burn, conſume. ⁷² them.
⁷³ flay. ⁷⁴ decay. ⁷⁵ make ready. ⁷⁶ enterprize.

A T R A G E D I E. 181

G O D D W Y N.

Thie suster—

H A R O L D E.

Aye; I knowe, she is his queene.

Albeytte ⁷⁶, dyd shee speeke her foemen ⁷⁷ fayre, 55

I wulde dequace ⁷⁸ her comlie semlykeene ⁷⁹,

And foulde mie bloddie anlace ⁸⁰ yn her hayre.

G O D D W Y N.

Thye fhuir ⁸¹ blyn ⁸².

H A R O L D E.

No, bydde the leathal ⁸³ mere ⁸⁴,

Upriste ⁸⁵ withe hiltrene ⁸⁶ wyndes & cause unkend ⁸⁷,

Beheste ⁸⁸ it to be lete ⁸⁹; so twylle appeare, 60

Eere Harolde hyde hys name, his contries frende.

⁷⁶ Notwithstanding. ⁷⁷ foes. ⁷⁸ mangle, destroy. ⁷⁹ beauty, countenance. ⁸⁰ an ancient sword. ⁸¹ fury. ⁸² cease. ⁸³ deadly. ⁸⁴ lake. ⁸⁵ swollen. ⁸⁶ hidden. ⁸⁷ unknown. ⁸⁸ command. ⁸⁹ still.

The gule-ſteynſt⁹⁰ brygandyne⁹¹, the adventaile⁹²,
The feerie anlace⁹³ brede⁹⁴ ſhal make mie gare⁹⁵ pre-
vayle.

G O D D W Y N.

Harolde, what wuldeſt doe ?

H A R O L D E.

Bethyncke thee whatt.

Here liethe Englonde, all her drites⁹⁶ unfree, 65
Here liethe Normans coupyng⁹⁶ her bie lotte,
Caltysnyng⁹⁷ everich native plante to gre⁹⁸,
Whatte woulde I doe ? I brondeous⁹⁹ wulde hem
ſlee¹ ;

Tare owte theyre ſable harte bie ryghtefulle breme² ;
Theyre deathe a meanes untoe mie lyfe ſhulde bee, 70
Mie ſpyte ſhulde revelle yn theyr harte-blodde ſtreme.
Eftſoones I wyll bewryne³ mie ragefulle ire,
And Goddis anlace⁴ wielde yn furie dyre.

⁹⁰ Red-stained. ⁹¹ ⁹² parts of armour. ⁹³ broad. ⁹⁴ cauſe.
⁹⁵ rights, liberties. ⁹⁶ cutting, mangling. ⁹⁷ forbidding. ⁹⁸ grow.
⁹⁹ furious. ¹ ſlay. ² ſtrength. ³ declare. ⁴ ſword.

G O D D W Y N.

Whatte wouldest thou wythe the kynge?

H A R O L D E.

Take offe hys crowne;

The ruler of somme mynster ⁵ hym ordeyne; 75

Sette uppe som dygner ⁶ than I han pyghte ⁷ downe;

And peace in Englonde shulde be brayd ⁸ agayne.

G O D D W Y N.

No, lette the super-hallie ⁹ seynste kynge reygne,

Ande somme moe reded ¹⁰ rule the untentyff ¹¹
reaulme;

Kynge Edward, yn hys cortesie, wylle deygne 80

To yelde the spoiles, and alleyn were the heaulme:

Botte from mee harte bee everych thoughte of gayne,
Not anie of mie kin I wysche him to ordeyne.

⁵ Monastery. ⁶ more worthy. ⁷ pulled, plucked. ⁸ displayed.
⁹ over-righteous. ¹⁰ counfelled, more wise. ¹¹ uncareful, neglected.

H A R O L D E.

Tell me the meenes, and I wyllle bouȝte ytte ſtrayte;
 Bete ¹³ mee to flea ¹³ mieſelf, ytte ſhalle be done. 85

G O D D W Y N.

To thee I wyllle ſwythynne ¹⁴ the menes unplayte ¹⁵,
 Bic whyche thou, Harolde, ſhalte be proved mie
 ſonne,
 I have longe ſeen whatte peynes were undergon,
 Whatte agrames ¹⁶ braunce ¹⁷ out from the general
 tree;
 The tyme ys commynge, whan the mollock ¹⁸ gron ¹⁹ go
 Drented ²⁰ of alle yts ſwolyng ²¹ owndes ²² ſhalle bee;
 Mie remedie is goode; our menne ſhall ryſe:
 Eftſoons the Normans and owre agrame ²³ flies.

H A R O L D E.

I will to the Weſt, and gemote ²⁴ alle mie knyghtes,
 Wythe bylles that papete for blodde, and ſheeldes as
 brede ²⁵ 95

¹³ Bid, command. ¹⁴ ſlay. ¹⁵ preſently. ¹⁶ explain. ¹⁷ grie-
 vances. ¹⁸ branch. ¹⁹ wet, moiſt. ²⁰ fen, moor. ²¹ drained.
²² ſwelling. ²³ waves. ²⁴ grievance. ²⁵ aſſemble, ²⁶ broad.

A T R A G E D I E. 185

As the ybroched²⁶ moon, when blaunch²⁷ she dyghtes²⁸
 The wodeland grounde or water-mantled mede;
 Wythe hondes whose myghte canne make the dough-
 tiest²⁹ blede,
 Who este have knelte upon forslagen³⁰ foes,
 Whoe wythe yer fote orrests³¹ a castle-stede³², 100
 Who dare on kynges for to bewrecke³³ yiere woes;
 Nowe wylle the menne of Englonde haile the daie,
 Whan Goddwyn leades them to the ryghfulle fraie,

G O D D W Y N.

Botte firste we'll call the loverdes of the West,
 The erles of Mercia, Conventrie and all; 105
 The moe wee gayne, the-gare³⁴ wylle prosper beste,
 Wythe fyke a number wee can never fall.

H A R O L D E.

True, so wee sal doe best to lyncke the chayne,
 And alle attenes³⁵ the spreddyng kyngedomme
 bynde,

²⁶ Horned. ²⁷ white. ²⁸ decks. ²⁹ mightiest, most valiant,
³⁰ slain. ³¹ oversets. ³² a castle. ³³ revenge. ³⁴ cause. ³⁵ at
 once.

No crouched ³⁶ champyone wythe an harte moe
feygue 110

Dyd yfue owte the hallie ³⁷ fwerde to fynde,
Than I nowe strev to ryd mie londe of peyne.
Goddwyn, what thanckes owre laboures wylle enhepe!
I'lle ryse mie friendes unto the bloddie pleyne;
I'lle wake the honnoure thatte ys now aslepe. 115
When wylle the chiefes mete atte thie feastive halle,
That I wythe voice alowde maie there upon 'em calle!

G O D D W Y N.

Next eve, mie sonne.

H A R O L D E.

Nowe, Englonde, ys the tyme,
Whan thee or thie felle foemens cause moste die.
Thie geason ³⁸ wronges bee reyne ³⁹ ynto theyre
pryme; 120
Nowe wylle thie sonnes unto thie succoure flie,
Alyche a storm egederinge ⁴⁰ yn the skie,
Tys fulle ande brasteth ⁴¹ on the chaper ⁴² grounde;
³⁶ One who takes up the crofs in order to fight against the Saracens.
³⁷ holy. ³⁸ rare, extraordinary, strange. ³⁹ run, shot up. ⁴⁰ as-
sembling, gathering. ⁴¹ bursteth. ⁴² dry, barren.

Sycke

A T R A G E D I E. 187

Sycke shalle me fhuirye on the Normans fle,

And alle theyre mittee ⁴³ menne be fleene ⁴⁴
arounde. 125

Nowe, nowe, wylle Harolde or oppresshonne falle,
Ne moe the Englyshmenne yn vayne for helc ⁴⁵ shal
calle.

⁴³ Mighty.

⁴⁴ slain.

⁴⁵ help.

K Y N G E

KYNGE EDWARDE AND HYS QUEENE,

QUEENE.

BOTTE, loverde ⁴⁶, whie so manie Normannes here?
 Mee thynckethe wee bee notte yn Englyshe londe.
 These browded ⁴⁷ straungers alwaie doe appere, 130
 Theie parte yor trone ⁴⁸, and sete at your ryghte
 hopde.

K Y N G E,

Go to, goe to, you doe ne understonde:
 Theie yeave mee lyffe, and dyd mie bowkie ⁴⁹ kepe;
 Theie dyd mee feeeste, and did embowre ⁵⁰ me gronde;
 To trete hem ylle wulde lette mie kyndnesse slepe. 135

⁴⁶ Lord. ⁴⁷ embroidered; 'tis conjectured, embroidery was not used in England till Hen, II. ⁴⁸ throne. ⁴⁹ person, body.
⁵⁰ lodge.

QUEENE.

QUEENE.

Mancas⁵¹ you have yn store, and to them parte ;
 Your leege-folcke⁵² make moke⁵³ dole⁵⁴, you have
 theyr worthe afterte⁵⁵.

K Y N G E.

I heste⁵⁶ no rede of you. I ken mie friendes.
 Hallie⁵⁷ dheie are, fulle ready mee to hele⁵⁸.
 Theyre volundes⁵⁹ are ystorven⁶⁰ to self endes ; 140
 No denwere⁶¹ yn mie breste I of them fele :
 I muste to prayers ; goe yn, and you do wele ;
 I muste ne lose the dutie of the daie ;
 Go inne, go ynne, ande viewe the azure rele⁶²,
 Fulle welle I wote you have noe mynde toe praie. 145

QUEENE.

I seeve youe to doe homage heaven-were⁶³ ;
 To serve yor leege-folcke toe is doeynge homage there.

⁵¹ Marks. ⁵² subjects. ⁵³ much. ⁵⁴ lamentation. ⁵⁵ neglected,
 or passed by. ⁵⁶ require, ask. ⁵⁷ holy. ⁵⁸ help. ⁵⁹ will. ⁶⁰ dead.
⁶¹ doubt. ⁶² waves. ⁶³ heaven-ward, or God-ward.

K Y N G E A N D S Y R H U G H E.

K Y N G E.

Mie friende, Syr Hughe, whatte tydynges brynges
thee here?

H U G H E.

There is no mancas yn mie loverdes ente⁶⁴;
The hus dyspenſe⁶⁵ unpaied doe appere; 150
The laſte receivure⁶⁶ ys eſteſoones⁶⁷ diſpente⁶⁸.

K Y N G E.

Thenne gylde the Weſte.

H U G H E.

Mie loverde, I dyd ſpeke
Untoe the mitte⁶⁹ Erle Harolde of the thyng;
He rayſed hys honde, and ſmoke me onne the cheke,
Saieynge, go beare thatte meſſage to the kyng. 155

⁶⁴ Purſe, uſed here probably as a treaſury. ⁶⁵ expence. ⁶⁶ re-
ceipt. ⁶⁷ ſoon. ⁶⁸ expended. ⁶⁹ a contraction of mighty.

K Y N G E.

A T R A G E D I E. 191

K Y N G E.

Arace ⁷⁰ hym of hys powere ; bie Goddis worde,
Ne moe thatte. Harolde shall ywield the erlikes fwerde.

H U G H E.

Atte seelson fyttē, mie loverde, lette itt bee ;
Botte nowē the folcke doe foe enalfe ⁷¹ hys name,
Inne strevvynge to flea hymme, ourselvēs wee flea ; 160
Syke ys the doughtyness ⁷² of hys grete fame.

K Y N G E.

Hughe, I beethyncke, thie rede ⁷³ ys notte to blame.
Botte thou maieft fynde fulle store of marekes yn
Kente.

H U G H E.

Mie noblē loverde, Godwynn ys the samē ;
He sweeres he wyllē notte swelle the Normans ent. 165

⁷⁰ Divest. ⁷¹ embrace. ⁷² mightiness. ⁷³ counsel.

K Y N G E.

K Y N G E.

Ah traytoure ! botte mie rage I wyll commaunde.
 Thou arte a Normanne, Hughe, a straunger to the
 launde.

Thou kenneſte howe theſe Englyſche erle doe bere
 Such ſtedneſs ⁷⁴ in the yll and evylle thyng,
 Botte atte the goode theie hover yn denwere ⁷⁵, 170
 Onknowlachynge ⁷⁶ gif thereunto to clynge.

H U G H E.

Onwordie fyke a marvell ⁷⁷ of a kynge !
 O Edward, thou deſerveſt purer leege ⁷⁸ ;
 To thee heie ⁷⁹ ſhulden al theire mancas brynge ;
 Thie nodde ſhould ſave menne, and thie glomb ⁸⁰
 forſlege ⁸¹. 175

I amme no curriedowe ⁸², I lacke no wite ⁸³,
 I ſpeke whatte bee the trouthe, and whatte all ſee is
 ryghte.

⁷⁴ Firmneſs, ſtedfaſtneſs. ⁷⁵ doubt, ſuſpenſe. ⁷⁶ not knowing.
⁷⁷ wonder. ⁷⁸ homage, obeſſance. ⁷⁹ they. ⁸⁰ frown. ⁸¹ kill.
⁸² curriedowe, flatterer. ⁸³ reward.

K Y N G E.

K Y N G E.

Thou arte a hallie ⁸⁴ manne, I doe thee pryze.

Comme, comme, and here and hele ⁸⁵ mee ynn mie
praires.

Fulle twentie mancas I wylle thee alife ⁸⁶, 180

And twayne of hamlettes ⁸⁷ to thee and thie heyres.

Soe shalle all Normannes from mie londe be fed,

Theie alleyn ⁸⁸ have fyke love as to acqyre yer
bredde.

⁸⁴ holy. ⁸⁵ help. ⁸⁶ allow. ⁸⁷ manors. ⁸⁸ alone.

O

CHORUS.

C H O R U S.

WHAN Freedom, dreste yn blodde-steined veste,
 To everie knyghte her warre-songe funge, 185
 Uponne her hedde wylde wedes were spredde ;
 A gorie anlace bye her honge.

She daunced onne the heathe ;
 She hearde the voice of deathe ;
 Pale-eyned affryghte, hys harte of sylver hue, 190
 In vayne assayled ¹ her bosomme to acale ² ;
 She hearde onflemmed ³ the shrieking voice of woe,
 And sadnesse ynne the owlette shake the dale.

She shooke the burlde ⁴ speere,
 On hie she jested ⁵ her sheelde, 195
 Her foemen ⁶ all appere,
 And flizze ⁷ alonge the feelde.
 Power, wythe his heafod ⁸ straught ⁹ ynto the skyes,
 Hys speere a sonne-beame, and his sheelde a starre,

¹ Endeavoured. ² freeze. ³ undismayed. ⁴ armed, pointed.
⁵ hoisted on high, raised. ⁶ foes, enemies. ⁷ fly. ⁸ head.
⁹ stretched.

A T R A G E D I E. 195.

Alyche ¹⁰ twaie ¹¹ brendeynge ¹² gronfyres ¹³ rolls hys
eyes, 200

Chaftes ¹⁴ with hys yronne feete and foundes to war.

She fyttes upon a rocke,

She bendes before hys fpeece,

She ryfes from the fhocke,

Wioldyng her owne yn ayre, 205

Harde as the thonder dothe fhe drive ytte on,

Wyte fcillye ¹⁵ wympled ¹⁶ gies ¹⁷ ytte to hys crowne,

Hys longe fharpe fpeece, hys fpreddyng fheelde ys
gon,

He falles, and fallynge rolleth thoufandes down.

War, goare-faced war, bie envie burld ¹⁸,
arift ¹⁹, 210

Hys fecerie heaulme ²⁰ noddynge to the ayre,

Tenne bloddie arrowes ynne hys ftreynyng fylfe —

* * * * *

¹⁰ Like. ¹¹ two. ¹² flaming. ¹³ meteor. ¹⁴ beats, famps.
¹⁵ clofely. ¹⁶ mantled, covered. ¹⁷ guides. ¹⁸ armed. ¹⁹ arofe.
²⁰ helmet.

ENGLISH METAMORPHOSIS:

By T. ROWLEIE.

B O O K E Ist.

WHANNE Scythyanes, salvage as the wolves
theie chace,

Peynted in horrowe¹ formes bie nature dyghte,
Heckled² yn beaſtſkyns, ſlepte uponne the waſte,
And wyth the morneynge rouzed the wolfe to fyghte,
Sweſte as deſcendeynge lemes³ of roddie lyghte 5
Plonged to the hulfſted⁴ bedde of laveyng ſeas,
Gerd⁵ the blacke mountayn okes yn drybblets⁶
twighte⁷,

And ranne yn thoughte alonge the azure mees,
Whoſe eyne dyd feerie ſheene, like blue-hayred
defs⁸,

That dreerie hange upon Dover's emblaunched¹⁰ clefs. 10

¹ I will endeavour to get the remainder of theſe poems. ² unſeemly, diſagreeable. ³ wrapped. ⁴ rays. ⁵ hidden, ſecret. ⁶ broke, rent. ⁷ ſmall pieces. ⁸ pulled, rent. ⁹ vapours, meteors. ¹⁰ emblaunched.

ENGLISH METAMORPHOSIS, &c. 197

Soft boundeynge over swelleynge azure reles ¹¹
 The saluage natyves sawe a shyppes appere;
 An uncouth ¹² denwere ¹³ to theire bosomme steles;
 Theyre myghte ys knopped ¹⁴ ynne the froste of fere.
 The headed javlyn liffeth ¹⁵ here and there; 15
 Theie stonde, theie ronne, theie loke wyth eger cyne;
 The shyppes fayle, boleynge ¹⁶ wythe the kyndelic
 ayre,
 Ronneth to harbour from the beateynge bryne;
 Theie dryve awaie aghaste, whanne to the stronde
 A burlid ¹⁷ Trojan lepes, wythe Morglaiden sweerde yn
 honde. 20

Hymme followede eftsoones hys compheeres ¹⁸, whose
 swerdes
 Glestred lyke gledeynge ¹⁹ starres ynne frostie nete,
 Hayleynge theyre capytayne in chirckyng ²⁰ wordes
 Kyng of the lande, whereon theie set theyre fete.
 The greete kyng Brutus thanne theie dyd hym
 greete, 25
 Prepared for battle, mareschalled the fyghte;

¹¹ Ridges, rising waves. ¹², ¹³ unknown tremour. ¹⁴ fastened,
 chained, congealed. ¹⁵ boundeth. ¹⁶ swelling. ¹⁷ armed. ¹⁸ com-
 panions. ¹⁹ livid. ²⁰ a confused noise.

198 ENGLYSH METAMORPHOSIS:

Theie urg'd the warre, the natyves fledde, as flete
 As fleaynge cloudes that fwymme before the fyghte;
 Tyll tyred with battles, for to ceefe the fraie,
 Theie unsted ²¹ Brutus kynge, and gave the Trojanns
 fwaie. 30

Twayne of twelve years han lemed ²² up the myhdes,
 Leggende ²³ the salvage unthewes ²⁴ of theire breste,
 Improved in mysterk ²⁵ warre, and lymmed ²⁶ theyre
 kyndes,

Whenne Brute from Brutons fonke to aterne reſte.
 Eftſoons the gentle Locryne was poſſeſt 35
 Of fwaie, and veſted yn the paramente ²⁷;
 Halceld ²⁸ the bykrouſ ²⁹ Huns, who dyd infeſte
 Hys wakeynge kyngdom wyth a foule intente;
 As hys broade ſwerde oer Homberrets heade was
 honge,
 He tourned toe ryver wyde, and roarynge rolled
 alonge. 40

He wedded Gendolyne of roical ſede,
 Upon whoſe countenance rodde healthe was ſpreade;

²¹ Anointed. ²² enlightened. ²³ alloyed: ²⁴ ſavage barbarity.
²⁵ myſtic. ²⁶ poliſhed. ²⁷ a princely robe. ²⁸ defeated. ²⁹ warring.

Blouſhing, alyche ³⁰ the ſcarlette of herr wede,
 She ſonke to pleaſaunce on the marryage bedde.
 Eftſoons her peacefull joie of mynde was fledde ; 45
 Elſtrid ametten with the kyng Locryne ;
 Unnumbered beauties were upon her ſhedde,
 Moche ſyne, moche fayrer thanne was Gendolyne ;
 The mornyng tyng, the roſe, the lillie floure,
 In ever ronneyng race on her dyd peynſte theyre
 powere. 50

The gentle fuyte of Locryne gayned her love ;
 Theie lyved ſoft momentes to a ſwotie ³¹ age ;
 Eft ³² wandringe yn the coppinge, delle, and grove,
 Where ne one cyme mote theyre diſporte engage ;
 There dydde theie tell the merrie lovyng fage ³³, 55
 Croppe the prymroſen floure to decke theyre headde ;
 The feerie Gendolyne yn woman rage
 Gemoted ³⁴ warriours to bewrecke ³⁵ her bedde ;
 Theie roſe ; ynne battle was greete Locryne fleene ;
 The faire Elſtrida fledde from the enchaſed ³⁶ queene. 60

³⁰ Like. ³¹ ſweet. ³² oft. ³³ a tale. ³⁴ aſſembled. ³⁵ re-
 venge. ³⁶ heated, enraged.

A tye of love, a dawter fayre she hanne,
 Whose boddeynge morneyng shewed a fayre daie,
 Her fadre Locrynne, once an hailie manne,
 Wyth the fayre dawterre dydde she haste awaie,
 To where the Western mittee ³⁷ pyles of claie 65
 Arise ynto the cloudes, and doe them beere ;
 There dyd Elfrida and Sabryna staie ;
 The fyrste tryckde out a whyle yn warryours gratch ^a
 and gear ;
 Vyncente was she ycleped, butte fulle soone fate
 Sente deathe, to telle the dame, she was notte yn re-
 grate ³⁹. 70

The queene Gendolyne sente a gyaunte knyghte,
 Whose doughtie heade swepte the emmertleyng ⁴⁰
 skies,
 To flea her wheresoever she shulde be pyghte ⁴¹,
 Eke everychone who shulde her ele ⁴² emprize ⁴³.
 Swefte as the roareynge wyndes the gyaunte flies, 75
 Stayde the loude wyndes, and shaded reaulmes yn
 nyghte,

³⁷ Mighty. ³⁸ apparel. ³⁹ esteem, favour. ⁴⁰ glittering. ⁴¹ fet-
 tled. ⁴² help. ⁴³ adventure.

Stepte over cytties, on meint ⁴⁴ acres lies,
 Meeteynge the herechaughtes of morneynge lighte;
 Tyll mooveynge to the Weste, myschaunce hys gye ⁴⁵,
 He thorowe warriours gratch fayre Elfrid did espie. 80

He tore a ragged mountayne from the grounde,
 Harried ⁴⁶ uppe noddynge forrests to the skie,
 Thanne wythe a fūirie, mote the erthe astounde ⁴⁷,
 To meddle ayre he lette the mountayne flie.
 The flying wolfynnes sente a yelleynge crie; 85
 Onne Vyncente and Sabryna felle the mount;
 To lyve æternalle dyd theie estfoones die;
 Thorowe the sandie grave boiled up the pourple
 founte,
 On a broade grassie playne was layde the hylle,
 Staieynge the reunyng course of meint a limmed ⁴⁸
 rylle. 90

The goddes, who kenned the astyons of the wyghte,
 To leggen ⁴⁹ the sadde happe of twayne so fayre,
 Houton ⁵⁰ dyd make the mountaine bie theire mighte.
 Forth from Sabryna ran a ryverre cleere,

⁴⁴ Many. ⁴⁵ guide. ⁴⁶ tost. ⁴⁷ astonish. ⁴⁸ glassy, reflecting.
⁴⁹ lessen, alloy. ⁵⁰ hollow.

Roarynge

Roarynge and rolleynge on yn course bysmare⁵¹; 95
 From female Vyncente shotte a ridge of stones,
 Eche syde the ryver rysynge heavenwere;
 Sabrynas floode was helde ynne Elstryds bones.
 So are theie cleped; gentle and the hynde
 Can telle, that Severnes streeme bie Vyncentes rocke's
 ywrynde⁵². 100

The bawfyn⁵³ gyaunt, hee who dyd them flee,
 To telle Gendolyne quychlie was ysped⁵⁴;
 Whanne, as he strod alonge the shakeynge lee,
 The roddie levynne⁵⁵ glesterd on hys headde:
 Into hys hearte the azure vapoures spreade; 105
 He wrythde arounde yn drearie dernie⁵⁶ payne;
 Whanne from his lyfe-bloode the rodde lemes⁵⁷ were
 fed,
 He felle an hepe of ashes on the playne:
 Stylee does hys ashes shoote ynto the lyghte,
 A wondrous mountayne hie, and Snowdon ys ytte
 hyghte. 110

⁵¹ Bewildered, curious. ⁵² hid, covered. ⁵³ huge, bulky. ⁵⁴ dispatched. ⁵⁵ red lightning. ⁵⁶ cruel. ⁵⁷ flames, rays.

E I N I S.

A N

AN EXCELENTE BALADE
OF CHARITIE:

As wroten bie the gode Prieste THOMAS ROWLEY ¹,
1464.

IN Virgyne the sweltrie sun gan sheene,
And hotte upon the mees ² did caste his raie;
The apple rodde ³ from its palie greene,
And the mole ⁴ peare did bende the leafy sprae;
The peece chelandri ⁵ funge the livelong daie; 5
'Twas now the pride, the manhode of the yeare,
And eke the grounde was dighte ⁶ in its mose destie ⁷
aumere ⁸.

The sun was glemeing in the midde of daie,
Deadde still the aire, and eke the welken ⁹ blue,

¹ Thomas Rowley, the author, was born at Norton Mal-reward in
Somerfetshire, educated at the Convent of St. Kenna at Keynefham,
and died at Westbury in Gloucestershire. ² meads. ³ reddened, ri-
pened. ⁴ soft. ⁵ pied goldfinch. ⁶ drest, arrayed. ⁷ neat, orna-
mental. ⁸ a loose robe or mantle. ⁹ the sky, the atmosphere.

When

204 AN EXCELENTE BALADE

When from the sea arift ¹⁰ in drear arraie 10
 A hepe of cloudes of fable fullen hue,
 The which full fast unto the woodlande drewe,
 Hiltring ¹¹ attenes ¹² the funnis fetive ¹³ face,
 And the blacke tempeste swolne and gathered up apace.

Beneathe an holme, faste by a pathwaie side, 15
 Which dide unto Seyncte Godwine's covent ¹⁴ lede,
 A hapless pilgrim moneynge did abide,
 Pore in his viewe, ungentle ¹⁵ in his weede,
 Longe bratful ¹⁶ of the miseries of neede,
 Where from the hail-stone coulde the almer ¹⁷ flie? 20
 He had no housen theree, ne anie covent nie.

Look in his glommed ¹⁸ face, his sprighte there scanne;
 Howe woe-be-gone, how withered, forwynd ¹⁹, deade!

¹⁰ Arose. ¹¹ hiding, shrouding. ¹² at once. ¹³ beauteous. ¹⁴ It would have been *charitable*, if the author had not pointed at personal characters in this Ballad of Charity. The Abbot of St. Godwin's at the time of the writing of this was Ralph de Bellomont, a great stickler for the Lancastrian family. Rowley was a Yorkist. ¹⁵ beggarly. ¹⁶ filled with. ¹⁷ beggar. ¹⁸ clouded, dejected. A person of some note in the literary world is of opinion, that *glum* and *glom* are modern cant words; and from this circumstance doubts the authenticity of Rowley's Manuscripts. *Glum-mong* in the Saxon signifies twilight, a dark or dubious light; and the modern word *gloomy* is derived from the Saxon *glum*. ¹⁹ dry, fapless.

Haste

Haste to thie church-glebe-house ²⁰, afshrewed ²¹
manne!

Haste to thie kiste ²², thie onlie dortoure ²³ bedde. ²⁵
Cale, as the claie whiche will gre on thie hedde,
Is Charitie and Love aminge highe elves;
Knightis and Barons live for pleasure and themselves.

The gatherd storme is rype; the bigge drops falle;
The forfwat ²⁴ meadowes smethe ²⁵, and drenche ²⁶ the
raine; 30
The comyng ghastnes do the cattle pall ²⁷,
And the full flockes are drivynge ore the plaine;
Dafhde from the cloudes the waters flott ²⁸ againe;
The welkin opes; the yellow levynne ²⁹ flies;
And the hot fierie smothe ³⁰ in the wide lowings ³¹
dies. 35

Liste! now the thunder's rattling clymmynge ³² found
Cheves ³³ slowlie on, and then embollen ³⁴ clangs,

²⁰ The grave. ²¹ accursed, unfortunate. ²² coffin. ²³ a sleeping room. ²⁴ sun-burnt. ²⁵ smoke. ²⁶ drink. ²⁷ pall, a contraction from *appall*, to fright. ²⁸ fly. ²⁹ lightning. ³⁰ steam, or vapours. ³¹ flames. ³² noisy. ³³ moves. ³⁴ swelled, strengthened.

66 AN EXCELENTE BALADE

Shakes the hie spyre, and losst, dispended, drownd,
 Still on the gallard ³⁵ care of terroure hanges;
 The windes are up; the lofty elmen swanges; 40
 Again the levynne and the thunder poures,
 And the full cloudes are braste ³⁶ attenes in stonen
 showers.

Spurreynge his palfrie oere the watrie plaine,
 The Abbote of Seyncte Godwynes convente came;
 His chapournette ³⁷ was drented with the reine, 45
 And his penete ³⁸ gyrdle met with mickle shame;
 He aynewarde tolde his bederoll ³⁹ at the same;
 The storme encreasen, and he drew aside,
 With the mist ⁴⁰ almes craver neere to the holme to
 bide.

His cope ⁴¹ was all of Lyncolnie clothe so fyne, 50
 With a gold button fasten'd neere his chynne;
 His autremete ⁴² was edged with golden twynne,

³⁵ Frighted. ³⁶ burst. ³⁷ a small round hat, not unlike the shapournette in heraldry, formerly worn by Ecclesiastics and Lawyers.
³⁸ painted. ³⁹ He told his beads backwards; a figurative expression to signify curling. ⁴⁰ poor, needy. ⁴¹ a cloak. ⁴² a loose white robe, worn by Priests.

And

And his shoone pyke a lovers ⁴¹ mighte have binne,
 Full well it shewn he thoughten coste no sinne:
 The trammels of the palfrye pleasde his fighte, 55
 For the horse-millanare ⁴⁴ his head with roses dighte.

An almes, fir prieste! the droppynge pilgrim saide,
 O! let me waite within your covente dore,
 Till the sunne sheneth hie above our heade,
 And the loude tempeste of the aire is oer; 60
 Helpeles and ould am I alas! and poor;
 No house, ne friend, ne moneie in my pouche;
 All yatte I call my owne is this my silver crouche.

Variet, replyd the Abbatte, cease your dinne;
 This is no season almes and prayers to give; 65
 Mie porter never lets a faitour ⁴⁵ in;
 None touch mie rynge who not in honour live.
 And now the sonne with the blacke cloudes did
 stryve,
 And shettynge on the grounde his glairie raie,
 The Abbatte spurde his steede, and estfoones roadde
 awaie. 70

⁴³ A lord. ⁴⁴ I believe this trade is still in being, though but seldom employed. ⁴⁵ a beggar, or vagabond.

Once moe the skie was blacke, the thounder rolde;
 Faste reyneynge oer the plaine a prieste was seen;
 Ne dighte full proude, ne buttoned up in golde;
 His cope and jape ⁴⁶ were graie, and eke were elese;
 A Limitoure he was of order seene; 75
 And from the pathwaie side then turned hee,
 Where the pore almer laie binethe the holmen tree.

An almes, fir priest! the droppynge pilgrim sayde,
 For sweete Seyncte Marie and your order sake.
 The Limitoure then loosened his pouche threde,
 And did thereoute a groate of silver take;
 The mister pilgrim dyd for halline ⁴⁷ shake.
 Here take this silver, it maie eathe ⁴⁸ thie care;
 We are Goddes stewards all, nete ⁴⁹ of oure owne we
 bare.

But ah! unhailie ⁵⁰ pilgrim, lerne of me,
 Scathe anie give a rentrolle to their Lorde.
 Here take my femecope ⁵¹, thou arte bare I see;

⁴⁶ A short surplice, worn by Friars of an inferior class, and secular priests. ⁴⁷ joy. ⁴⁸ ease. ⁴⁹ nought. ⁵⁰ unhappy. ⁵¹ a short under-cloke.

Tis thine; the Seynctes will give me mie rewarde.

He left the pilgrim, and his waie aborde.

Virgynne and hallie Seyncte, who fitte yn gloure¹²,

Or give the mittee¹³ will, or give the gode man power.

¹² Glory. ¹³ mighty, rich.

BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

[N° 1.]

O CHRYSTE, it is a grief for me to telle,
 How manie a nobil erle and valrous knyghte
 In fyghtynge for Kynge Harrold noblie fell,
 Al sleyme in Hastyngs feeld in bloudie fyghte.
 O sea! our teeming donore han thy floude, 5
 Han anie fructuous entendement,
 Thou wouldst have rose and sank wyth tydes of bloude,
 Before Duke Wyllyam's knyghts han hither went;
 Whose cownt arrows manie erles sleyme,
 And brued the feeld wyth bloude as season rayne. 10

And of his knyghtes did eke full manie die,
 All passyng hie, of mickle myghte echone,
 Whose poygnant arrowes, typp'd with destynie,
 Caus'd manie wydowes to make myckle mone.

Lordynges,

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 211

Lordynges, avaunt, that chycken-harted are, 15

From out of hearynge quicklie now departe ;

Full well I wote, to synge of bloudie warre

Will greeve your tenderlie and mayden harte.

Go, do the weaklie womman inn mann's geare,

And fcond your mansion if grymm war come there. 20

Soone as the erlie maten belle was tolde,

And sonne was come to byd us all good daie,

Bothe armies on the feeld, both brave and bolde,

Prepar'd for fyghte in champyon arraie.

As when two bulles, destynde for Hocktide fyghte, 25

Are yoked bie the necke within a sparre,

Theie rend the erthe, and travellyrs affryghte,

Lackynge to gage the sportive bloudie warre ;

Soe lacked Harroldes menne to come to blowes,

The Normans lacked for to wielde their bowes. 30

Kynge Harrolde turnynge to hys leegemen spake ;

My merrie men, be not caste downe in mynde ;

Your onlie lode for aye to mar or make,

Before yon sunne has donde his welke, you'll fynde.

Your lovyng wife, who erst dyd rid the londe 35

Of Lurdanes, and the treasure that you han,

212 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Wyll falle into the Normanne robber's honde,
Unlesse with honde and harte you plaie the manne.
Cheer up youre hartes, chafe sorrowe farre awaie,
Godde and Seyncte Cuthbert be the worde to daie. 40

And thenne Duke Wylliam to his knyghtes did saie;
My merrie menne, be bravelie everiche;
Gif I do gayn the honore of the daie,
Ech one of you I will make myckle riche.
Beer you in mynde, we for a kyngdomm fyghte; 45
Lordshippes and honores echone shall possesse;
Be this the worde to daie, God and my Ryghte;
Ne doubte but God will oure true cause blesse.
The clarions then sounded sharpe and shrille;
Deathdoeynge blades were out intent to kille. 50

And brave Kyng Harrolde had now donde hys saie;
He threwe wythe myghte amayne hys shorte horse-spear,
The noise it made the duke to turn awaie,
And hyt his knyghte, de Beque, upon the ear.
His cristede beaver dyd him smalle abounde; 55
The cruel spear went thorough all his hede;
The purpel bloude came goushyng to the grounde,
And at Duke Wylliam's feet he tumbled deade:
So

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 213

So fell the myghtie tower of Standrip, whenne
It felte the furie of the Danish menne. 60

O Afflem, son of Cuthbert, holie Sayncte,
Come ayde thy freend, and shewe Duke Wylliams payne;
Take up thy pencyl, all hys features paincte;
Thy coloryng excells a synger strayne.
Duke Wylliam sawe hys freende sleyn piteoullie, 65
His lovyng freende whome he muche honored,
For he han lov'd hym from puerilitie,
And theie together bothe han bin ybred:

O! in Duke Wylliam's harte it raysde a flame,
To whiche the rage of emptie wolves is tame. 70

He tooke a brasen crosse-bowe in his honde,
And drewe it harde with all hys myghte amein,
Ne doubtyng but the bravest in the londe
Han by his foundynge arrowe-lede bene sleyn.
Alured's stede, the fynest stede alive, 75
Bye comelie forme knowlached from the rest;
But nowe his destind howre dyd aryve,
The arrowe hyt upon his milkwhite breste;

So have I seen a ladie-smock soe white,
Blown in the mornynge, and mowd downe at night. 80

214 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

With thilk a force it dyd his bodie gore,
 That in his tender guttes it entered,
 In veritee a fulle clothe yarde or more,
 And downe with flaiten noyse he funken dede,
 Brave Alured, benethe his faithfull horse, 85
 Was smeerd all over withe the gorie duste,
 And on hym laie the recer's lukewarme corse,
 That Alured coule not hymself aluste.

The standyng Normans drew theyr bowe echone,
 And broght full manie Englysh champyons downe. 90

The Normans kept aloofe, at distaunce styll;
 The Englysh nete but short horse-spears could welde;
 The Englysh manie dethe-sure dartes did kille,
 And manie arrowes twang'd upon the sheelde.
 Kyng Haroldes knyghts desir'de for hendie stroke, 95
 And marched furious o'er the bloudie pleyne,
 In bodie close, and made the pleyne to smoke;
 Theire sheelds rebounded arrowes back agayne.

The Normans stode aloofe, nor hede the same,
 Their arrowes woulde do dethe, tho' from far of they
 came, 100

Duke

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 215

Duke Wyllyam drewe agen hys arrowe ftrynge,
An arrowe withe a sylver-hede drewe he;
The arrowe dauncyng in the ayre dyd synge,
And hytt the horse Tofselyn on the knee.
At this brave Tofslyn threwe his short horse-speare; 105
Duke Wyllyam stooped to avoyde the blowe;
The yrone weapon hummed in his eare,
And hitte Sir Doullie Naibor on the prow:
Upon his helme foe furious was the stroke,
It splete his bever, and the ryvets broke. 110

Downe fell the beaver by Tofslyn splete in twaine,
And onn his hede expos'd a punie wounde,
But on Destoutvilles sholder came ameine,
And fell'd the champyon to the bloudie grounde.
Then Doullie myghte his boweftrynge drewe, 115
Enthoughte to gyve brave Tofslyn bloudie wounde,
But Harolde's afenglave stepp'd it as it flewe,
And it fell bootles on the bloudie grounde.
Siere Doullie, when he sawe hys venge thus broke,
Death-doyng blade from out the scabard toke. 120

And now the battail clofde on everych syde,
And face to face appeard the knyghts full brave;

216 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

They lifted up their bylles with myckle pryde,
 And manie woundes unto the Normans gave.
 So have I sene two weirs at once give grounde, 125
 White fomyng hygh to rorynge combat runne;
 In roaryng dyn and heayen-breaking founde,
 Burste waves on waves, and spangle in the sunne;
 And when their myghte in burstyng waves is fled,
 Like cowards, stole along their ozy bede. 130

Yonge Egelrede, a knyghte of comelie mien,
 Affynd unto the kynge of Dynesfarre,
 At echone tylte and tourney he was seene,
 And lov'd to be amonge the bloudie warre;
 He couch'd hys launce, and ran wyth mickle myghte 135
 Ageinste the brest of Sieur de Bonoboe;
 He grond and sunken on the place of fyghte,
 O Chryste! to fele his wounde, his harte was woe.
 Ten thousand thoughtes push'd in upon his mynde,
 Not for hymselfe, but those he left behynde. 140

He dy'd and leffed wyfe and chyldren tweine,
 Whom he wyth cheryshment did dearlie love;
 In Englande's court, in goode Kynge Edward's regne,
 He wonne the tylte, and ware her crymson glove;

And

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 217

And thence unto the place where he was borne, 145

Together with hys welthe & better wyfe,

To Normandie he dyd perdie returne,

In peace and quietnesse to lead his lyfe;

And now with fovrayn Wylliam he came,

To die in battel, or get welthe and fame. 150

Then, swefte as lyghtnyng, Egelredus set

Agaynst du Barlie of the mounten head;

In his dere hartes bloude his longe launce was wett,

And from his courser down he tumbled dede.

So have I sene a mountayne oak, that longe 155

Has caste his shadowe to the mountayne syde,

Brave all the wyndes, tho' ever they so stronge.

And view the briers belowe with self-taught pride;

But, whan throwne downe by mightie thunder stroke,

He'de rather bee a bryer than an oke. 160

Then Egelred dyd in a declynie

Hys launce uprere with all hys myghte ameine,

And strok Fitzport upon the dexter eye,

And at his pole the spear came out agayne.

Butt as he drewe it forthe, an arrowe fledde 165

Wyth mickle myght sent from de Tracy's bowe,

And

218 **BATTLE OF HASTINGS.**

And at hys fyde the arrowe entered,
And oute the crymson streme of bloude gan flowe ;
In purple strekes it dyd his armer staine,
And smok'd in puddles on the dustie plaine. 170

But Egelred, before he funken downe,
With all his myghte amein his spear besped,
It hytte Bertrammil Manne upon the crowne,
And bothe together quicklie funken dede.
So have I seen a rocke o'er others hange, 175
Who stronglie plac'd laughde at his slippry state,
But when he falls with heaven-peercynge bange
That he the sleeve unravels all their fate,
And broken onn the beech thys lesson speak,
The stronge and firme should not defame the weake. 180

Howel ap Jevah came from Matraual,
Where he by chaunce han slayne a noble's son,
And now was come to fyghte at Harold's call,
And in the battel he much goode han done ;
Unto Kyng Harold he foughte mickle near, 185
For he was yeoman of the bodie guard ;
And with a targyt and a fyghtyng spear,
He of his boddie han kepte watch and ward :

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 219

True as a shadow to a substant thyng,
So true he guarded Harold hys good kynge. 190

But when Egelred tumbled to the ground,
He from Kynge Harolde quicklie dyd advaunce,
And strooke de Tracie thilk a crewel wounde,
Hys harte and lever came out on the launce.
And then retyred for to guarde his kynge, 195
On dented launce he bore the harte awaie;
An arrowe came from Auffroie Griel's stryng,
Into hys heele betwyxt hys yron staie;
The grey-goose pynion, that thereon was sett,
Eftsoons wyth smokyng crymson bloud was wett. 200

His bloude at this was waxen flaminge hotte,
Without adoe he turned once agayne,
And hytt de Griel thilk a blowe, God wote,
Maugre hys helme, he splete his hede in twayne.
This Auffroie was a manne of mickle pryde, 205
Whose featliest bewty ladden in his face;
His chaunce in warr he ne before han tryde,
But lyv'd in love and Rosaline's embrace;
And like a useles weede amonge the haie
Amonge the fleine warriours Griel laie. 210
Kynge

220 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Kynge Harolde then he putt his yeomen bie,
 And ferlie ryd into the bloudie fyghte ;
 Erle Ethelwolf, and Goodrick, and Alfie,
 Cuthbert, and Goddard, mical menne of myghte,
 Ethelwin, Ethelbert, and Egwin too, 215
 Effred the famous, and Erle Ethelwarde,
 Kynge Harolde's leegemenn, erlies hie and true,
 Rode after hym, his bodie for to guarde ;
 The reste of erlies, fyghtynge other wheres,
 Stained with Norman bloude their fyghtynge
 speres. 220

As when some ryver with the season raynes
 White fomyng hie doth breke the bridges oft,
 Oerturns the hamelet and all conteins,
 And layeth oer the hylls a muddie soft ;
 So Harold ranne upon his Normanne foes, 225
 And layde the greate and small upon the grounde,
 And delte among them thilke a store of blowes,
 Full manie a Normanne fell by him dede wounde ;
 So who he be that ouphant faeries strike,
 Their soules will wander to Kynge Offa's dyke. 230

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 221

Fitz Salnarville, Duke William's favourite knyghte,
To noble Edelwarde his life dyd yelde;
Withe hys tylte launce hee stroke with thilk a myghte,
The Norman's bowels steemde upon the feeld.
Old Salnarville beheld hys son lie ded, 235
Against Erle Edelward his bowe-strynge drewe;
But Harold at one blowe made tweine his head;
He dy'd before the poignant arrowe flew.

So was the hope of all the issue gone,
And in one battle fell the sire and son. 240

De Aubignee rod fercely thro' the fyghte,
To where the boddie of Salnarville laie;
Quod he; And art thou ded, thou manne of myghte?
I'll be revengd, or die for thee this daie.
Die then thou shalt, Erle Ethelwarde he said; 245
I am a cunnynge erle, and that can tell;
Then drewe hys swerde, and ghastlie cut hys hede,
And on his freend eftsoons he lifeless fell,
Stretch'd on the bloudie pleyne; great God forefend,
It be the fate of no such trustie freende! 250

Then Egwinieur Pikeny did attaque;
He turned aboute and vilely souden fle;

But

222 BATTLE OF HASTINGS

But Egwyn cutt so deepe into his backe,
 He rolled on the ground and soon dyd die.
 His distant sonne, Sire Romara de Biere, 255
 Sought to revenge his fallen kynsman's lote,
 But soone Erle Cuthbert's dented fyghtyng spear
 Stucke in his harte, and stayd his speed, God wote.
 He tumbled downe close by hys kynsman's fyde,
 Myngle their stremes of purple bloude, and dy'd. 260

And now an arrowe from a bowe unwote
 Into Erle Cuthbert's harte eftsoons dyd flee;
 Who dying sayd; ah me! how hard my lote!
 Now flayne, mayhap, of one of lowe degree.
 So have I seen a leafie elm of yore 265
 Have been the pride and glorie of the pleine;
 But, when the spendyng landlord is growne poore,
 It falls benethe the axe of some rude sweine;
 And like the oke, the foveran of the woode,
 It's fallen boddie tells you how it stoode. 270

When Edelward perceevd Erle Cuthbert die,
 On Hubert strongest of the Normanne crewe,
 As wolfs when hungred on the cattel fle,
 So Edelward amaine upon him flewe.

With

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 223

With thilk a force he hyt hym to the ground; 275

And was demasing howe to take his life,

When he behynde received a ghastlie wounde

Gyven by de Torcie, with a stabbyng knyfe;

Base trecherous Normannes, if such actes you doe,

The conquer'd maie clame victorie of you. 280

The erlie felt de Torcie's trecherous knyfe

Han made his crymson bloude and spirits floe;

And knowlachyng he soon must quyt this lyfe,

Resolved Hubert should too with hym goe.

He held his trustie swerd against his breste, 285

And down he fell, and peerc'd him to the harte;

And both together then did take their reste,

Their soules from corpses unaknell'd depart;

And both together foughte the unknown shore,

Where we shall goe, where manie's gon before. 290

Kynge Harolde Torcie's trechery dyd spie,

And his alofe his temper'd swerde dyd welde,

Cut offe his arme, and made the bloude to fle,

His prooffe steel armoure did him littel sheelde;

And not contente, he splete his hede in twaine, 295

And down he tumbled on the bloudie ground;

Mean

224 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Mean while the other erlies on the playne
 Gave and received manie a bloudie wounde,
 Such as the arts in warre han learnt with care;
 But manie knyghtes were men in women's geer: 300

Herrewald, borne on Sarim's spreddyng plaine,
 Where Thor's fam'd temple manie ages stode;
 Where Druids, auncient preefts, did ryghtes ordaine;
 And in the middle shed the victyms bloude;
 Where auncient Bardi dyd their verses synge 305
 Of Cæsar conquer'd, and his mighty hoste,
 And how old Tynyan, necromancing kyng,
 Wreck'd all hys shyping on the Brittish coaste,
 And made hym in his tatter'd barks to flie,
 'Till Tynyan's dethe and opportunity. 310

To make it more renommed than before,
 (I, tho a Saxon, yet the truthe will telle)
 The Saxonnez steynd the place wyth Brittish gore,
 Where nete but bloud of sacrifices felle.
 Tho' Chrystians, styлле they thoghte mouche of the
 pile, 315
 And here thei mett when causes dyd it neede;

'Twas

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 225

'Twas here the auncient Elders of the Isle
 Dyd by the trecherie of Hengist bleede ;
 O Hengist ! han thy cause bin good and true,
 Thou wouldst such murdrous acts as these eschew. 320

The erlie was a manne of hie degree,
 And han that daie full manie Normannes sleite ;
 Three Norman Champyons of hie degree
 He leste to smoke upon the bloudie pleine :
 The Sier Fitzbotewilleine did then advaunce, 325
 And with his bowe he smote the erlies hede ;
 Who eftsoons gored hym with his tylting launce,
 And at his horses feet he tumbled dede :
 His partyng spirit hovered o'er the floude
 Of soddayne roushyng mouche lov'd purple
 bloude. 330

De Viponte then, a squier of low degree,
 An arrowe drewe with all his myghte ameine ;
 The arrowe graz'd upon the erlies knee,
 A punie wounde, that causd but littel peine.
 So have I seene a Dolthead place a stone, 335
 Eathoghte to staie a driving rivers course ;

Q

But

226 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

But better han it bin to lett alone,
 It onlie drives it on with mickle force;
 The erlie, wounded by so bafe a hynde,
 Rays'd furyous doyns in his noble mynde. 340

The Siere Chatillion, yonger of that name,
 Advauced next before the erlie's fyghte;
 His fader was a manne of mickle fame,
 And he renomde and valorous in fyghte.
 Chatillion his trustie swerd forth drewe, 345
 The erle drawes his, menne both of mickle myghte;
 And at eche other vengoussie they flewe,
 As mastie dogs at Hocktide fet to fyghte;
 Bothe scornd to yelde, and bothe abhor'de to fle,
 Resolv'd to vanquishe, or resolv'd to die. 350

Chatillion hyt the erlie on the hede,
 Thatt splytte eftsoons his cristed helm in twayne;
 Whiche he perforce withe target covered,
 And to the battel went with myghte ameine.
 The erlie hytte Chatillion thilke a blowe 355
 Upon his breste, his harte was plein to see;
 He tumbled at the horses feet alsoe,
 And in dethe panges he seez'd the recer's knee:

Faste

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 227

Faste as the ivy rounde the oke doth clymbe,
So faste he dying gryp'd the recer's lymbe. 360

The recer then beganne to flynge and kicke,
And toste the erlie farr off to the grounde;
The erlie's squier then a swerde did sticke
Into his harte, a dedlie ghastlie wounde;
And downe he felle upon the crymson pleine, 365
Upon Chatillion's soulesse corse of claie;
A puddlie streame of bloude flow'd oute ameine;
Stretch'd out at length besmer'd with gore he laie;
As some tall oke fell'd from the greenie plaine,
To live a second time upon the main. 370

The erlie nowe an horse and beaver han,
And nowe agayne appered on the feeld;
And manie a mickle knyghte and mightie manne
To his dethe-doyng swerd his life did yeeld;
When Siere de Broque an arrowe longe lett fle, 375
Intending Herewaldus to have sleyn;
It miss'd; butt hytte Edardus on the eye,
And at his pole came out with horrid payne.
Edardus felle upon the bloudie grounde,
His noble soule came roushyng from the wounde. 380

Thys Herewald perceed, and full of ire
 He on the Siere de Broque with furie came ;
 Quod he ; thou'ft slaughtred my beloved squier,
 But I will be revenged for the fame,
 Into his bowels then his launce he thruſte, 383
 And drew thereout a ſteemie drierie lode ;
 Quod he ; theſe offals are for ever curſt,
 Shall ſerve the coughs, and rooks, and dawes, for foode.
 Then on the pleine the ſteemie lode hee throwde,
 Smokyng wyth lyfe, and dy'd with crymſon
 bloude. 390

Fitz Broque, who ſaw his father killen lie,
 Ah me ! ſayde he ; what woeful ſyghte I ſee !
 But now I muſt do ſomethyng more than ſighe ;
 And then an arrowe from the bowe drew he.
 Beneth the erlie's navil came the darte ; 395
 Fitz Broque on foote han drawne it from the bowe ;
 And upwards went into the erlie's harte,
 And out the crymſon ſtreme of bloude 'gan flowe.
 As fromm a hatch, drawne with a vehement geir,
 White ruſhe the burſtyng waves, and roar along the
 weir. 400

The

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 229

The erle with one honde grasped the recer's mayne,
And with the other he his launce besped;
And then felle bleedyng on the bloudie plaine.
His launce it hytte Fitz Broque upon the hede;
Upon his hede it made a wounde full flyghte, 405
But peer'd his shoulder, ghastlie wounde inferne,
Before his optics daunced a shade of nyghte,
Whyche soone were closed ynn a sleepe eterne.
The noble erlie than, withote a grone,
Took flyghte, to fynde the regyons unknowne. 410

Brave Alured from binethe his noble horse
Was gotten on his leggs, with bloude all smore;
And now eletten on another horse,
Eftsoons he withe his launce did manie gore.
The coward Norman knyghtes before hym fledde, 415
And from a distaunce sent their arrowes keene;
But noe such destinie awaits his hedde,
As to be fleyen by a wighte so meene.
Tho oft the oke falls by the villen's shock,
'Tys moe than hyndes can do, to move the rock. 420

425

43Q

435

44Q

He

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 231

He gryped hard the bloudie murdring launce,
And in a grone he left this mortel lyfe.
Behynde the erlie Fiscampe did advaunce,
Bethoghte to kill him with a stabbynge knife;
But Egward, who perceevd his fowle intent, 445
Eftsoons his trustie swerde he forthwyth drewe,
And thilke a cruel blowe to Fiscampe sent,
That soule and bodie's bloude at one gate flewe.
Thilk deeds do all deserve, whose deeds so fowle
Will black theire earthlie name, if not their soule. 450

When lo! an arrowe from Walleris honde,
Winged with fate and dethe daunced alonge;
And flewe the noble flower of Powyslonde,
Howel ap Jevah, who yclepd the stronge.
Whan he the first mischaunce received han, 455
With horsemans haste he from the armie rodde;
And did repaire unto the cunnyng manne,
Who fange a charme, that dyd it mickle goode;
Then praid Seyncte Cuthbert, and our holie Dame,
To bleffe his labour, and to heal the same. 460

232 **BATTLE OF HASTINGS**

Then drewe the arröwe, and the wounde did feck,
 And putt the teint of holie herbies on ;
 And putt a rowe of bloude-stones round his neck ;
 And then did say ; go, champion, get agone.
 And now was comynge Harrolde to defend, 465
 And metten with Walleris cruel darte ;
 His sheelde of wolf-skin did him not attend,
 The arrow peerced into his noble harte ;
 As some tall oke, hewn from the mountayne hed,
 Falls to the pleine ; so fell the warriour dede. 470

His countryman, brave Mervyn ap Teudor,
 Who love of hym han from his country gone,
 When he perceevd his friend lie in his gore,
 As furious as a mountayne wolf he ranne.
 As ouphant faeries, whan the moone sheenes bryghte, 475
 In littel circles daunce upon the greene,
 All living creatures fle far from their syghte,
 Ne by the race of destinie be seen ;
 For what he be that ouphant faeries stryke,
 Their soules will wander to Kyng Offa's dyke. 480

So from the face of Mervyn Tewdor brave
 The Normans eftsoons fled awaie aghaste ;

And

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 233

And lefte behynde their bowe and asenglave,
For fear of hym, in thilk a cownt haste.
His garb sufficient were to move affryghte; 485

A wolf skin girded round his myddle was;
A bear skyn, from Norwegians wan in fyghte,
Was tytend round his shoulders by the claws:

So Hercules, 'tis surges much like to him,
Upon his sholder wore a lyon's skin. 490

Upon his thyghes and harte-sweste legges he wore
A hugie goat skyn, all of one grete peice;
A boar skyn sheelde on his bare armes he bore;
His gauntletts were the skynn of harte of greece.
They fledde; he followed close upon their heels, 495

Vowynge vengeance for his deare countrymanne;
And Siere de Sancelotte his vengeance fçels;
He peerc'd hys backe, and out the bloude ytt ranne.

His bloude went downe the swerde unto his arme,
In springing rivulet, alive and warme. 500

His swerde was shorte, and broade, and myckle keene,
And no mann's bone could stoppe to stoppe itt waie;
The Normann's harte in partes two cutt cleane,
He clos'd his eyne, and clos'd hys eyne for aie,

Then

234 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Then with his swerde he sett on Fitz du Valle, 505
 A knyghte mouch famous for to runne at tylte ;
 With thilk a furie on hym he dyd falle,
 Into his neck he ranne the swerde and hylte ;
 As myghtie lyghtenyng often has been founde,
 To drive an oke into unfallow'd grounde. 510

And with the swerde, that in his neck yet stoke,
 The Norman fell unto the bloudie grounde ;
 And with the fall ap Tewdore's swerde he broke,
 And bloude afreshe came trickling from the wounde.
 As whan the hyndes, before a mountayne wolfe, 515
 Flie from his paws, and angrie vyfage grym ;
 But when he falls into the pittie golphe,
 They dare hym to his bearde, and battone hym ;
 And cause he fryghted them so muche before,
 Lyke cowart hyndes, they battone hym the more. 520

So, whan they sawe ap Tewdore was bereft
 Of his keen swerde, thatt wroghte thilke great dismaie,
 They turned about, eftsoons upon hym lepte,
 And full a score engaged in the fraie,
 Mervyn ap Tewdore, ragyng as a bear, 525
 Seiz'd on the beaver of the Sier de Laque ;

And

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 235

And wring'd his hedde with such a vehement gier,
His visage was turned round unto his backe.

Backe to his harte retyr'd the useles gore,

And felle upon the pleine to rise no more. 530

Then on the mightie Siere Fitz Pierce he flew,

And broke his helm and seiz'd hym bie the throte :

Then manie Normann knyghtes their arrowes drew,

That enter'd into Mervyn's harte, God wote.

In dying panges he gryp'd his throte more stronge, 535

And from their sockets started out his eyes ;

And from his mouthe came out his blameles tonge ;

And bothe in peyne and anguishe eftsfooon dies.

As some rude rocke torne from his bed of claie,

Stretch'd onn the pleyne the brave ap Tewdore

laie.

540

And now Erle Ethelbert and Egward came

Brave Mervyn from the Normannes to assist ;

A myghtie fiere, Fitz Chatulet bie name,

An arrowe drew, that dyd them littel list.

Erle Egward points his launce at Chatulet,

545

And Ethelbert at Walleris set his ;

And

236 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

And Egwald dyd the fiere a hard blowe hytt,
But Ethelbert by a myschaunce dyd mis:

Fear laide Walleris flat upon the strande,

He ne deserved a death from erlies hande.

550

Betwyxt the ribbes of Sire Fitz Chatelet
The poynted launce of Egward did ypass;
The distaunt fyde thereof was ruddie wet,
And he fell breathless on the bloudie grafs.

As cowart Walleris laie on the grounde,

555

The dreaded weapon hummed oer his heade,

And hytt the squier thylke a lethal wounde,

Upon his fallen lorde he tumbled dead:

Oh shame to Norman armes! a lord a slave,

A captyve villeyne than a lorde more brave!

560

From Chatelet hys launce Erle Egward drew,

And hit Wallerie on the dexter cheek;

Peerc'd to his braine, and cut his tongue in two:

There, knyght, quod he, let that thy actions speak—

* * * * *

BATTLE

BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

[N^o 2.]



OH Truth! immortal daughter of the skies,
 Too lyttle known to wryters of these daies,
 Teach me, fayre Saincte! thy passyng worthe to
 pryze,
 To blame a friend and give a foeman prayse,
 The fickle moone, bedeckt wythe sylver rays, 5
 Leadynge a traine of starres of feeble lyghte,
 With look adigne the worlde belowe surveies,
 The world, that wotted not it could be nyghte;
 Wyth armour dyd, with human gore ydeyd,
 She sees Kynge Harolde stande, fayre Englands curse and
 pryde. 10

With ale and vernage drunk his souldiers lay;
 Here was an hynde, anie an erlie spredde;

238 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Sad keepynge of their leaders natal daie!
 This even in drinke, toomorrow with the dead!
 Thro' everie troope disorder reer'd her hedde; 15
 Dancyng and heideignes was the onlie theme;
 Sad dome was theires, who leste this easie bedde;
 And wak'd in torments from so sweet a dream.
 Duke Williams menne, of comeing dethe afraide,
 All nyghte to the great Godde for succour askd and
 praied. 20

Thus Hareide to his wites that stode arounde;
 Goe, Gyrthe and Eilward, take bills halfe a score,
 And searh how farre our foeman's campe doth
 bound;
 Yourself have rede; I nede to saie ne more.
 My brother best befor'd of anie ore, 25
 My Leofwinus, goe to everich wite,
 Tell them to raunge the battel to the grore,
 And waiten tyll I sende the heft for fyghte.
 He saide; the loieaul broders leste the place,
 Succes and cheerfulness depicte on ech face. 30

Slowelie brave Gyrthe and Eilwarde dyd advaunce,
 And markd wyth care the armies dystant syde,
 When

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 239

When the dyre clatterynge of the shielde, and launce
 Made them to be by Hugh Fitzhugh espyd.
 He lyfted up his voice, and lowdlie cryd ; 35
 Like wolfs in wintere did the Normanne yell ;
 Girthe drew hys swerde, and cutte hys burled hyde ;
 The proto-flene manne of the fiele he felle ;
 Out streemd the bloude, and ran in smokyng curles,
 Reflected bie the moone seemd rubies mixt wyth
 pearles. 40

A troope of Normannes from the mafs-songe came,
 Roud from their praiers by the flotting crie ;
 Thoughe Girthe and Ailwardus perceevd the fame,
 Not once theie stoode abafhd, or thoghte to flie.
 He feizd a bill, to conquer or to die ; 45
 Fierce as a clevis from a rocke ytorne,
 That makes a vallis wheresoe're it lie ;
 * Fierce as a ryver burftyng from the borne ;
 So fiercelie Gyrthe hitte Fitz du Gore a blowe,
 And on the verdaunt playne he layde the champyone
 lowe. 50

* In Turgott's tyme Holenwell brafte of erthe so fierce that it threw
 a stone-mell carrying the fame awaie. J. Lydgate ne knowynge this
 leste out o line.

Tancarville

240 BATTLE OF HASTINGS

Tancarville thus; alle peace in Williams name;
 Let none edraw his arcublaste bowe.
 Gyrthe cas'd his weppone, as he hearde the same,
 And vengynge Normannes staid the flyinge floe.
 The fire wente onne; ye menne, what mean ye for 55
 Thus unprovokd to courte a bloudie fyghte?
 Quod Gyrthe; oure meanyng we ne care to shewe,
 Nor dread thy duke wyth all his men of myghte;
 Here singe onlie these to all thie crewe
 Shall shewe what Englysh handes and heartes can doe. 60

Seek not for bloude, Tancarville calme replyd,
 Nor joie in dethe, lyke madmen most distraught;
 In peace and mercy is a Chrystians pryde;
 He that dothe contestes pryze is in a faulte.
 And now the news was to Duke William brought, 65
 That men of Haroldes armie taken were;
 For theyre good cheere all caties were enthoughte,
 And Gyrthe and Eilwardus enjoi'd goode cheere.
 Quod Willyam; thus shall Willyam be founde
 A friend to everie manne that treades on Englysh
 ground.

70

Erle

BATTLE OF HASTINGS: 241

Erle Leofwinus throwhe the campe ypass'd,
 And sawe bothe men and erlies on the ground;
 They slepte, as thoughe they woulde have slepte theyr
 last,

And hadd alreadie felte theyr fatale wounde.

He started backe, and was wyth shame astownd; 75

Loked wanne wyth anger, and he shooke wyth rage;
 When through the hollow tentes these wordes dyd
 found,

Rowse from your sleepe, detratours of the age!

Was it for thys the stoute Norwegian bledde?

Awake, ye huscarles, now, or waken wyth the dead. 80

As when the shepster in the shadie bowre

In jintle slumbers chase the heat of daie,

Hears doublyng echoe wind the wolfin's rore,

That neare hys flocke is watchyng for a praie,

He tremblyng for his sheep drives dreeme awaie, 85

Gripes faste hys burled croke, and sore adradde

Wyth fleeting strides he hastens to the fraie,

And rage and prowels fyres the coistrell lad;

With trustie talbors to the battel flies,

And yell of men and dogs and wolfin's tear the skies. 90

R:

Such

242 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Such was the dire confusion of eche wite,
 That rose from sleep and walsome power of wine;
 Theie thoughte the foe by trechit yn the nyghte
 Had broke theyr camp and gotten paste the line;
 Now here now there the burnysht sheeldes and byll-
 spear shine; 95

Throwrote the campe a wild confusionne spredde;
 Eche bracd hys armlace fiker ne desygne,
 The crested helmet noddod on the hedde;
 Some caught a slughorne, and an onfett wounde;
 Kynge Harolde hearde the charge, and wondred at the
 founde. 100

Thus Leofwine; O women cas'd in stele!
 Was itte for thys Norwegia's stubborn fede
 Throughe the black armoure dyd the anlace sele,
 And rybbes of solid brasse were made to bleede?
 Whylst yet the worlde was wondrynge at the
 deede. 105

You souldiers, that shoulde stand with byll in hand,
 Get full of wine, devoid of any rede.

Oh shame! oh dyre dishonoure to the lande!

He

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 243

He sayde; and shame on everie vilage spredde;
Ne sawe the erlies fate, but addawd hang their head. 110

Thus he; rowze yee, and forme the boddie tyghte.
The Kentysh menne in fronte, for strenght renound,
Next the Brystowans dare the bloudie fyghte,
And last the numerous crewe shall presse the grounde.
I and my king be wyth the Kenters founde; 115
Bythric and Alfworld hedde the Brystowe bande;
And Bertrams sonne, the man of glorious wounde,
Lead in the rear the menged of the lande;
And let the Londoners and Suffers plie
Die Herewardes memoine and the lichte skyrts anie. 120

He saide; and as a packe of hounds besent;
When that the trackyng of the hare is gone,
If one perchaunce shall hit upon the scent,
With twa redubbled fhuir the alans run;
So styrrd the valiante Saxons everych one; 125
Soone linked man to man the champyones stode;
To 'tone for their bewrate so soone 'twas done,
And lysted bylls enfeem'd an yron woode;

244 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Here glorious Alfwold tow'r'd above the wites,
And seem'd to brave the fuir of twa ten thousand
fights. 130

Thus Leofwine; today will Englandes dome
Be fyxt for aie, for gode or evill state;
This sunnes aunture be felt for years to come;
Then bravelie fyghte, and live till deathe of date.
Thinke of brave Ælfridus, yclept the grete, 135
From porte to porte the red-haird Dane he chaf'd,
The Danes, with whomme not lyoncelis coud mate,
Who made of peopled reaulms a barren waste;
Thinke how at once by you Norwegia bled
Whilste dethe and victorie for magystris bested. 140

Meanwhile did Gyrthe unto Kynge Harolde ride,
And tolde howe he dyd with Duke Willyam fare.
Brave Harolde lookd askaunte, and thus replyd;
And can thie fay be bowght wyth drunken cheer?
Gyrthe waxen hoste; fhuir in his eyne did glare; 145
And thus he saide; oh brother, friend, and kynge,
Have I deserved this fremed speche to heare?
Be Goddes hie hallidome ne thoughte the thyng.

When

BATTLE OF HASTINGS; 245

When Toftus sent me golde and sylver store,
 I scornd hys present vile, and scorn'd hys treason
 more. 160

Forgive me, Gyrthe, the brave Kynge Harolde cryd;
 Who can I trust, if brothers are not true?
 Ithink of Toftus, once my joie and pryde.
 Girth faide, with looke adigne; my lord, I doe.
 But what oure foemen are, quod Girth, I'll shewe; 165
 By Gods hie hallidome they preestes are.
 Do not, quod Harolde, Girth, mystell them so,
 For theie are everich one brave men at warre.
 Quod Girth; why will ye then provoke theyr hate?
 Quod Harolde; great the foe, so is the glorie grete. 170

And nowe Duke Willyam mareschalled his band,
 And stretchd his armie owte a goodlie rowe.
 First did a ranke of arcublastries stande,
 Next those on horsebacke drewe the ascendyng flo,
 Brave champyones, eche well lerned in the bowe, 175
 Theyr asenglave acrosse theyr horses ty'd,
 Or with the loverds squier behinde dyd goe,
 Or waited squier lyke at the horses syde.

146 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

When thus Duke Willyam to a Monke dyd saie,
Prepare thyselfe wyth spede, to Harolde haste awaie. 184

Telle hym from me one of these three to take;
That hee to mee do homage for thys lande,
Or mee hys heyre, when he deceasyth, make,
Or to the judgment of Chrysts vicar stande.
He saide; the Monke departyd out of hande, 185
And to Kyng Harolde dyd this message bear;
Who said; tell thou the duke, at his likand
If he can gette the crown hee may itte wear.
He said, and drove the Monke out of his fyghte,
And with his brothers rouz'd each manne to bloudie
fyghte. 190

A standarde made of sylke and jewells rare,
Wherein alle coloures wroughte aboute in bighes,
An armyd knyghte was seen deth-doyng there,
Under this motte, He conquers or he dies.
This standard ryche, endazzlynge mortal eyes, 195
Was borne neare Harolde at the Kenters heade,
Who chargd hys broders for the grete empyrize
That straite the hest for battle should be spredde.

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 247

To evry erle and knyghte the worde is gyven,
And cries *a guerre* and slughornes shake the vaulted
heaven, 200

As when the erthe, torne by convulsyons dyre,
In realmes of darknes hid from human syghte,
The warring force of water, air, and fyre,
Braft from the regions of eternal nyghte,
Thro the darke caverns seeke the realmes of
lyght; 205

Some lostie mountaine, by its fury torne,
Dreadfully moves, and causes grete affryght;
Now here, now there, majestic nods the bourne,
And awfulle shakes, mov'd by the almighty force,
Whole woods and forests nod, and ryvers change theyr
course, 210

So did the men of war at once advaunce,
Linkd man to man, enseemd one boddie light;
Above a wood, yform'd of bill and launce,
That noddyd in the ayre most straunge to fyght.
Harde as the iron were the menne of mighte, 215
Ne neede of slughornes to enrowse theyr minde;

Eche shootyng speere yreaden for the fyghte,
 More fcerce than fallynge rocks, more swefte than
 wynd;

With solemne step, by ecchoe made more dyre,
 One singe boddie all theie marchd, theyr eyen on
 fyre.

220

And now the greie-eyd morne with vi'lets drest,
 Shakyng the dewdrops on the flourie meedes,
 Fled with her rosie radiance to the West:
 Forth from the Easterne gatte the fyerie steedes
 Of the bright sunne awaytyng spirits leedes: 225
 The sunne, in fierie pompe enthroned on hie,
 Swyfter than thoughte alonge hys jernie gledes,
 And scatters nyghtes remaynes from oute the skie:
 He sawe the armies make for bloudie fraie,
 And stopt his driving steedes, and hid his lyghtsome
 raye,

230

Kynge Harolde hie in ayre majestic rayd
 His mightie arme, deckt with a manchyn rare;
 With even hande a mighty javlyn paizde,
 Then furyouse sent it whystlynge thro the ayre,

It

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 249

It struck the helmet of the Sieur de Beer ; 235
In wayne did brasse or yron stop its waie ;
Above his eyne it came, the bones dyd tare,
Peercyngé quite thro, before it dyd allaie ;
He tumbled, scritchynge wyth hys horrid payne ;
His hollow cuishes rang upon the bloudie pleyne. 240

This Willyam saw, and foundynge Rowlandes songe
He bent his yron interwoven bowe,
Makyngé bothe endes to meet with myghte full
stronge,
From out of mortals fyght shot up the floe ;
Then swyfte as fallynge starres to earthe belowe 245
It flaunted down on Alfwoldes payncted sheelde ;
Quite thro the silver-bordurd crosse did goe,
Nor losse its force, but stuck into the feelde ;
The Normannes, like theyr sovrin, dyd prepare,
And shotte ten thousande flos uprysyngé in the aire. 250

As when a flyghte of cranes, that takes their waie
In householde armies thro the flanced skie,
Alike the cause, or companie or prey,
If that perchaunce some boggie fenne is nie,

Soon

250 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Soon as the muddie natyon theie espie, 255
 Inne one blacke cloude theie to the erth descende;
 Feirce as the fallynge thunderbolte they fle;
 In vayne do reedes the speckled folk defend:
 So prone to heaue blowe the arrowes felle,
 And peered thro brasse, and sente manie to heaven or
 helle. 260

Ælan Adelfred, of the stowe of Leigh,
 Felte a dire arrowe burnynge in his breste;
 Before he dyd, he sente hys spear awaie,
 Thenne funke to glorie and eternal reste.
 Nevylle, a Normanne of alle Normannes beste, 265
 Throw the joint cuisse dyd the javlyn feel,
 As hee on horsebacke for the fyghte addresd,
 And sawe hys bloude come smokynge oer the steele;
 He sente the avengynge floe into the ayre,
 And turnd hys horses hedde, and did to leeches re-
 payre. 270

And now the javelyns, barbd with deathis wynges,
 Hurld from the Englysh handes by force adorne,
 Whyzz dreare alonge, and songes of terror synges,
 Such songes as alwaies clos'd in lyfe eterne,
 Hurld

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 251

Hurld by such strength along the ayre theire burne, 275
 Not to be quenched butte ynn Normannes bloude;
 Whereere theie came they were of lyfe forlorn,
 And alwaies followed by a purple floude;
 Like cloudes the Normanne arrowes did descend,
 Like cloudes of carnage full in purple drops dyd
 end. 280

Nor, Leofwynus, dydst thou still estande;
 Full soon thie pheon glytted in the aire;
 The force of none but thyne and Harolds hande
 Could hurle a javlyn with such lethal geer;
 Itte whyzzd a ghastlie dynne in Normannes ear, 285
 Then thundryng dyd upon hys greave alyghte,
 Peirce to his hearte, and dyd hys bowels tear,
 He closd hys eyne in everlastyng nyghte;
 Ah! what awayld the lyons on his cresse!
 His hatchments rare with him upon the grounde was
 prest. 290

Willyam agayne ymade his bowe-ends meet,
 And hie in ayre the arrowe wynged his waie,
 Descendyng like a shafte of thunder fletes,
 Lyke thunder rattling at the noon of daie,

Onne

252 BATTLE OF HASTINGS

Onne Algars sheelde the arrowe dyd assaie, 295
 There throghe dyd peerse, and stycke into his groine;
 In grypynge torments on the feelde he laie,
 Tille welcome dethe came in and clos'd his eyae;
 Distort with payne he laie upon the borne,
 Lyke sturdie elms by stormes in uncothe wrythynges
 torne. 300

Alrick his brother, wher hee this perceevd,
 He drewe his fwerde, his lefte hande helde a speere,
 Towards the duke he turnd his prauncyng steede,
 And to the Godde of heaven he sent a prayre;
 Then sent his lethale javlyn in the ayre, 305
 On Hue de Beaumontes backe the javelyn came,
 Thro his redde armour to hys harte it tare,
 He felle and thondred on the place of fame;
 Next with his fwerde he 'sayld the Seieur de Roe,
 And braste his fylver helme, so furyous was the
 blowe. 310

But Willyam, who had seen hys prowesse great,
 And feared muche how farre his bronde might goe,
 Tooke a strong arblaster, and bigge with fate
 From twangyng iron sente the fleetyng floe. 315

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 253

As Alric hoistes hys arme for dedlie blows, 315
Which, han it came, had been Du Rocces laste,
The swyfte-wyngd messenger from Willyams bowe
Quite throwe his arme into his syde ypaste;
His eyne shotte fyre, lyke blazyng starre at nyghte,
He grypd his swerde, and felle upon the place of
fyghte. 320

O Alf wolde, saie, how shalle I synge of thee
Or telle how manie dyd benethe thee falle;
Not Haroldes self more Normanne knyghtes did see,
Not Haroldes self did for more praifes call;
How shall a penne like myne then shew it all? 325
Lyke thee their leader, eche Bristowyanne foughte;
Lyke thee, their blaze must be canonical,
Fore theie, like thee, that daie bewrecke yroughte:
Did thirtie Normannes fall upon the grounde,
Full half a score from thee and theie receive their fatale
wounde. 330

First Fytz Chivelloys felt thie direful force;
Nete did hys helde out brazen sheelde availe;
Eftsoones throwe that thie drivynge speare did pierce,
Nor was ytte stopped by his coate of mayle;

Into

254 BATTLE OF HASTINGS

Into his breasse it quicklie did affayle; 335
 Out ran the bloude, like hygra of the tyde;
 With purple stayned all hys adventayle;
 In scarlet was his cuishe of sylver dyde:
 Upon the bloudie carnage house he laie,
 Whylst hys longe sheelde dyd gleem with the sun's ryfing
 ray. 340

Next Fescampe felle; O Chrieste, howe harde his fate
 To die the leckedst knyghte of all the thronge!
 His sprite was made of malice deslavate,
 Ne shoulde find a place in anie songe;
 The broch'd keene javlyn hurld from honde to
 stronge 345
 As thine came thundrynge on his crysted beave;
 Ah! neete awayld the brafs or iron thonge,
 With mightie force his skulle in twoe dyd cleave;
 Fallyng he shooke out his smokyng braine,
 As witherd oakes or elmes are hewne from off the
 playne. 350

Nor, Norcie, could thie myghte and skilfulle lore
 Preserve thee from the doom of Alfwold's speere;
 Couldste

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 355

Couldste thou not kenne, most skyll'd After la goure,
How in the battle it would wythe thee fare?

When Alfwolds javelyn, rattlynge in the ayre, 355
From hande dyvine on thie habergeon came,
Oute at thy backe it dyd thie hartes bloude bear,
It gave thee death and everlastyng fame;
Thy death could onlie come from Alfwolde arme;
As diamondes onlie can its fellow diamonds harme. 360

Next Sire du Mouline fell upon the grounde,
Quite throughe his throte the lethal javlyn presse,
His soule and bloude came roushyng from the
wounde;

He closd his eyen, and opd them with the blest.
It can ne be I should behight the rest, 365
That by the myghtie arme of Alfwolde felle,
Passe bie a penne to be counte or expresse,
How manie Alfwolde sent to heaven or helle;

As leaves from trees shook by derne Autumns hand,
So laie the Normannes slain by Alfwold on the strand. 370

As when a drove of wolves withe dreary yelles

Affayle some flocke, ne care if shepster ken't,

Besprenge

356 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Besprenged destructione oer the woodes and delles ;
 The shepster swaynes in wayne theyr lees leiment ;
 So foughte the Brystowe menne ; ne one crevent, 375
 Ne onne abasht enthoughten for to flee ;
 With fallen Normans all the playne besprent,
 And like theyr leaders every man did flee ;
 In wayne on every syde the arrowes fled ;
 The Brystowe menne styll ragd, for Alfwold was not
 dead. 380

Manie meanwhile by Haroldes arm did faste,
 And Leofwyne and Gyrthe encreasd the slayne ;
 'Twould take a Nestor's age to synge them all,
 Or telle how manie Normannes prestre the playne ;
 But of the erles, whom recorde nete hath slayne, 385
 O Truthe ! for good of after-tymes relate,
 That, thowe they're deade, theyr names may lyve
 agayne,
 And be in deathe, as they in life were, greate ;
 So after-ages maie theyr actions see,
 And like to them aternak alwaie stryve to be. 390

Adhelm, a knyghte, whose holie deathless fire
 For ever bended to S. Cuthbert's shryne,

Whose

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 257

Whose breast for ever burnd with sacred fyre,
And een on erthe he myghte be calld dyvine;
To Cuthbert's church he dyd his goodes refygne, 395
And leste hys son his God's and fortunes knyghte;
His son the Sainste behelde with looke adigne,
Made him in gemot wyse, and greate in fyghte,
Sainste Cuthberte dyd him ayde in all hys deedes,
His friends he lets to live, and all his foemen bleedes. 400

He married was to Kenewalchae faire,
The fynest dame the sun or moone adave;
She was the myghtie Aderedus heyre,
Who was alreadie hastyng to the grave;
As the blue Bruton, ryfinge from the wave, 405
Like sea-gods seeme in most majestic guise,
And rounde aboute the risynge waters lave,
And their longe hayre arounde their bodie flies,
Such majestic was in her porte displaid,
To be excelld bie none but Homer's martial maid. 410

White as the chaulkie clyffes of Brittaines isle,
Red as the highest colour'd Gallic wine,
Gaie as all nature at the mornynge smile,
Those hues with pleasaunce on her lippes combine,

S

Her

258 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Her lippes more redde than summer evenyng
 skyne, 415

Or Phoebus ryfinge in a frostie morne,
 Her breste more white than snow in feeldes that lyene,
 Or lillie lambes that never have been shorne,
 Swellynge like bubbles in a boillynge welle,
 Or new-braste brooklettes gently whyspringe in the
 delle. 420

Browne as the fylberte droppying from the shelle,
 Browne as the nappy ale at Hocktyde game,
 So browne the crokyde rynges, that featlie fell
 Over the neck of the all-beauteous dame.

Greie as the morrie before the ruddie flame 425

Of Phebus charyotte rollynge thro the skie,
 Greie as the steel-horn'd goats Conyan made tame,
 So greie appeard her featly sparklyng eye;
 Those eyne, that did oft mickle pleased look

On Adhelm valyaunt man, the virtues doomsday
 book. 430

Majestic as the grove of okes that stooode
 Before the abbie buylt by Oswald kyng;

Majestic

BATTLE OF HASTINGS! 259

Majestic as Hybernies holie woode;
Where saintes and foules departed masses syng;
Such awe from her sweete looke forth issuyng 435
At once for reveraunce and love did calle;
Sweet as the voice of thraillarkes in the Spring,
So sweet the wordes that from her lippes did falle;
None fell in vayne; all shewed some entent;
Her wordies did displaie her great entendement. 440

Tapre as candles layde at Cuthberts shryne,
Tapre as elmes that Goodrickes abbie shrove,
Tapre as silver chalices for wine,
So tapre was her armes and shape ygrove.
As skylful mynemenne by the stönes above 445
Can ken what metalle is ylach'd belowe,
So Kennewalcha's face, ymadè for love,
The lovelie ymage of her foulè did shewe;
Thus was she outward form'd; the sun her mind
Did guilde her mortal shäpe and all her charms re-
fin'd. 450

What blazours then, what glorie shall he clayme,
What doughtie Homere shall hys praises syng,

460 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

That lefte the bosome of fo fayre a dame
 Uncall'd, unaskt, to serve his borde the kynge?
 To his fayre shrine good subjects oughte to bringe 455
 The armes, the helmets, all the spoyle of warre,
 Throwe everie realm the poets blaze the thyng,
 And travelling merchants spredde hys name to farre;
 The stoute Norwegians had his anlace felte,
 And nowe amonge his foes dethe-doyng blowes he
 delte. 460

As when a wolfyn gettynge in the meedes
 He rageth fore, and doth about hym flee,
 Nowe here a talbot, there a lambkin bleeds,
 And alle the graffe with clotted gore doth stee;
 As when a rivlette rolles impetuoussie, 465
 And breaks the bankes that would its force restrayne,
 Alonge the playne in fomyng rynges doth flee,
 Gaynst walles and hedges doth its course maintayne;
 As when a manne doth in a corn-felde mowe,
 With ease at one felle stroke full manie is laide
 lowe. 470

So manie, with such force, and with such ease,
 Did Adhelm slaughtre on the bloudie playne;

Before

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 261

Before hym manie dyd theyr hearts bloude leafe,
 Ofttymes he foughte on towres of smokyng flayne.
 Angillian fette his force, nor fette in vayne; 475
 He cutte hym with his swerde athur the breaste;
 Out ran the bloude, and did hys armour stayne,
 He clos'd his eyen in æternal reste;
 Lyke a tall oke by tempeste borne awaie,
 Stretchd in the armes of deathe upon the plaine he
 laic. 480

Next thro the ayre he sent his javlyn feerce,
 That on De Clearmoundes buckler did alyghte,
 Throwe the vaste orbe the sharpe pheone did peerce,
 Rang on his coate of mayle and spent its mighte.
 But soon another wingd its aiery flyghte, 485
 The keen broad pheon to his lungs did goe;
 He felle, and groand upon the place of fighthe,
 Whilst lyfe and bloude came issuyng from the blowe.
 Like a tall pyne upon his native playne,
 So fell the mightie fire and mingled with the flaine. 490

Hue de Longeville, a force doughtre mere,
 Advauuncyd forwarde to provoke the darte,

262 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

When soone he founde that Adhelmes poynted speere
Had founde an easie passage to his hearte.

He drewe his bowe, nor was of dethe astarte, 495

Then fell down brethlesse to encrease the corse ;

But as he drewe hys bowe devoid of arte,

So it came down upon Troyvillains horse ;

Deep thro hys hatchments wente the pointed floe ;

Now here, now there, with rage bleedying he rounde

doth goe.

500

Nor does he hede his mastres known commands,

Tyll, growen furiose by his bloudie wounde,

Erect upon his hynder feete he staundes,

And throwes hys mastre far off to the grounde.

Near Adhelms feete the Normanne laie affounde, 505

Besprengd his arrowes, loosend was his sheelde,

Thro his redde armoure, as he laie enfoond,

He peerd his swerde, and out upon the feelde

The Normannes bowels steemd, a dedlie fyghte !

He opd and closd hys eyen in everlastyng nyghte. 510

Caverd, a Scot, who for the Normannes foughte,

A man well skilld in swerde and foundyng stryng,

Who

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 263

Who fled his country for a crime enstrote,
For darynge with bolde worde hys loiaule kynge,
He at Erle Aldhelme with grete force did flynge 515
An heavie javlyn, made for bloudie wounde,
Alonge his sheelde askaunte the same did ringe,
Peered thro the corner, then stuck in the ground;
So when the thonder rauttles in the skie,
Thro some tall spyre the shaftes in a torn clevis fle. 320

Then Addhelm hurld a croched javlyn stronge,
With mighte that none but such grete championes
know;
Swifter than thoughte the javlyn past alonge,
Ande hytte the Scot most feirclie on the prow;
His helmet brasted at the thondring blowe, 525
Into his brain the tremblyn javlyn steck;
From eyther syde the bloude began to flow,
And run in circling ringlets rounde his neck;
Down fell the warriour on the lethal strande,
Lyke some tall vessel wreckt upon the tragick sande. 530

264 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

C O N T I N U E D.

Where fruytles heathes and meadowes cladde in greie,
Save where derne hawthornes reare theyr humble
heade,

The hungrie traveller upon his waie
Sees a huge defarte alle arounde hym spredde,
The distaunte citie scantlie to be spedde,
The curlynge force of smoke he fees in vayne,
Tis too far distaunte, and hys onlie bedde
Iwimpled in hys cloke ys on the playne,
Whylste rattlynge thonder forrey oer his hedde,
And raines come down to wette hys harde uncouthlie
bedde.

540

A wondrous pyle of rugged mountaynes standes,
Placd on eche other in a dreare arraie,
It ne could be the worke of human handes,
It ne was reared up bie menne of claie.
Here did the Brutons adoration paye
To the false god whom they did Tauran name,

545

Dightyng

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 265

Dightynge hys altarre with greete fyres in Maie,
Roastyng theyr vyctualle round aboute the flame,

'Twas here that Hengyst did the Brytons flee,

As they were mette in council for to bee, 350

Neere on a loftie hylle a citie standes,

That lyftes yts scheafsted heade ynto the skies,

And kynglie lookes arounde on lower landes,

And the longe browne playne that before itte lies.

Herewarde, borne of parentes brave and wyse, 555

Within this vylle fyrste adrewe the ayre,

A bleffynge to the erthe sente from the skies,

In anie kyngdom nee coulde fynde his pheer ;

Now rybbd in steele he rages yn the fyghte,

And sweeps whole armies to the reaulmes of nyghte. 560

Soe when derne Autumne wyth hys fallowe hande

Tares the green mantle from the lymed trees,

The leaves besprenged on the yellow strande

Flie in whole armies from the blataunte breeze ;

Alle the whole fielde a carnage-howse he sees, 565

And sowles unknelled hover'd oer the bloude ;

From place to place on either hand he sees,

And sweepes alle neere hym lyke a bronned floude ;

Dethe

266 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Dethe honge upon his arme; he fled so maynt,
 'Tis paste the pointel of a man to paynte. 570

Bryghte sonne in haste han drove hys fierie wayne
 A three howres course alonge the whited skyen,
 Vewynge the swarthles bodies on the playne,
 And longed greetlie to plonce in the bryne.
 For as hys beemes and far-stretchynge eyne 575
 Did view the pooles of gore yn purple sheene,
 The wolfomme vapours rounde hys lockes dyd twyne,
 And dyd disfigure all hys femmlikeen;
 Then to harde actyon he hys wayne dyd rowse,
 In hyflynge ocean to make glair hys browes, 580

Duke Wyllyam gave commaunde, eche Norman
 knyghte,
 That beer war-token in a shielde so fyne,
 Shoulde onward goe, and dare to closer fyghte
 The Saxonne warryor, that dyd so entwyne,
 Lyke the neshe bryon and the eglantine, 585
 Orre Cornysh wraistlers at a Hocktyde game.
 The Normannes, all emarchialld in a lyne,
 To the ourt arraie of the thight. Saxonnys came;
 There

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 267

There 'twas the whaped Normannes on a parre
Dyd know that Saxannes were the sonnes of warre. 590

Oh Turgotte, wheresoeer thie spryte dothe haunte,
Whither wyth thie lovd Adhelme by thie fyde,
Where thou mayste heare the fwotie nyghte larke
chaunte,

Orre wyth some mokyng brooklette swetelic glide,
Or rowle in ferselie wythe ferser Severnes tyde, 595
Whereer thou art, come and my mynde enleme
Wyth such greete thoughtes as dyd with thee abyde,
Thou sonne, of whom I ofte have caught a beeme,
Send mee agayne a drybblette of thie lyghte,
That I the deeds of Englyshmenne maie wryte. 600

Harold, who saw the Normannes to advaunce,
Seizd a huge byll, and layd hym down hys spere;
Soe dyd ech wite laie downe the broched launce,
And groves of bylles did glitter in the ayre.
Wyth showtes the Normannes did to battel steere; 605
Campynon famous for his stature highe,
Fyrey wythe brasse, benethe a shyrt of lere,
In cloudie daie he reechd into the skie;

Neere

268 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Neere to Kyng Harolde dyd he come alonge,
And drewe hys steele Morglaiden sworde so stronge. 610

Thryce rounde hys heade hee swung hys anlace wyde,
On whyche the sunne his visage did agleeme,
Then straynyng, as hys membres would dyvyde,
Hee stroke on Haroldes sheelde yn manner bremente;
Alonge the felde it made an horrid cleembe, 615
Coupeynge Kyng Haroldes paynted sheeld in twayne,
Then yn the bloude the fierie swerde dyd steeme,
And then dyd drive ynto the bloudie playne;
So when in ayre the vapours do abounde,
Some thunderbolte tares trees and dryves ynto the
grounde. 620

Harolde upreer'd hys bylle, and furious sente
A stroke, lyke thondre, at the Normannes fyde;
Upon the playne the broken brasse besprente
Dyd ne hys bodie from dethe-doeynge hyde;
He tournyd backe, and dyd not there abyde; 625
With straught oute sheelde hee ayenwarde did goe,
Threwe downe the Normannes, did their rankes
divide,
To save himselfe lefte them unto the foe.

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 269

So olyphautes, in kingdomme of the sunne,
When once provok'd doth throwe theyr owne troopes
runne. 630

Harolde, who ken'd hee was his armies staie,
Nedeynge the rede of generall fo wyfe,
Byd Alfwoulde to Campynon haste awaie,
As thro the armie ayenwarde he hies,
Swyfte as a feether'd takel Alfwoulde flies, 635
The stecke bylle blufhyng oer wyth lukewarm
blonde;

Ten Kenters, ten Bristowans for th' emprise
Hasted wyth Alfwoulde where Campynon stood,
Who aynewarde went, whylste everie Normanne
knyghte
Dyd blush to see their champyon put to flyghte. 640

As painctyd Bruton, when a wolfyn wylde,
When yt is cale and bluftrynge wyndes do blowe,
Enters hys bordelle, taketh hys yonge chylde,
And wyth his bloude bestreynts the lillie snowe,
He thouroughe mountayne hie and dale doth goe, 645
Throwe the quyck torrent of the bollen ave,
Throwe

270 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Throwe Severne rollynge oer the sandes belowe
 He skymys alofe, and blents the beatynge wave,
 Ne stynts, ne lagges the chace, tylle for hys eyne
 In pēccies hee the morthering theef doth chyne. 650

So Alfwoulde he dyd to Campynon haste;
 Hys bloudie bylle awhap'd the Normannes eyne;
 Hee fled, as wolves when bie the talbots chac'd,
 To bloudie byker he dyd ne enclyne.
 Duke Wyllyam stroke hym on hys brigandynce, 655
 And sayd; Campynon, is it thee I see?
 Thee? who dydst actes of glorie so bewryen,
 Now poorlie come to hyde thieselfe bie mee?
 Awaie! thou dogge, and acte a warriors parte,
 Or with mie swerde I'll perce thee to the harte. 660

Betweene Erle Alfwoulde and Duke Wyllyam's
 bronde

Campynon thoughte that nete but deathe coude bee,
 Seezed a huge swerde Morglaien yn his honde,
 Mottrynge a praier to the Vyrgyne:
 So hunted deere the dryvyng houndes will flee, 665
 When theie dyscover they cannot escape;

And

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 271

And feerful lambkyns, when theie hunted bee,
Theyre yufante hunters doe theie ofte awhape;
Thus stode Campynon, greete but hertleffe knyghte,
When feere of dethe made hym for deathe to fyghte. 670

Alfwoulde began to dyghte hymselfe for fyghte,
Meanewhyle hys menne on everie syde dyd flee,
Whan on hys lyfted sheelde withe alle hys myghte
Campynon's fwerde in burlic-brande dyd drie;
Bewopen Alfwoulde fellen on his knee; 675
Hys Brystowe menne came in hym for to save;
Eftfoons upgotten from the grounde was hee,
And dyd agayne the touring Norman brave;
Hee grasped hys bylle in fyke a drear arraie,
Hee seem'd a lyon catchynge at hys preie. 680

Upon the Normannes brazen adventayle
The thondrynge bill of myghtie Alfwould came;
It made a dentful bruse, and then dyd fayle;
Fromme rattlynge weepens shotte a sparklynge flame;
Eftfoons agayne the thondrynge bill ycame, 685
Peers'd thro hys adventayle and skyrts of lare;

A tyde

272 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

A tyde of purple gore came wyth the fame,
 As out hys bowells on the feelde it tare;
 Campynon felle, as when some cittie-walle
 Inne dolefull terrours on its mynours falle. 690

He felle, and dyd the Norman rankes dyvide;
 So when an oke, that shotte ynto the skie,
 Feeles the broad axes peersynge his broade syde,
 Slowlie hee falls and on the grounde doth lie,
 Pressynge all downe that is wyth hym anighe, 695
 And stoppyng wearie travellers on the waie;
 So straught upon the playne the Norman hee

* * * * *

Bled, gron'd, and dyed: the Normanne knyghtes
 affound

To see the bawlin champyon presse upon the grounde. 700

As when the hygra of the Severne roars,
 And thunders ugfol on the sandes below,
 The cleembe reboundes to Wedcesters shore,
 And sweeps the black sande rounde its horie prow;
 So bremie Alfwould thro the warre dyd goe; 705
 Hys Kenters and Brystowans flew ech syde,

Betreinted

BATTLE OF BASTINGS. 273

Betreinted all alonge with bloudles foe,
And seemd to swym alonge with bloudie tyde;
Fromme place to place besmeard with bloud they went,
And rounde aboute them swarthles corse besprente. 710

A famous Normanne who yclepd Aubene,
Of skylle in bow, in tylte, and handesworde fyghte,
That daie yn feelde han manie Saxons fleene,
Forre hee in sothien was a manne of myghte;
Fyrste dyd his swerde on Adelgar alyghte, 715
As hee on horseback was, and peersd hys gryne,
Then upwarde wente: in everlastynge nyghte
Hee closd hys rolling and dymfyghted eyne.
Next Eadlyn, Tatwyn, and fam'd Adelred,
Bie various causes funken to the dead. 720

But now to Alfwoulde he opposynge went,
To whom compar'd hee was a man of stre,
And wyth bothe hondes a myghtie blowe he sente
At Alfwouldes head, as hard as hee could dree;
But on hys paynted sheelde so bismarlie 725
Aflaunte his swerde did go ynto the grounde;

T

Then

274 **BATTLE OF HASTINGS.**

Then Alfwould him attack'd most furyouslie,
Athrowe hys gaberdyne hee dyd him wounde ,
Then soone agayne hys fwerde hee dyd upryne,
And clove his cresse and split hym to the eyne. 73●

* * * * * * *

ONN OURE LADIES CHYRCHE.

A S onn a hylle one eve fittyngē,
 At oure Ladie's Chyrche mōuche wonderynge,
 The counynge handieworke so fyne,
 Han well nighe dazeled mine eyne;
 Quod I; some counynge fairie hande 5
 Yreer'd this chapelle in this lande;
 Full well I wote so fine a fyghte
 Was ne yreer'd of mortall wighte.
 Quod Trouthe; thou lackest knowlachynge;
 Thou forsoth ne wotteth of the thyngē. 10
 A Rev'rend Fadre, William Canynge hight,
 Yreered uppe this chapelle brighte;
 And eke another in the Towne,
 Where glassie bubblynge Trymme doth roun.
 Quod I; ne doubte for all he's given 15
 His sowle will certes goe to heaven.
 Yea, quod Trouthe; than goe thou home,
 And see thou doe as hee hath donne.

276 HONN OURE LADIES CHYRCHE.

Quod I; I doubte, that can ne bee;

I have ne gotten markes three. 20

Quod Trouthe; as thou hast got, give almes-dedes foe;

Canynge and Gaunts culde doe ne moe.

T. R.

O N T H E S A M E.

STAY, curyous traveller, and pafs not bye,
Until this fetive pile aftounde thine eye.

Whole rocks on rocks with yron joynd furveie,

And okes with okes entremed difponed lie.

This mightie pile, that keeps the wyndes at baie, 5

Fyre-levyn and the mokie ftorme defie,

That fhootes aloofe into the reaulmes of daie,

Shall be the record of the Buylders fame for aie.

Thou feeft this mayftrie of a human hand,

The pride of Bryftowe and the Wefterne lande, 10

Yet is the Buylders vertues much moe greete,

Greeter than can bie Rowlies pen be fcande.

Thou feeft the fayntes and kynges in ftonen ftate,

That feemd with breath and human foule difpande,

As

ONN OURE LADIES CHYRCHE. 277

As payrde to us enseem these men of state, 15
Such is greete Canynge's mynde when payrd to God
elate.

Well maifest thou be astound, but view it well;
Go not from hence before thou see thy fill,
And learn the Builder's vertues and his name;
Of this tall spyre in every countye telle, 20
And with thy tale the lazing rych men shame;
Showe howe the glorious Canynge did excelle;
How hee good man a friend for kynges became,
And glorious paved at once the way to heaven and
fame.

EPITAPH ON ROBERT CANYNGE.

THYS mornynge starre of Radcleves rysynge
raie,

A true manne good of mynde and Canynge hyghte,
Benethe thys stone lies moltrynge ynto claie,
Untylle the darke tombe sheene an eterne lyghte.
Thyrde fromme hys loynés the present Canynge came;
Houton are wordes for to telle hys doe;

278 EPITAPH ON ROBERT CANYNGE.

For aye shall lyve hys heaven-recorded name,
 Ne shall yt dye whanne tyme shalle bee no moe;
 Whanne Mychael's trumpe shall founde to rise the
 folle,
 He'll wyng to heavn wyth kynne, and happie bee hys
 dollie.

THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE.

ANENT a brooklette as I laie reclynd,
 Lifynge to heare the water glyde alonge,
 Myndeinge how thorowe the grene mees yt twynd,
 Awhilst the cavys respons'd yts mottring songe,
 At dystaunt ryfing Avonne to he sped, 5
 Amenged wyth ryfing hylles dyd shewe yts head;

Engarlanded wyth crownes of osyer weedes
 And wraytes of alders of a bercie scent,
 And flickeynge out wyth clowde ageded reedes,
 The hoarie Avonne show'd dyre semblamente, 10
 Whyleft blataunt Severne, from Sabryna clepde,
 Rores flemie o'er the sandes that she hepde.

These

THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE. 279

These eynegears fwythyn bringethe to mie thoughte
Of hardie champyons knowen to the floude,
How onne the bankes thereof brave Ælle foughte, 15
Ælle descended from Merce kynglie bloude,
Warden of Brystowe towne and castel stede,
Who ever and anon made Danes to blede.

Methoughte fuch doughtie menn must have a sprighte
Dote yn the armour brace that Mychael bore, 20
Whan he wyth Satan kyng of helle dyd fyghte,
And earthe was drented yn a mere of gore;
Orr, soone as theie dyd see the worldis lyghte,
Fate had wrott downe, thys mann ys borne to fyghte.

Ælle, I sayd, or els my mynde dyd saie, 25
Whie ys thy aftyons left so spare yn storie?
Were I toe dispone, there should lyvven aie
In erthe and hevenis rolles thie tale of glorie;
Thie actes foe doughtie should for aie abyde,
And bie theyre teste all after actes be tryde. 30

Next holic Wareburghus fylld mie mynde,
As fayre a fayncte as anie towne can boaste,

289 THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE.

Or bee the erthe wyth lyghte or merke ywrynde,
 I see hys ymage waulkeyng throwe the coaste :
 Fitz Hardyng, Bithrickus, and twentie moe 35
 Ynn visyonn fore mie phantasie dyd goe.

Thus all mie wandrynge faytour thynkeynge strayde,
 And eche dygne buylder dequac'd onn mie mynde,
 Whan from the distaunt streeme arofe a mayde,
 Whose gentle tresses mov'd not to the wynde; 40
 Lyche to the sylver moone yn frostie neete,
 The damoiselle dyd come soe blythe and sweete.

Ne browded mantell of a scarlette hue,
 Ne shoone pykes plaited o'er wyth ribbande geere,
 Ne costlie paraments of woden blue, 45
 Noughte of a dresse, but bewtie dyd fhee weere;
 Naked fhee was, and loked swete of youthe,
 All dyd bewryen that her name was Trouthe.

The ethie ringletts of her notte-browne hayre
 What ne a manne should see dyd swotelie hyde, 50
 Whych on her milk-white bodykin so fayre
 Dyd showe lyke browne streemes fowlyng the white ryde,
 Or

THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE. 281

Or veynes of brown hue yn a marble cuarr,
Whyche by the traveller ys kenn'd from farr:

Astounded mickle there I fylente laie, 55
Still scauncing wondrous at the walkynge syghte;
Mie senses forgarde ne coulde reyn awaie;
But was ne forstraughte whan thee dyd alyghte
Anie to mee, dreste up yn naked viewe,
Whych mote yn some ewbrycious thoughtes abrew. 60

But I ne dyd once thynke of wanton thoughte;
For well I mynded what bie vowe I hete,
And yn mie pockate han a crouchee broughte,
Whych yn the blofom woulde such fins anete;
I lok'd wyth eyne as pure as angelles doe, 65
And dyd the everie thoughte of foule eschewe.

Wyth sweet semblate and an angel's grace
Shee 'gan to lecture from her gentle breste;
For Trouthis wordes ys her myndes face,
False oratoryes she dyd aie deteste : 70
Sweetnesse was yn eche worde she dyd ywreene,
Tho she strove not to make that sweetnesse sheene.

●
Shee

282 THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE.

Shee sayd; mie manner of appereyng here
 Mie name and fleyghted myndbruch maie thee telle;
 I'm Trouthe, that dyd descende fromm heavenwere, 75
 Goulers and courtiers doe not kenne mee welle;
 Thie inmoste thoughtes, thie labrynge brayne I fawe,
 And from thie gentle dreeme will thee adawe.

Full manie champyons and menne of lore,
 Paynsters and carvellers have gaind good name, 80
 But there's a Canyng, to encrease the store,
 A Canyng, who shall buie uppe all theyre fame.
 Take thou mie power, and see yn chylde and manne
 What troulie noblenesse yn Canyng ranne.

As when a bordelier onn ethie bedde, 85
 Tyr'd wyth the laboures maynt of sweltrie daie,
 Yn slepeis bosom laieth hys deft headde,
 So, senses sonke to reste, mie boddie laie;
 Eftsoons mie sprighte, from erthlie bandes untyde,
 Immengde yn flanch'd ayre wyth Trouthe asyde. 90

Strayte was I carryd baek to tymes of yore,
 Whylst Canyng swathed yet yn fleshlie bedde,

And

THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE. 283

And saw all actyons whych han been before,
And all the scroll of Fate unravelled ;
And when the fate-mark'd babe acome to syghte, 95
I saw hym eager gaspyng after lyghte.

In all hys shepen gambols and chyldes plaie,
In everie merriemakeyng, fayre or wake,
I kenn'd a perpled lyghte of Wyfdom's raie ;
He ate downe learyng with the waffle cake. 100
As wise as anie of the eldermenne,
He'd wytte enowe to make a mayre at tenne.

As the dulce downie barbe beganne to gre,
So was the well thyghte texture of hys lore ;
Eche daie enhedeyng mockler for to bee, 105
Greete yn hys counceyl for the daies he bore.
All tongues, all carols dyd unto hym synge,
Wondryng at one foe wyse, and yet foe yinge.

Encreasynge yn the yeares of mortal lyfe,
And hasteyng to hys journie ynto heaven, 110
Hee thoughte ytt proper for to cheefe a wyfe,
And use the sexes for the purpose gevene.

Hce

284 THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE.

Hee then was yothe of comelie semelikeede,
And hee had made a mayden's herte to blede.

He had a fader, (Jesús rest hys foule!) 115
Who loved money, as hys charie joie;
Hee had a broder (happie manne be's dole!)
Yn mynde and boddie, hys owne fadre's boie;
What then could Canynge wiffen as a parte
To gyve to her whoe had made chop of hearte? 120

But landes and castle tenures, golde and bighes,
And hoardes of sylver rousted yn the ent,
Canynge and hys fayre sweete dyd that despyse,
To change of troulie love was theyr content;
Theie lyv'd togeder yn a house adygne, 125
Of goode fendaument commilie and fyne.

But soone hys broder and hys fyre dyd die,
And leste to Willyam states and renteynge rolles,
And at hys wyll hys broder Johne supplie.
Hee gave a chauntrie to redeeme theyre foules; 130
And put hys broder ynto fyke a trade,
That he lorde mayor of Londonne towne was made.

THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE. 285

Eftsoons hys mornynge tourad to gloomie nyghte ;
Hys dame, hys seconde selfe, gyve upp her brethe,
Seekeynge for eterne lyfe and endles lyghte, 135
And fleed good Canynge ; sad mystake of dethe !
Soe have I seen a flower ynn Sommer tyme
Trodde downe and broke and widder ynn yttis pryme.

Next Radcleeve chyrche (oh worke of hande of heav'n,
Whare Canynge sheweth as an instrumente,) 140
Was to my bismarde eyne-fyghte newlie giv'n ;
'Tis past to blazonne ytt to good contente.
You that woulde faygn the fetyve buyldynge see
Repayre to Radcleeve, and contented bee.

I sawe the myndbruch of hys nobille foule 145
Whan Edwarde meniced a seconde wyfe ;
I saw what Pheryons yn hys mynde dyd rolle ;
Nowe fyx'd fromm seconde dames a preefte for lyfe.
Thys ys the manne of menne, the visyon spoke ;
Then belle for even-songe mic senses woke. 150

ON

ON HAPPINESSE, by WILLIAM CANYNGE.

MAIE Selyneffe on erthes boundes bee hadde?
 Maie yt adyghte yn human shape bee founde?
 Wote yee, ytt was wyth Edin's bower bestadde,
 Or quite eraced from the scaunce-layd grounde,
 Whan from the secreet fontes the waterres dyd abounde?
 Does yt agrosed shun the bodyed waulke,
 Lyve to ytfelf and to yttes ecchoe taulke?

All hayle, Contente, thou mayde of turtle-cyne,
 As thie behoulders thynke thou arte iwreene,
 To ope the dore to Selyneffe ys thyne,
 And Chryftis glorie doth upponne thee sheene.
 Doer of the foule thyng ne hath thee seene;
 In caves, ynn wodes, ynn woe, and dole distresse,
 Whoere hath thee hath gotten Selyneffe.

ONN JOHNE A DALBENIE, by the fame.

JOHNE makes a jarre bout Lancaster and Yorke;
 Bee stille, gode manne, and learne to mynde thie
 worke.

THE

THE GOULER'S REQUIEM, by the same.

MIE boolie entes, adieu! ne moe the fyghte.
 Of guilden merke shall mete mie joieous eyne,
 Ne moe the sylver noble sheenyng bryghte
 Schall fyll mie honde with weight to speke ytt fyne;
 Ne moe, ne moe, alafs! I call you myne: 5
 Whydder must you, ah! whydder must I goe?
 I kenn not either; oh mie emmers dygne,
 To parte wyth you wyll wurcke mee myckle woe;
 I muste be gonpe, botte whare I dare ne telle;
 O storth unto mie mynde! I goe to helle. 10

Soone as the morne dyd dyghte the roddie funne,
 A shade of theves eche streak of lyght dyd seeme;
 Whann ynn the heavn full half hys course was runn,
 Eche stirryng nayghbour dyd mie harte asleme;
 Thye los, or quyeck or slepe, was aie mie dreame; 15
 For thee, O gould, I dyd the lawe ycrase;
 For thee I gotten or bie wiles or breame;
 Ynn thee I all mie joie and good dyd place;
 Botte now to mee thie pleasaunce ys ne moe,
 I kenne notte botte for thee I to the quede must goe. 20

THE

THE ACCOUNT OF W. CANYNGES
FEAST.

THOROWE the halle the belle han founde;
Byelecoyle doe the Grave befeeme;
The caldermenne doe fyttē arounde,
Ande snoffelle oppe the cheorte steeme.
Lyche affes wylde ynne defarte wastē
Swotelye the morneynge ayre doe taste,

Syke keene theie ate; the minstrels plaie,
The dynne of angelles doe theie keepe;
Heie styllē the gūestes ha ne to faie,
Buttē nodde yer thankes ande falle aslape.
Thus echone daie bee I to deene,
Gyf Rowley, Iscamm, or Tyb. Gorges be ne seene.

T H E E N D.

A GLOS.

A GLOSSARY OF UNCOMMON WORDS
IN THIS VOLUME.

*I*N the following Glossary, the explanations of words by CHATTERTON, at the bottom of the several pages, are drawn together, and digested alphabetically, with the letter C. after each of them. But it should be observed, that these explanations are not to be admitted but with great caution; a considerable number of them being (as far as the Editor can judge) unsupported by authority or analogy. The explanations of some other words, omitted by CHATTERTON, have been added by the Editor, where the meaning of the writer was sufficiently clear, and the word itself did not recede too far from the established usage; but he has been obliged to leave many others for the consideration of more learned or more sagacious interpreters.

U

EXPLA-

EXPLANATION OF THE LETTERS OF REFERENCE.

Æ.	stands for	<i>Ælla; a tragycal enterlude,</i>	p.	76
Ba.	—	<i>The dethe of Syr C. Barwdin,</i>	—	44
Ch.	—	<i>Balade of Cbaritie,</i>	—	203
E. I.	—	<i>Eclogue the first,</i>	—	1
E. II.	—	<i>Eclogue the second,</i>	—	6
E. III.	—	<i>Eclogue the third,</i>	—	12
El.	—	<i>Elinoure and Juga,</i>	—	19
Ent.	—	<i>Entroduccionne to Ælla,</i>	—	75
Ep.	—	<i>Epistle to M. Canynge,</i>	—	67
G.	—	<i>Goddwyn, a Tragedie,</i>	—	173
H. 1.	—	<i>Battle of Hastings, N^o 1.</i>	—	210
H. 2.	—	<i>Battle of Hastings, N^o 2.</i>	—	237
Le.	—	<i>Letter to M. Canynge,</i>	—	71
M.	—	<i>Englysh Metamorphosis,</i>	—	196
P. G.	—	<i>Prologue to Goddwyn,</i>	—	175
T.	—	<i>Tournament,</i>	—	28

The other references are made to the pages.

A G L O S S A R Y.

- A** BESSIE, E. III. 89. *Humility*. C.
- Aborne, T. 45. *Burnished*. C.
- Abounde, H. 1. 55.
- Aboune, G. 53. *Make ready*. C.
- Abredynge, Æ. 334. *Upbraiding*. C.
- Abrewe, p. 281. 60. as *Brew*.
- Abrodden, E. I. 6. *Abruptly*. C.
- Acale, G. 191. *Freeze*. C.
- Accaie, Æ. 356. *Affwage*. C.
- Achments, T. 153. *Achievements*. C.
- Acheke, G. 47. *Choke*. C.
- Achevments, Æ. 65. *Services*. C.
- Acome, p. 283. 95. as *Come*.
- Acrool, El. 6. *Faintly*. C.
- Adave, H. 2. 402.
- Adawe, p. 282. 78. *Awake*.
- Addawd, H. 2. 110.
- Adente, Æ. 396. *Fastened*. C.
- Adented, G. 32. *Fastened, annexed*. C.
- Adérne, H. 2. 272. See *Derne, Dernie*.
- Adigne. See *Adygne*.
- Adrames, Ep. 27. *Churls*. C.
- Adventaile, T. 13. *Armour*. C.
- Adygne, Le. 46. *Nervous; worthy of praise*. C.
- Affynd, H. 1. 132. *Related by marriage*.
- Afleme, p. 287. 14. as *Fleme*; to drive away, to affright.
- After la goure, H. 2. 353. should probably be *Astrelagour*; *Astrologer*.
- Agrame, G. 93. *Grievance*. C.
- Agreme, Æ. 356. *Torture*. C.—G. 5. *Grievance*. C.
- Agrofed, p. 286. 6. as *Agri-fed*; terrified.
- Agroted, Æ. 348. See *Groted*.
- Agylted, Æ. 334. *Offended*. C.
- Aidens, Æ. 222. *Aidance*.
- Ake, E. II. 8. *Oak*. C.
- Alans, H. 2. 124. *Hounds*.
- Alatche, Æ. 117.
- Aledge, G. 5. *Idly*. C.
- Alest, Æ. 50. *Left*.
- All a boon, E. III. 41. *A manner of asking a favour*. C.
- Alleyn, E. I. 52. *Only*. C.
- Almer, Ch. 20. *Beggar*. C.
- Aluste, H. 1. 88.
- Alyne, T. 79. *Across his shoulders*. C.
- U 2 Alyte,

- Alyse, Le. 29. *Allow.* C.
 Anate, Æ. 58. *Destroy.* C.
 Amayld, E. II. 49. *Enameled.* C.
 Ameded, Æ. 54. *Rewarded.*
 Amenged, p. 278. 6. as *Menged*;
 mixed.
 Amenused, E. II. 5. *Diminished.*
 C.
 Amield, T. 5. *Ornamented, ena-*
 meled. C.
 Anente, Æ. 475. *Against.* C.
 Anere, Æ. 15. *Another.* C.
 Anete, p. 281. 64.
 Anie, p. 281. 59. as *Nie*; *nigh.*
 Anlace, G. 57. *An ancient sword.*
 C.
 Antecedent, Æ. 233. *Going before.*
 Applings, E. I. 33. *Grafted trees.*
 C.
 Arace, G. 156. *Divest.* C.
 Arist, Ch. 10. *Arose.* C.
 Arrowe-lede, H. 1. 74.
 Ascaunce, E. III. 52. *Disdainfully.*
 C.
 Asenglave, H. 1. 117.
 Askaunted, Le. 19.
 Ailee, Æ. 504.
 Asseled, E. III. 14. *Answered.* C.
 Ashrewed, Ch. 24. *Accursed, un-*
 fortunate. C.
 Asswaie, Æ. 352.
 Astedde, E. II. 11. *Seated.* C.
 Astende, G. 47. *Astonish.* C.
 Asterte, G. 137. *Neglected.* C.
 Astoun, E. II. 5. *Astonished.* C.
 Astounde, M. 83. *Astonish.* C.
 Asyde, p. 282. 90. perhaps *Afyde*;
 ascended.
 Arthur, H. 2. 476. as *Thurgh*;
 thorough.
 Attences, Æ. 18. *At once.* C.
 Attoure, T. 115. *Turn.* C.
 Attoure, Æ. 322. *Around.*
 Ave, H. 2. 645. for *Eau.* Fr.
 Water.
 Aumere, Ch. 7. *A loose robe, or*
 mantle. C.
 Aumeres, E. III. 25. *Borders of*
 gold and silver, &c. C.
 Aunture, H. 2. 133. as *Aven-*
 ture; *adventure.*
 Autremete, Ch. 52. *A loose white*
 robe, worn by priests. C.
 Awhaped, Æ. 400. *Astonished.* C.
 Aynewarde, Ch. 47. *Backwards.*
 C.

B.

- Bankes, T. 3. *Benches.*
 Barb'd hall, Æ. 219.
 Barbed horse, Æ. 27. *Covered with*
 armour.
 Baren, Æ. 880, for *Barren.*
 Barganette, E. III. 49. *A song, or*
 ballad. C.
 Bataunt, Ba. 276. 292.
 Battayles, Æ. 707. *Boats, ships.*
 Fr.

Batten,

- Batten, G. 3. *Fatten*. C.
 Battent, T. 52. *Loudly*. C.
 Battering, G. 50. *Loud roaring*. C.
 Battone, H. 1. 520. *Beat with sticks*. Fr.
 Baubels, Ent. 7. *Jewels*. C.
 Bawfin, Æ. 57. *Large*. C.
 Bayre, E. II. 76. *Brow*. C.
 Beheste, G. 60. *Command*. C.
 Behight, H. 2. 365.
 Behylte, Æ. 939. *Promised*. C.
 Belent, H. 2. 121.
 Beme, Æ. 563. *Trumpet*.
 Bemente, E. I. 45. *Lament*. C.
 Benned, Æ. 1185. *Cursed, tormented*. C.
 Benymmynge, P. G. 3. *Bereaving*. C.
 Bercie, p. 278. 8.
 Berne, Æ. 580. *Child*. C.
 Berten, T. 58. *Venomous*. C.
 Beseies, T. 124. *Becomes*. C.
 Besprente, T. 132. *Scattered*. C.
 Bestadde, p. 286. 3.
 Bestanne, Æ. 411.
 Bested, H. 2. 140.
 Bestoiker, Æ. 91. *Deceiver*. C.
 Bestreynts, H. 2. 644.
 Bete, G. 85. *Bid*. C.
 Betraffed, G. 7. *Deceived, imposed on*. C.
 Betraite, Æ. 1031. *Betrayed*. C.
 Betreinted, H. 2. 707.
 Bevyte, E. II. 57. *Break*. A be-
 rald term, signifying a spear
 broken in tilting. C.
 Bewrate, H. 2. 127.
 Bewrecke, G. 101. *Revenge*. C.
 Bewreen, Æ. 6. *Express*. C.
 Bewryen, Le. 42. *Declared, ex-
 pressed*. C.
 Bewryne, G. 72. *Declare*. C.
 Bewryning, T. 128. *Declaring*.
 C.
 Bighes, Æ. 371. *Jewels*. C.
 Birlette, E. III. 24. *A hood, or
 covering for the back part of
 the head*. C.
 Bismarde, p. 285. 141.
 Blake, Æ. 178. 407. *Naked*. C.
 Blakied, E. III. 4. *Naked, original*.
 C.
 Blanche, Æ. 369. *White, pure*.
 Blaunchie, E. II. 50. *White*. C.
 Blatauntlie, Æ. 108. *Loudly*. C.
 Blente, E. III. 39. *Ceased, dead*. C.
 Blethe, T. 98. *Bleed*. C.
 Blynge, Æ. 334. *Cease*. C.
 Blyn, E. II. 40. *Cease, stand still*.
 C.
 Boddekin, Æ. 265. *Body, sub-
 stance*. C.
 Boleyng, M. 17. *Swelling*. C.
 Bollengers and Cottess, E. II. 33.
Different kinds of boats. C.
 Boolie, E. I. 46. *Beloved*. C.
 Bordel, E. III. 2. *Cottage*. C.
 Bordelier, Æ. 410. *Cottager*.
 Borne, T. 13. Æ. 741. *Burnish*.
 C.
 Boun, E. II. 40. *Make ready*. C.
 U 3 Bounde,

- Bounde, T. 32. *Ready*. C.
 Bourne, Æ. 483.
 Bouting matche, p. 23. 2.
 Bowke, T. 19.—Bowkie, G. 133.
 Body. C.
 Brasteth, G. 123. *Burseth*. C.
 Brayd, G. 77. *Displayed*. C.
 Brayde, Æ. 1010.
 Breme, subst. G. 12. *Strength*. C.
 ——— adj. E. II. 6. *Strong*. C.
 Brende, G. 50. *Burn, consume*. C.
 Bretful, Ch. 19. *Filled with*. C.
 Broched, H. 2. 345. *Pointed*.
 Brondeous, E. II. 24. *Furious*. C.
 Browded, G. 130. *Embroidered*. C.
 Brynnyng, Æ. 680. *Declaring*. C.
 Burled, M. 20. *Armed*. C.
 Burlie bronde, G. 7. *Fury, anger*.
 C.
 Byelegeoyl, p. 288. 2. *Bel-acutil*.
 Fr. the name of a personage
 in the *Roman de la Rose*,
 which Chaucer has rendered
 Fair-welcoming.
 Byker, Æ. 246. *Battle*.
 Bykrous, M. 37. *Warring*. C.
 Bysmare, M. 95. *Bewildered, curi-*
 ous. C.
 Bysmarelie, Le. 26. *Curiously*. C.
 C.
 Cale, Æ. 854. *Cold*.
 Calke, G. 25. *Cast*. C.
 Calked, E. I. 49. *Cast out*. C.
 Caltynying, G. 67. *Forbidding*. C.
 Carnes, Æ. 1243. *Rocks, stones*.
 Brit.
 Castle-itede, G. 100. *A castle*. C.
 Caties, H. 2. 67. *Cates*.
 Caytifned, Æ. 32. *Binding, en-*
 forcing. C.
 Celnefs, Æ. 882.
 Chafe, Æ. 191. *Hot*. C.
 Chafies, G. 201. *Beats, stamps*. C.
 Champion, v. P. G. 12. *Chal-*
 lenge. C.
 Chaper, E. III. 48. *Dry, sun-*
 burnt. C.
 Chapournette, Ch. 45. *A small*
 round bat. C.
 Chefe, G. 11. *Heat, rashness*. C.
 Chelandree, Æ. 105. *Gold-finch*.
 C.
 Cheorte, p. 288. 4.
 Cherifaunce, Ent. 1. *Comfort*. C.
 Cherifaunied, Æ. 839. perhaps
 Cherifaunced.
 Cheves, Ch. 37. *Moves*. C.
 Chevyfed, Ent. 2. *Preserved*. C.
 Chirckynge, M. 23. *A confused*
 noise. C.
 Church-glebe-house, Ch. 24.
 Grave. C.
 Cleme, E. II. 9. *Sound*. C.
 Clergyon, P. G. 8. *Clerk, or cler-*
 gyman. C.
 Clergyon'd, Ent. 13. *Taught*. C.
 Clevis, H. 2. 46.
 Cleyne,

- Cleyne, *Æ.* 1192.
 Clinie, *H.* 1. 431.
 Cloude-ageded, p. 278. 9.
 Clymmynge, *Ch.* 36. *Noify.* C.
 Coistrell, *H.* 2. 88.
 Compheeres, *M.* 21. *Companions.* C.
 Congeon, *E.* III. 89. *Dwarf.* C.
 Contake, *T.* 87. *Dispute.* C.
 Conteins, *H.* 1. 223. for *Contents.*
 Conteke, *E.* II. 10. *Confuse*; *con-*
tend with. C.
 Contekions, *Æ.* 558. *Contentions.* C.
 Cope, *Ch.* 50. *A cloke.* C.
 Corven, *Æ.* 56. See *Ycorven.*
 Cotte, *E.* II. 24. *Cut.*
 Cottes, *E.* II. 33. See *Bollengers.*
 Coupe, *E.* II. 7. *Cut.* C.
 Couraciers, *T.* 74. *Horse-courfers.* C.
 Coyen, *Æ.* 125. *Coy.* q?
 Cravent, *E.* III. 39. *Coward.* C.
 Creand, *Æ.* 581. as *Recreand.*
 Crine, *Æ.* 851. *Hair.* C.
 Croched, *H.* 2. 521. perhaps
Broched.
 Croche, v. *G.* 26. *Cross.* C.
 Crockyng, *Æ.* 119. *Bending.*
 Cross-stone, *Æ.* 1122. *Monument.* C.
 Cuarr, p. 281. 53. *Quarry.* q?
 Cullis-yatte, *E.* I. 50. *Portcullis-*
gate. C.
 Curriedowe, *G.* 176. *Flatterer.* C.
 Cuyen kine, *E.* I. 35. *Tender cows.* C.
 D.
 Dareyngne, *G.* 26. *Attempt, endea-*
vor. C.
 Declynie, *H.* 1. 161. *Declination.* q?
 Decorn, *E.* II. 14. *Carved.* C.
 Deene, *E.* II. 69. *Glorious, wor-*
thy. C.
 Deere, *E.* III. 88. *Dire.* C.
 Defs, *M.* 9. *Vapours, meteors.* C.
 Defayte, *G.* 52. *Decay.* C.
 Deste, *Ch.* 7. *Neat, ornamental.* C.
 Deigned, *E.* III. 53. *Disflained.* C.
 Delievretie, *T.* 44. *Activity.* C.
 Demasing, *H.* 1. 276.
 Dente, *Æ.* 886. See *Adente.*
 Dented, *Æ.* 263. See *Adented.*
 Denwere, *G.* 141. *Doubt.* C.—
M. 13. *Tremour.* C.
 Dequace, *G.* 56. *Mangle, destroy.* C.
 Dequaced, p. 280. 38.
 Dere, *Ep.* 5. *Hurt, damage.* C.
 Derkynnes, *Æ.* 229. *Young destr.* q?
 Derne, *Æ.* 582.—*H.* 2. 532.
 Dernie, *E.* I. 19. *Woeful, lamenta-*
ble. C.
 ——— *M.* 106. *Cruel.* C.
 Deslavate, *H.* 2. 343.
 Deslavatie, *Æ.* 1947. *Letchery.* C.
 U 4 Detra-

Detratours, H. 2. 78.

Deyſde, *Æ.* 46. *Seated on a deis.*

Dheie; *They.*

Dhere, *Æ.* 192. *There.*

Dhereof; *Thereof.*

Difficile, *Æ.* 358. *Difficult.* C.

Dighte, Ch. 7. *Drest, arrayed.* C.

Dispande, p. 276. ult. perhaps for
Disponed.

Dispone, p. 279. 27. *Dispose.*

Diviniſtre, *Æ.* 141. *Divine.* C.

Dolce, *Æ.* 1187. *Soft, gentle.* C.

Dole, n. G. 137. *Lamentation.* C.

Dole, adj. p. 283. 13.

Dolte, Ep. 27. *Foolish.* C.

Donde, H. 1. 51.

Donore, H. 1. 5. This line should
probably be written thus;
O ſea-oerteeming Dovor!

Dortourc, Ch. 25. *A sleeping room.*
C.

Dote, p. 279. 20. perhaps as
Dighte.

Doughtre mere, H. 2. 491. *D'outre*
mere. Fr. *From beyond sea.*

Dree, *Æ.* 683.

Dreſte, *Æ.* 466. *Leaſt.* C.

Drented, G. 91. *Drained.*

Dreynted, *Æ.* 237. *Drowned.* C.

Dribblet, E. II. 48. *Small, insigni-*
ficant. C.

Drites, G. 65. *Rights, liberties.* C.

Drocke, T. 40. *Drink.* C.

Droke, *Æ.* 461.

Droorie, Ep. 47. See *Chatterton's*
note. *Druerie* is *Courtship,*
gallantry.

Drooried, *Æ.* 127. *Courted.*

Dulce, p. 283. 103. as *Dolce.*

Dureſſed, E. I. 39. *Hardened.* C.

Dyd, H. 2. 9. should probably be
Dyght.

Dygne, T. 89. *Worry.* C.

Dynning, E. I. 25. *Sounding.* C.

Dysperpelſt, *Æ.* 414. *Scatterſt.*
C.

Dysporte, E. I. 28. *Pleasure.* C.

Dysportismēt, *Æ.* 250. as *Dyf-*
porte.

Dyſſegate, *Æ.* 542.

E.

Edraw, H. 2. 52. for *Ydraw*;
Draw.

Eft, E. II. 78. *Oſten.* C.

Eftſoones, E. III. 54. *Quickly.* C.

Ele, M. 74. *Help.* C.

Eletten, *Æ.* 448. *Enlighten.* C.

Eke, E. I. 27. *Also.* C.

Emblaunched, E. I. 36. *Whitened.*
C.

Embodyde, E. I. 33. *Thick, ſtout.*
C.

Embowre, G. 134. *Lodge.* C.

Emburled, E. II. 54. *Armed.* C.

Emmate, *Æ.* 34. *Leſſen, decrease.* C.
Emmers,

Bmmers, p. 287. 7.
Emmerleynge, M. 72. *Glittering*.
C.

Enalfe, G. 159. *Embrace*. C.
Encaled, Æ. 918. *Frozen, cold*. C.
Enchafed, M. 60. *Heated, enraged*.
C.

Engyne, Æ. 381. *Torture*.
Enheedyng, p. 283. 105.
Enlowed, Æ. 606. *Flamed, fired*,
C.

Enrone, Æ. 661.
Enseme, Æ. 971. *To make seams in*.
q?

Enseeming, Æ. 746. as *Seeming*.
Enshoting, T. 174. *Shooting, dart-*
ing. C.

Enstrote, H. 2. 513.
Enswote, Æ. 1175. *Sweeten*. q?
Enswolters, Æ. 629. *Swallows*,
sucks in. C.

Ensyryke, p. 25. 10. *Encircle*.
Ent, E. III. 57. *A purse or bag*. C.
Entendement, Æ. 261. *Understand-*
ing.

Enthoghteing, Æ. 704.
Entremed, p. 276. 4.
Entrykeynge, Æ. 304. as *Tricking*.
Entyn, P. G. 10. *Even*. C.
Estande, H. 2. 281. for *Ystande*;
Stand.

Estell, E. II. 16. A corruption of
Espoile. Fr. A star. C.
Estroughted, Æ. 918.
Ethe, E. III. 59. *Ease*. C.

Ethie, p. 280. 49. *Ease*.
Evalle, E. III. 38. *Equal*. C.
Evespeckt, T. 56. *Marked with*
evening dew. C.
Ewbrice, Æ. 1085. *Adultery*. C.
Ewbrycious, p. 281. 60. *Lascivi-*
ous.

Eyne-gears, p. 279. 13.

F.

Fage, Ep. 30. *Tale, jest*. C.
Faifully, T. 147. *Faithfully*. C.
Faitour, Ch. 66. *A beggar, or va-*
gabond. C.

Faldstole, Æ. 61. *A folding stool*,
or seat. See Du Cange in
v. *Faldistorium*.

Fayre, Æ. 1204. 1224. *Clear, in-*
nocent.

Feere, Æ. 965. *Fire*.
Feerie, E. II. 45. *Flaming*. C.
Fele, T. 27. *Feeble*. C.

Fellen, E. I. 10. *Fell* pa. t. *fig.*
q?

Fetelic, G. 24. *Nobly*. C,
Fetive, Ent. 7. as *Festive*.

Fetivelic, Le. 42. *Elegantly*. C.
Fetiveness, Æ. 400. as *Festiveness*.
Feynges, E. III. 78. A corruption
of *feints*. C.

Fhuir, G. 58. *Fury*. C.
Fie, T. 113. *Defy*. C.
Flaiten, H. 1. 84.

Flanched,

- Flanchéd, H. 2. 252.
 Flemed, T. 56. *Frighted*. C.
 Flemie, p. 278. *ult.*
 Flizze, G. 197. *Fly*. C.
 Floe, H. 2. 54. *Arrow*.
 Flott, Ch. 33. *Fly*. C.
 Foile, E. III. 78. *Baffle*. C.
 Fons, Fonnes, E. II. 14. *Deviess*.
 C.
 Forgard, Æ. 565. *Loft*. C.
 Forletten, El. 19. *Forfaken*. C.
 Forloyne, Æ. 722. *Retreat*. C.
 Forreyng, T. 114. *Destroying*. C.
 Forslagen, Æ. 1076. *Slain*. C.
 Forlege, Æ. 1106. *Slay*. C.
 Forstraughte, p. 281. 58. *Dis-
 tracted*.
 Forstraughteyng, G. 34. *Disfrac-
 ting*. C.
 Forswat, Ch. 20. *Sun-burnt*. C.
 Forweltring, Æ. 618. *Blasting*. C.
 Forwyned, E. III. 36. *Dried*. C.
 Fremde, Æ. 430. *Strange*. C.
 Fremded, Æ. 555. *Frighted*. C.
 Freme, Æ. 267.
 Fructile, Æ. 185. *Fruitful*.

 G.
 Gaberdine, T. 88. *A piece of ar-
 mour*. C.
 Gallard, Ch. 39. *Frighted*. C.
 Gare, Ep. 7. *Cause*. C.
 Gastnells, Æ. 412. *Gbaflinesf*. q?
 Gayne, Æ. 821. To gayne for
 gayne a pryze. *Gayne* has
 probably been repeated by
 mistake.
 Geare, Æ. 299. *Apparel*, *acountre-
 ment*.
 Geafon, Ent. 7. *Rare*. C. — G.
 120. *Extraordinary*, *strange*.
 C.
 Geer, H. 2. 284. as *Gier*.
 Geete, Æ. 736. as *Gite*.
 Gemote, G. 94. *Assamble*. C.
 Gemoted, E. II. 38. *United*, *assem-
 bled*. C.
 Gerd, M. 7. *Broke*, *rent*. C.
 Gies, G. 207. *Guides*. C.
 Gier, H. 1. 527. *A turn*, or *twist*.
 Gif, E. II. 39. *If*. C.
 Gites, Æ. 2. *Robes*, *mantels*. C.
 Glair, H. 2. 580.
 Gledeynge, M. 22. *Livid*. C.
 Glomb, G. 175. *Frown*. C.
 Glommed, Ch. 22. *Clouded*, *de-
 jected*. C.
 Glytted, H. 2. 282.
 Gorne, E. I. 36. *Garden*. C.
 Gottes, Æ. 740. *Drops*.
 Gouler, p. 282. 76.
 Graiebarbes, Le. 25. *Greybeards*.
 C.
 Grange, E. I. 34. *Liberty of pas-
 ture*. C.
 Gratche, Æ. 115. *Apparel*. C.
 Grave, p. 288. 2. *Chief magistrate*,
mayer.
 Gravots,

- Gravots, E. I. 24. *Grovès*. C.
 Gree, E. I. 44. *Grew*. C.
 Groffile, *Æ*. 547.
 Groffish, *Æ*. 257.
 Groffynglic, Ep. 33. *Foolishly*. C.
 Gron, G. 90. *a fen, moor*. C.
 Gronfer, E. II. 45. *A meteor*, from
gron a fen, and *fer*, a corrup-
 tion of fire. C.
 Gronfyres, G. 200. *Meteors*. C.
 Grore, H. 2. 27.
 Groted, *Æ*. 337. *Swollen*. C.
 Gule-depeincted, E. II. 13. *Red-
 painted*. C.
 Gule-steynct, G. 62. *Red-stained*.
 C.
 Gytteles, *Æ*. 438. *Mantels*. C.
- H.
- Haile, E. III. 60. *Happy*. C.
 Hailie, *Æ*. 148. 410. as *Haile*.
 Halceld, M. 37. *Defeated*. C.
 Hallie, T. 144. *Hoby*. C.
 Hallie, *Æ*. 33. *Wholely*.
 Halline, Ch. 82. *Joy*. C.
 Hancelled, G. 49. *Cut off, destroy-
 ed*. C.
 Han, *Æ*. 734. *Haib*. q?
 Hanne, *Æ*. 409. *Had*. particip.
 q? — *Æ*. 685. *Had*. pa. t.
 sing. q?
 Hantoned, *Æ*. 1094.
 Harried, M. 82. *Tost*. C.
 Hatched, p. 25. 1.
- Haveth, E. I. 17. *Hæve*. 1st pers.
 q?
 Heafods, E. II. 7. *Heads*. C.
 Heavenwere, G. 146. *Heaven-
 ward*. C.
 Hecked, *Æ*. 394. *Wrapped close-
 ly, covered*. C.
 Heckled, M. 3. *Wrapped*. C.
 Heie, E. II. 15. *Tbey*. C.
 Heideeyngnes, E. III. 77. *A coun-
 try dance, still practised in the
 North*. C.
 Hele, n. G. 127. *Help*. C.
 Hele, v. E. III. 16. *To help*. C.
 Hem, T. 24. A contraction of
them. C.
 Hente, T. 175. *Grass, bold*. C.
 Hentyll, *Æ*. 1161.
 Herfelle, *Æ*. 279. *Herfelf*.
 Heste, *Æ*. 1182.
 Hilted, Hiltren, T. 47. 65. *Hid-
 den*. C.
 Hiltring, Ch. 13. *Hiding*. C.
 Hoastrie, E. I. 26. *Inn, or publick
 house*. C.
 Holtred, *Æ*. 293.
 Hommeur, *Æ*. 1190.
 Hondepoint, *Æ*. 273.
 Hopelen, *Æ*. 399.
 Horrowe, M. 2. *Unseemly, disa-
 greable*. C.
 Horse-millanar, Ch. 56. See C's
 note.
 Houton, M. 92. *Hollow*. C.
 Hulfired, M. 6. *Hidden, secret*. C.
 Huscarles,

- Hulcaries, *Æ.* 922. 1194. *House-servants.*
 Hyger, *Æ.* 627. The flowing of the tide in the Severn was antiently called the *Hygra*.
Gul. Malmesh. de Pontif.
Ang. L. iv.
 Hylle-fyre, *Æ.* 682. *A beacon.*
 Hylte, T. 168. *Hide, secreted.* C.
 — *Æ.* 1059. *Hide.* C.
- I.
- Jape, Ch. 74. *A short surplice, &c.* C.
 Jette, G. 195. *Hoisted, raised.* C.
 Ifrete, G. 2. *Devour, destroy.* C.
 Ihantond, E. I. 40. *Accustomed.* C.
 Jintle, H. 2. 82. for *Gentle.*
 Impeftering, E. I. 29. *Annoying.* C.
 Inhild, El. 14. *Infuse.* C.
 Ithad, Le. 37. *Broken.* C.
 Jubb, E. III. 71. *A bottle.* C.
 Iwrcene, p. 286. 9.
- K.
- Ken, E. II. 6. *See, discover, know.* C.
 Kennes, Ep. 28. *Knows.* C.
 Keppend, Le. 44.
 Kiste, Ch. 25. *Coffin.* C.
- Kiyercled, E. III. 63. *The bidding or secret part.* C.
 Knopped, M. 14. *Fastened, chained, congealed.* C.
- L.
- Ladden, H. 1. 206.
 Leathel, E. I. 42. *Deadly.* C.
 Lechemanne, *Æ.* 31. *Physician,*
 Leckedst, H. 2. 342.
 Lecturn, Le. 46. *Subject.* C.
 Lecturnies, *Æ.* 109. *Lectures.* C.
 Leden, El. 30. *Decreasing.* C.
 Ledanne, *Æ.* 1143.
 Loege, G. 173. *Homage, obsequence.* C.
 Leegefolcke, G. 43. *Subjects.* C.
 Lege, Ep. 3. *Law.* C.
 Leggen, M. 92. *Lesson, alloy.* C.
 Leggende, M. 33. *Alloyed.* C.
 Lemanne, *Æ.* 132. *Mistress.*
 Lemes, *Æ.* 42. *Lights, rays.* C.
 Lemed, El. 7. *Glistened.* C.—
Æ. 606. *Lighted.* C.
 Lere, *Æ.* 568. H. 2. 607. seems to be put for *Leather.*
 Lessel, El. 25. *A bush or hedge.* C.
 Lete, G. 60. *Still.* C.
 Lethal, El. 21. *Deadly, or death-boding.* C.
 Lethlen, *Æ.* 272. *Still, dead.* C.
 Letten, *Æ.* 928. *Church-yard.* C.
 Levynde, El. 18. *Blasted.* C.
 Levynne,

- Levynne, M. 104. *Lightning*. C. Meoded, Æ. 39. *Reward*.
 Levyn-mylted, Æ. 462. *Light-* Memuine, H. 2. 120.
ning-meltd. q? Meniced, p. 285. 146. *Menaced*.
 Lief, Æ. 217. q?
 Liff, E. I. 7. *Leaf*. Mere, G. 58. *Lake*. C.
 Ligheth, Æ. 627. Merk-plante, T. 176. *Night-shade*.
 Likand, H. 2. 187. *Liking*. C.
 Limed, E. II. 7. } *Glassy, reflec-* Merke, T. 163. *Dark, gloomy*. C.
 Limmed, M. 90. } *ting*. C. Miefel, Æ. 551. *Myself*.
 Linge, Æ. 376. *Stay*. C. Miskynotte, Bl. 22. *A small bag-*
 Liffed, T. 97. *Bounded*. C. *pipe*. C.
 Lithie, Ep. 10. *Humble*. C. Mist, Ch. 49. *Poor, needy*. C.
 Loaste, Æ. 456. *Loss*. Mitches, El. 20. *Ruins*. C.
 Logges, E. I. 55. *Cottages*. C. Mittee, E. II. 28. *Mighty*. C.
 Lordinge, T. 57. *Standing on their* Mockler, p. 283. 105. *More*.
hind legs. C. Moke, Ep. 5. *Much*. C.
 Loverd's, E. III. 29. *Lord's*. C. Mokie, El. 29. *Black*. C.
 Low, G. 50. *Flame of fire*. C. Mole, Ch. 4. *Soft*. C.
 Lowes, T. 137. *Flames*. C. Mollock, G. 90. *Wet, moist*. C.
 Lowings, Ch. 35. *Flames*. C. Morglairen, M. 20. *The name of a*
 Lymmed, M. 33. *Polished*. C. *sword in some old Romances*.
 Lynch, El. 37. *Bank*. C. Morthe, Æ. 307.
 Lyoncel, E. II. 44. *Young lion*. C. Morthyng, El. 4. *Murdering*. C.
 Lyped, Bl. 34. Mote, E. I. 22. *Might*. C.
 Lyffe, T. 2. *Sport, or play*. C. Motte, H. 2. 194. *Word, or motto*.
 Lyffed, Æ. 53. *Bounded*. C. Myckle, Le. 16. *Much*. C.
 M. Myndbruch, Æ. 401.
 Mynster, G. 75. *Monastery*. C.
 Mysterk, M. 33. *Mythic*. C.

Mancas, G. 136. *Marks*. C.
 Manchyn, H. 2. 232. *A sleeve*. Fr.
 Maynt, Meynte, E. II. 66. *Many,*
great numbers. C.
 Mee, Mees, E. I. 31. *Meadow*. C.

N.

Ne, P. G. 6. *Not*. C.
 Ne, p. 281. 58. *Night*.

Nedere,

Nedere, Ep. 31. *Adder*. C.

Noete, p. 280. 41. *Night*.

Neth, T. 16. *Weak, tender*. C.

Nete, Æ. 399. *Night*.

Nete, T. 19. *Nothing*. C.

Nilling, Le. 16. *Unwilling*. C.

Nome-depeinted, E. II. 17. *Rebus'd shields*; a herald term, when the charge of the shield implies the name of the bearer. C.

Notte-browne, p. 280. 49. *Nut-brown*.

O.

Obaic, E. I. 41. *Abide*. C.

Offrendes, Æ. 51. *Presents, offerings*. C.

Olyphauntes, H. 1. 629. *Elephants*.

Onknowlachynge, E. II. 26. *Not knowing*. C.

Onlight, Æ. 678.

Onlist, Le. 45. *Boundless*. C.

Orrests, G. 100. *Oversets*. C.

Ouchd, T. 80. See C's note.

Ouphante, Æ. 888. 929. *Ouphen, Elves*.

Ourt, H. 2. 588.

Ouzle, Æ. 104. *Black-bird*. C.

Owndes, G. 91. *Waves*. C.

P.

Pall, Ch. 31. *Contraction from appall, to fright*. C.

Paramente, Æ. 52. *Robes of scarlet*. C.—M. 36. *A princely robe*. C.

Paves, Payyes, Æ. 433. *Shields*.

Pæde, Ch. 5. *Pied*. C.

Pencte, Ch. 46. *Painted*. C.

Penne, Æ. 728. *Mountain*.

Percale, Le. 21. *Perchance*. C.

'Pere, E. I. 41. *Appear*. C.

Perpled, p. 283. 99. *Purple*. q?

Persant, Æ. 561. *Piercing*.

Pete, Æ. 1001.

Pheeres, Æ. 46. *Fellows, equals*. C.

Pheon, H. 2. 282. in Heraldry, *the barbed head of a dart*.

Pheryons, p. 285. 147.

Picte, E. III. 91. *Picture*. C.

Pighte, T. 38. *Pitched, or bent down*. C.

Poyntel, Le. 44. *A pen*. C.

Prevyd, Æ. 23. *Hardy, valourous*. C.

Proto-slene, H. 2. 38. *First-slain*.

Prowe, H. 1. 108.

Pynant, Le. 4. *Pining, meagre*.

Pyghte, M. 73. *Settled*. C.

Pyghteth, Ep. 15. *Plucks, or tortures*. C.

Quaced,

Q.

Quaced, T. 94. *Vanquished*. C.Quaintified, T. 4. *Curiously de-
vised*. C.Quasid, Æ. 241. *Stilled, Quenched*.
C.Queode, Æ. 284. 428. *The evil
one; the Devil*.

R.

Receivure, G. 151. *Receipt*. C.Recer, H. 1. 87. for *Racer*.Recendize, Æ. 544. { for *Re-
creandize*;
Recrandize, Æ. 1193. { *Coward-
ice*.Recreand, Æ. 508. *Coward*. C.Reddour, Æ. 30. *Violence*. C.Rede, Le. 18. *Wisdom*. C.Reded, G. 79. *Counselled*. C.Redeing, Æ. 227. *Advice*.Regrate, Le. 7. *Esteem*. C.—M.
70. *Esteem, favour*. C.Rele, n. Æ. 530. *Wave*. C.Reles, v. E. II. 63. *Waves*. C.Rennome, T. 28. *Honour, glory*.
C.Reyne, Reine, E. II. 25. *Run*. C.Reyning, E. II. 39. *Running*. C.Reytes, Æ. 900. *Water-flags*. C.Ribaude, Ep. 9. *Rake, lewd person*.
C.Ribbande-geere, p. 280. 44. *Or-
naments of ribbands*.Rodded, Ch. 3. *Reddened*. C.Rode, E. I. 59. *Complexion*. C.Rodeing, Æ. 324. *Riding*.Roder, Æ. 1065. *Rider, travel-
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 Smething, *E.* I. 1. *Smoking.* *C.*
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templ. C.

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Unhailie, *Ch.* 85. *Unhappy.* C.

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Unlored, *Ep.* 25. *Unlearned.* C.

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Unquaced, *E.* III. 90. *Unburnt*
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Unspyres, *Æ.* 1212. *Un-souls.*
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Untentyff, *G.* 79. *Uncareful,* *neg-*
lected. C.,

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Unwere, *E.* III. 87. *Tempest.* C.

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standing. C.—*G.* 140. *Will.*
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Upfwalynge, *Æ.* 252. *Swelling.*
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Walsome, *H.* 2. 92. *Wlalsome*;
loathsome.

Wanhope, *G.* 34. *Despair.* C.

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- Wayne, E. III. 31. *Car.* C. Ycorne, Æ. 374.
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 Welked, E. III. 50. *Withered.* C. Ycrafed, T. 132. *Broken.* C.
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 Wileegger, E. III. 8. *A philosopher.* C. Yer, E. II. 29. *Their.*
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 Wyere, E. II. 79. *Grief, trouble.* Ysped, M. 102. *Dispatched.* C.
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 Wympled, G. 207. *Mantled, covered.* C. Ystorven, E. I. 52. *Dead.* C.
 Wynnynge, Æ. 219. Ytsel, E. I. 18. *Itself.*
 Ywreen, E. II. 30. *Covered.* C.
 Ywrinde, M. 100. *Hid, covered.*
 C.

Y.

- Yan, Æ. 72. *Than.*
 Yaped, Ep. 30. *Laughable.* C.
 Yatte, T. 9. *That.* C.
 Yblente, Æ. 49. *Blinded.* C.
 Ybroched, G. 97. *Horned.* C.

Z.

- Zabafus, Æ. 428. as *Sabalus*;
 the Devil.

E R R A T A.

- P. 17. antep. for *battle*, r. *baffle*.
 67. ver. 8. *Butt esfie*, r. *Butte esfie*.
 96. 285. *Blackea*, r. *Blacke a*.
 97. 309. after *these*, inf. *thie*.
 138. 893. *acorme*, r. *acorne*.
 148. 992. *hynd-lettes*, r. *hyndlettes*.
 169. 1210. *fee*, r. *see*.

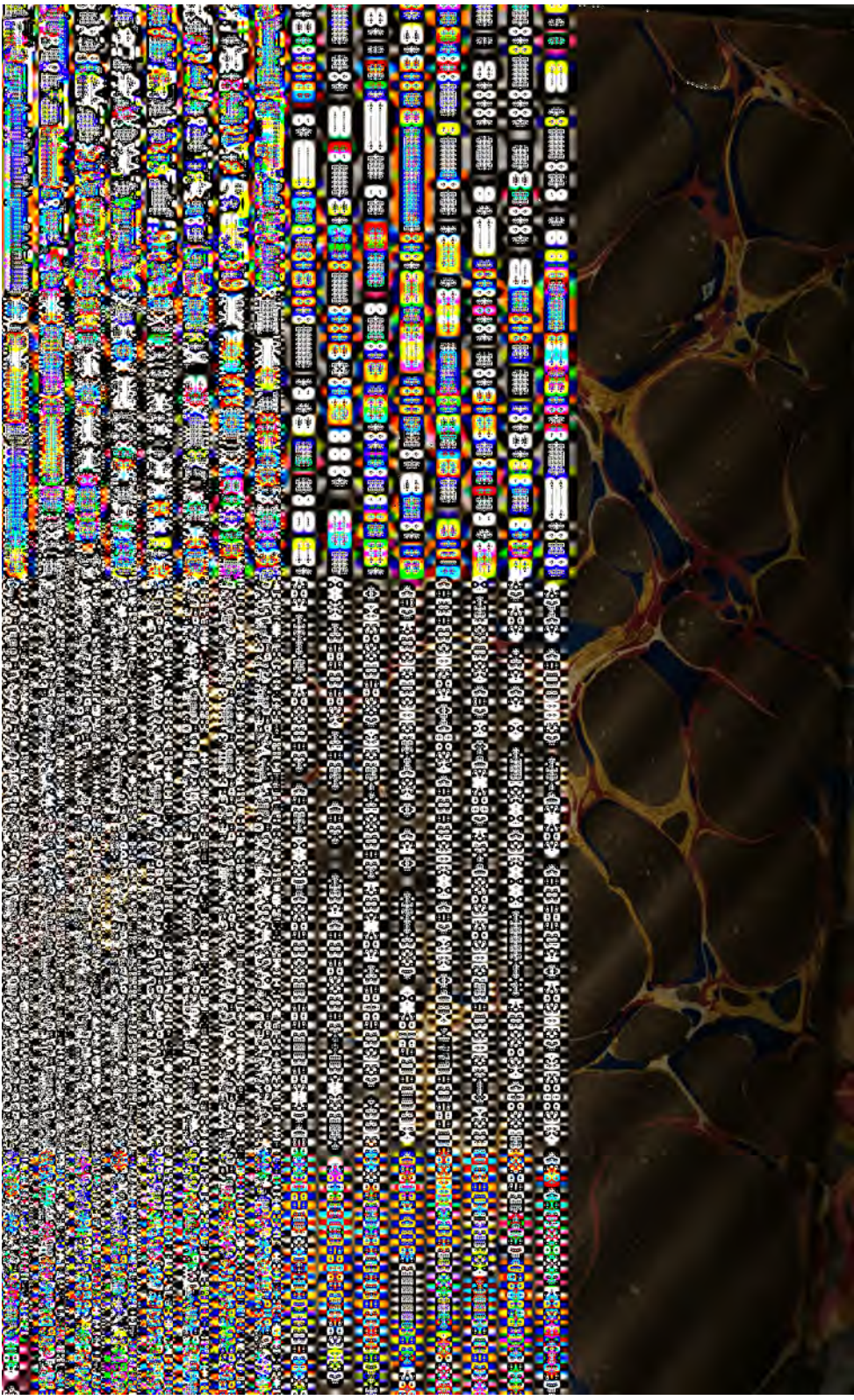
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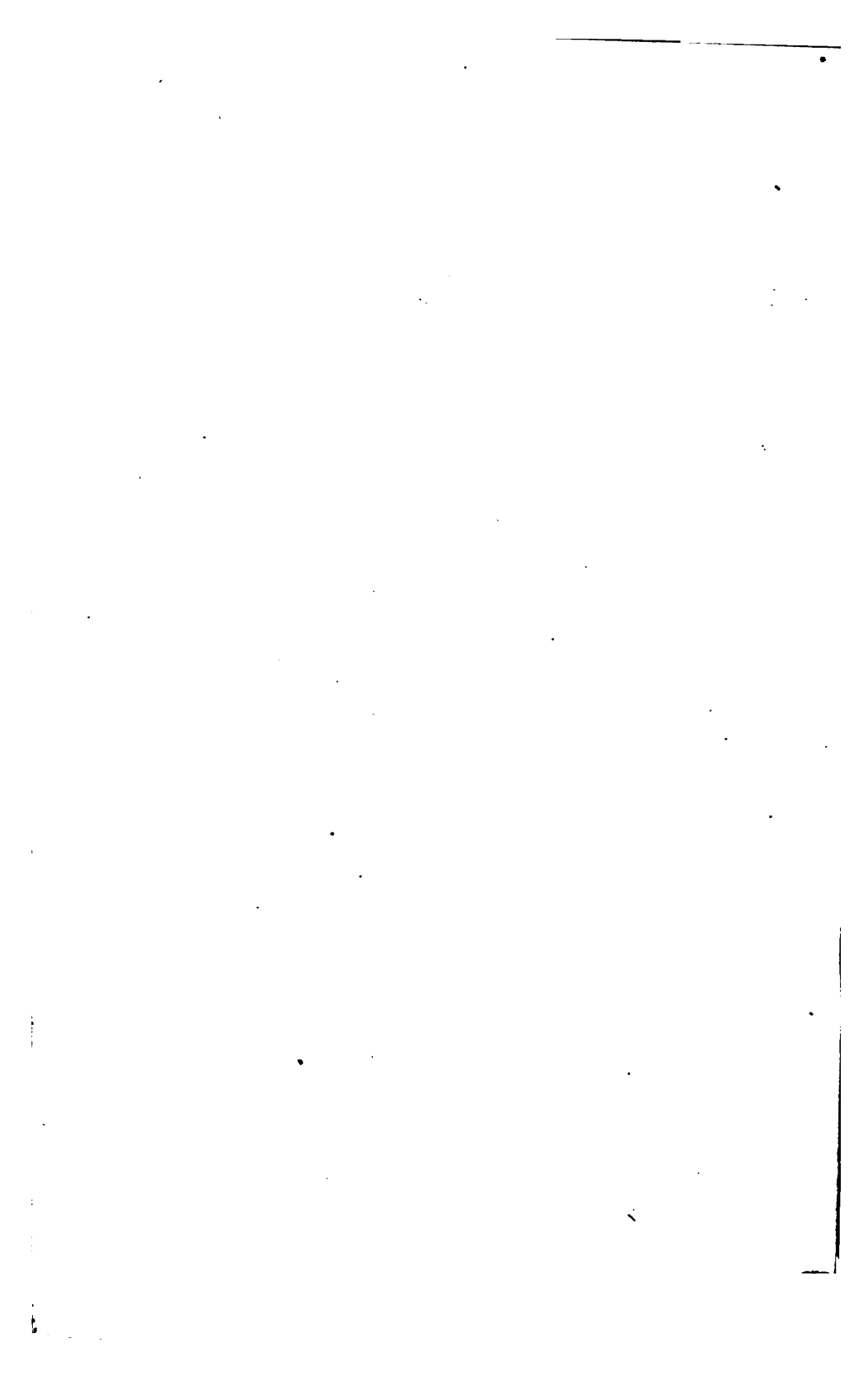
- P. 45. 6. for *Canterlone*, r. *Canterloue*, or *Cante'loue*.
 72. ver. 49. *yttis*, r. *yttself*.
 75. 1. *cherifaunei 'lys*, r. *cherifaunce it ys*.
 80. 73. *toe*, r. *doe*.
 100. 345. r. to be *dyghte*.
 101. 367. *feares*, r. *teares*.
 108. 442. *Storwen*, r. *Stroven*.
 110. 486. *be wreene*, r. *bewraen*.
 130. 770. *sythe*, r. *fyke*.
 135. 839. *cherifaunied*, r. *cherifaunced*.
 149. 1008. *Hallie*, r. *Hailie*.
 157. 1084. *Bie thanks*, r. *Mie thanks*.
 167. 1197. *sythe*, r. *fwythe*.
 210. 5. *O sea! our teeming donore*, r. *O sea-oerteeming Dover!*
 215. 104. r. *horfe of Tosselyn*; or rather *Josselyn*.
 224. 300. *men in women's*, r. *women in men's*.
 255. 353. *After la goure*, r. *Astrelagours*.
 265. 548. *wyAualle*, r. *wyAittes*.

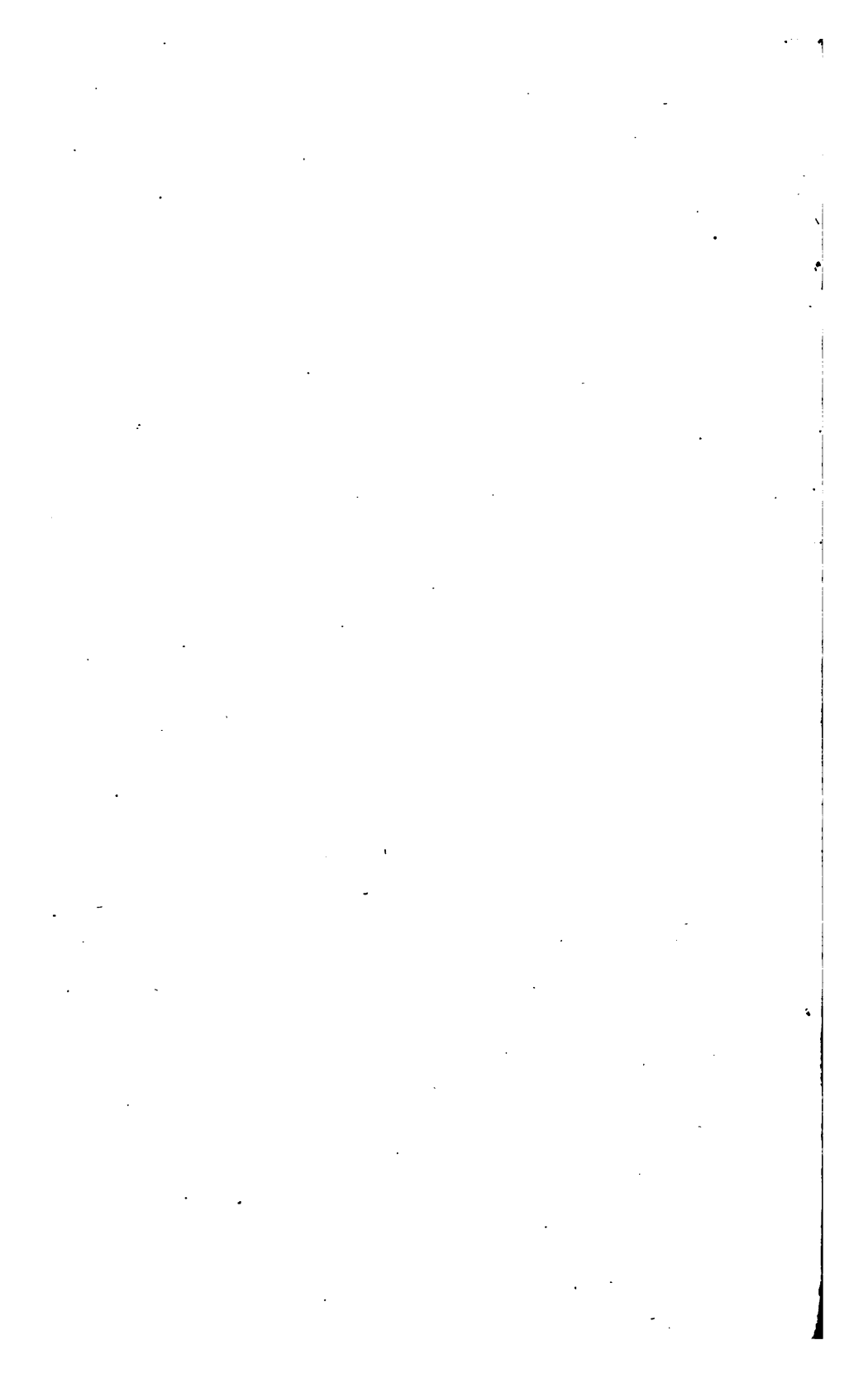
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